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POST

V.237
Pt.2

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY 2 · 1964 20c

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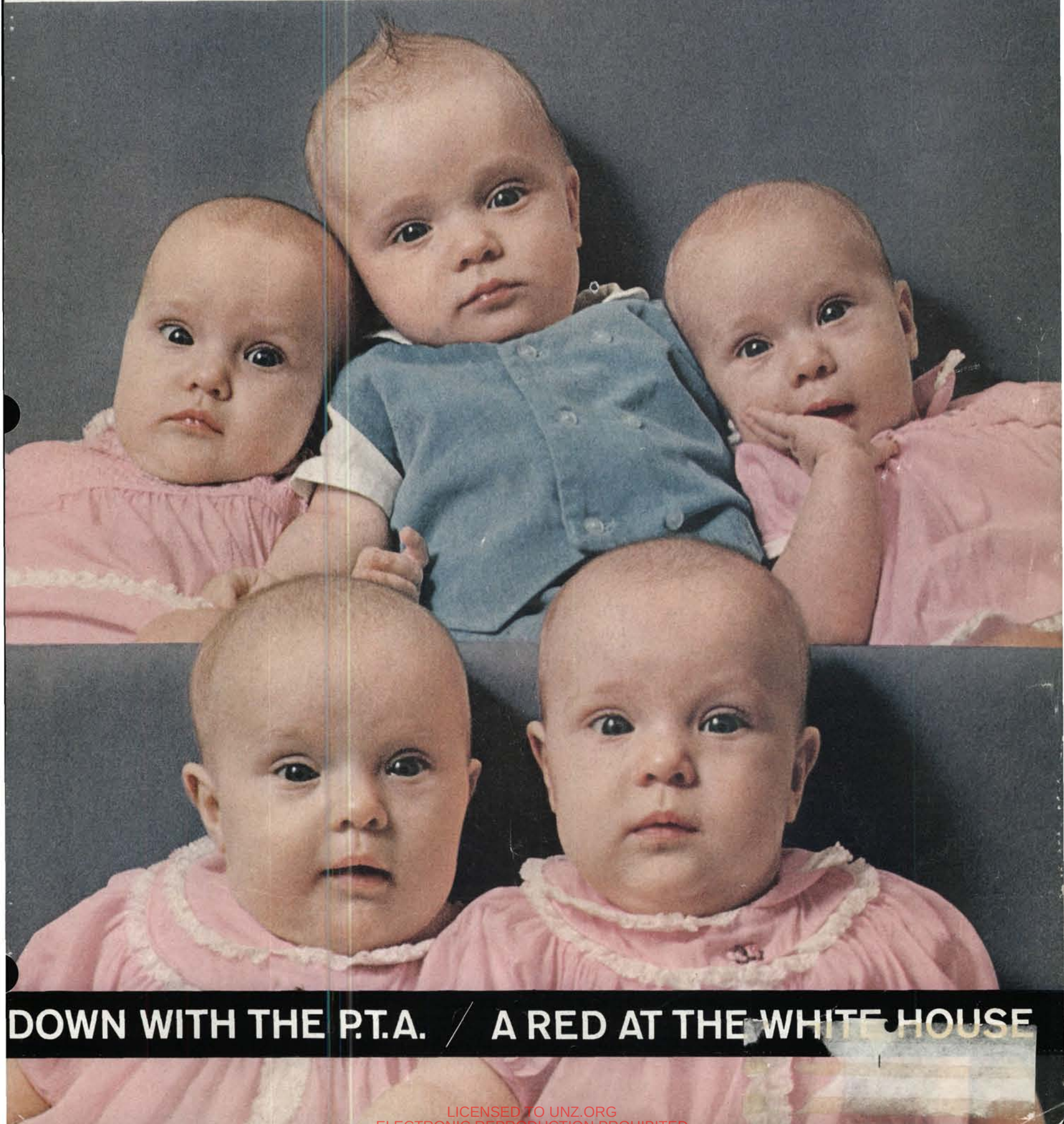

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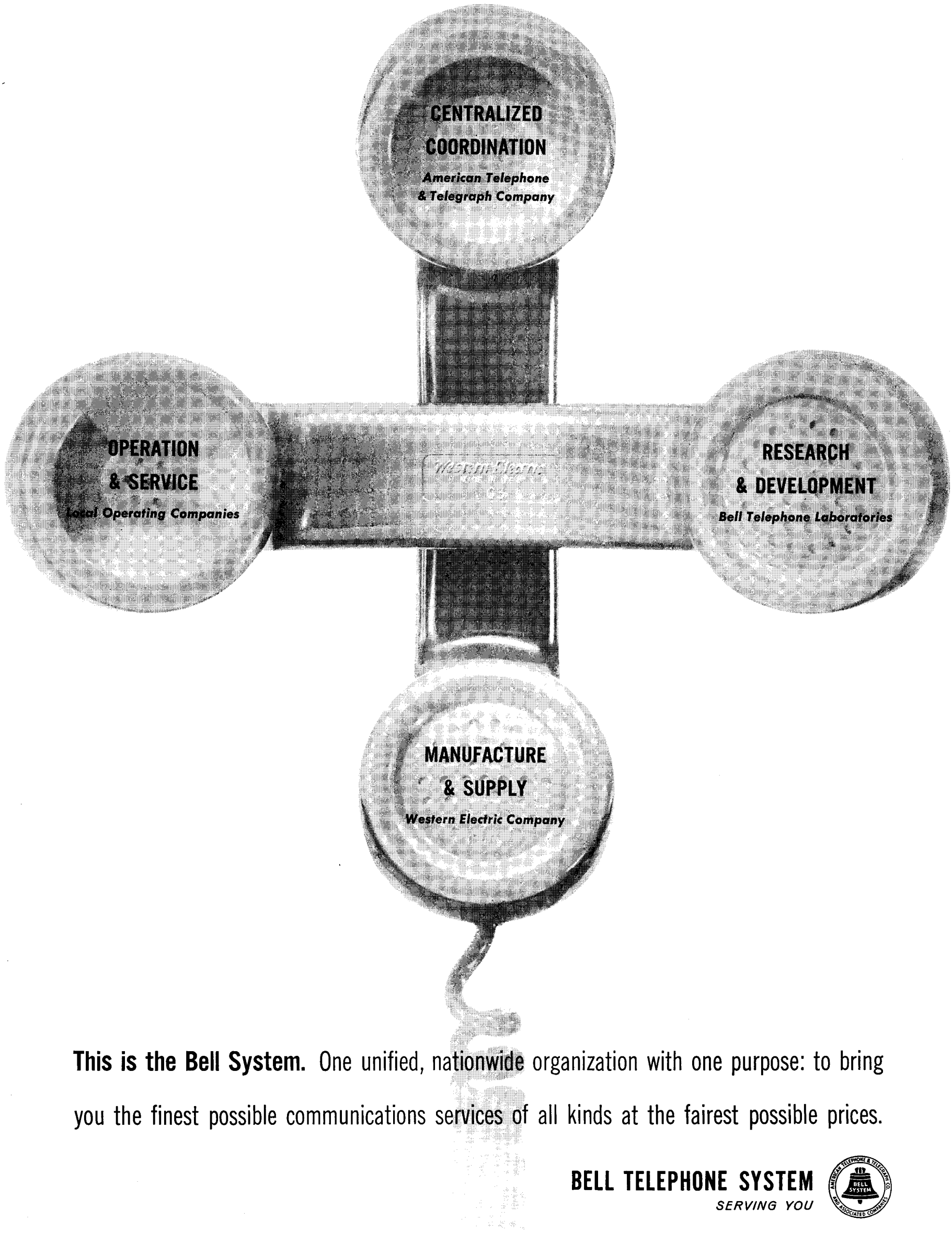

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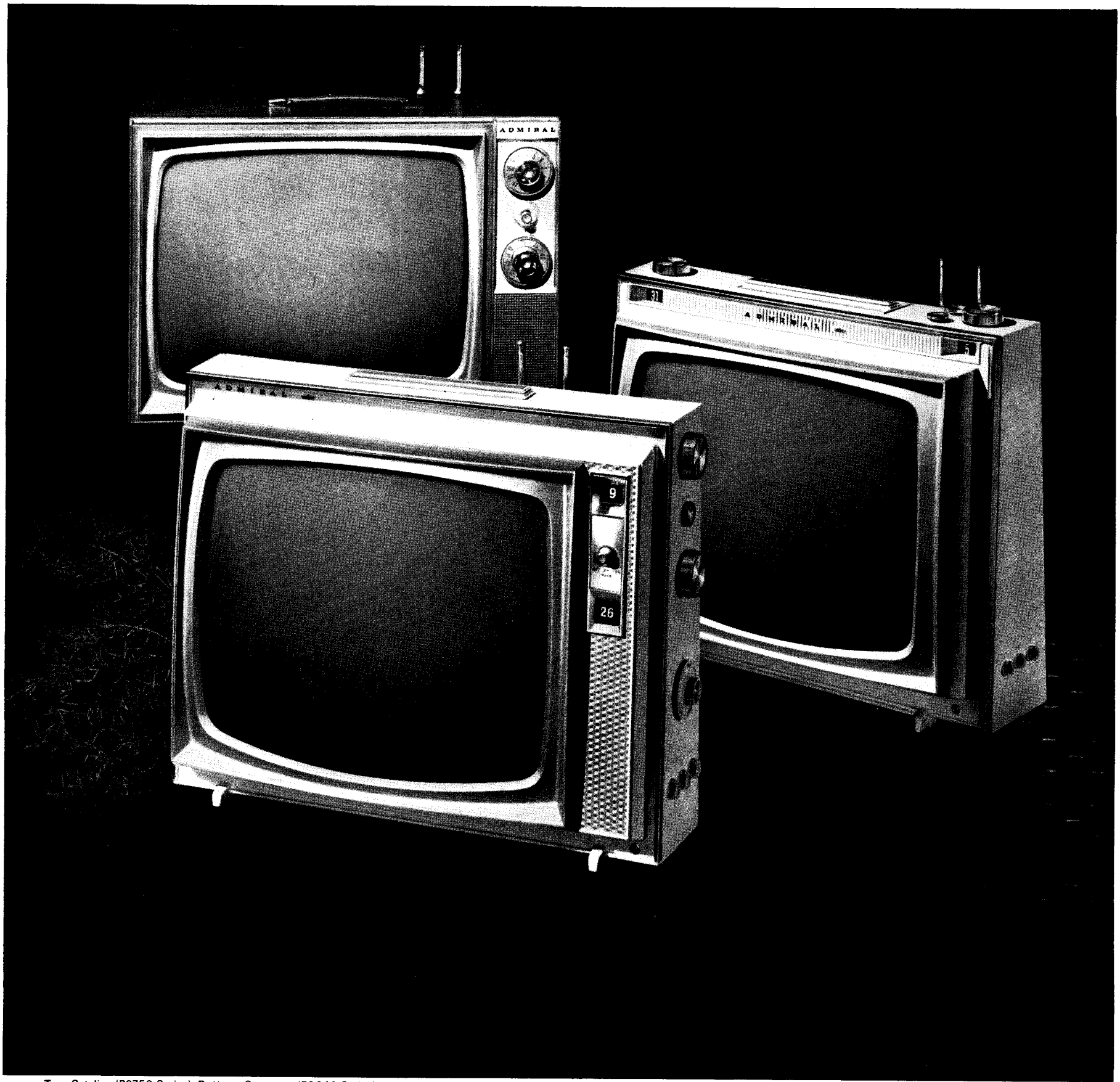

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POST

MAY 2, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 17

Articles

The P.T.A. is a waste of time *(Speaking Out)* . . *by Prof. W. C. Kvaraceus* 6
Affairs of state . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* 12
The great A-11 deception . . . . . *by James Atwater* 15

The Fischer quints at home . . . . . *by Mary Ann Fischer with John Bird* 18

Now that the quintuplets have miraculously survived the perils of birth, their mother tells the touching story of their first busy months. To her, the gurgling in the nursery is the happiest sound in the world. With plenty of help, she is managing the problem of rearing ten children under nine years of age. But the father, Andrew Fischer, must count soaring grocery bills and mortgage payments along with his blessings. The Fischers explain their plans for a quiet family life and how they expect to meet the future for the most remarkable babies in America.

A Bible in the bullpen . . . . . *by John Devaney* 28
A room full of takers for any dare . . . . . *by Joseph Wechsberg* 30
The stardom and boredom of Catherine Spaak . . . . . *by Pete Hamill* 58
A Communist at the White House . . . . . *by Zygmunt Broniarek* 62
"Doctor, what's wrong with me?" . . . . . *by Evan Hill* 64
Big play for pay TV's $1.50 splendors . . . . . *by Martin Mayer* 71

Fiction

On the night train to Moscow . . . . . *by Ralph Blum* 38
The suicide . . . . . *by Evan S. Connell Jr.* 44
A full day's wages . . . . . *by K. E. Sackett* 50

Departments

Letters 4
Post scripts 56
Hazel 66
Editorial 76

The authors. After President Johnson made his dramatic announcement disclosing the existence of the fantastic A-11 "interceptor," Post contributing writer **James Atwater** found that nobody in the Pentagon wanted to talk about it. Atwater, a former Air Force officer, questioned many knowledgeable Washington sources and pieced together engineers' estimates to find out the details on what the plane can do—and what it can't....In Cincinnati's Tampa training camp to get the story of pitcher Al Worthington, **John Devaney** agreed to catch a few thrown by the Reds' fastballer Jim Maloney: "I thought he was just going to lob 'em. Couldn't move my hand for three days."... **Joseph Wechsberg,** an American who lives in Vienna, admires the casual style in Lloyd's of London, where incredible amounts of insurance are underwritten at a hectic pace....

Pete Hamill tells how Catherine Spaak spent an afternoon before the cameras while covered with nothing but bank notes. She is, he says, not so bored as she pretends.... **Zygmunt Broniarek,** Polish reporter at the White House, would like it known he wrote his piece in his own English.... **Evan Hill** says he now understands why 50 percent of doctors' patients show psychosomatic symptoms. He experienced most ailments he studied for his report on diagnosis.... **Martin Mayer,** who writes regularly on business and entertainment, thinks Pat Weaver, onetime president of NBC, may be the man to bring big-time pay TV to America.

The cover. The Fischer quints at six months, by **John Zimmerman:** top row, left to right, Margie, Jimmie, Cathy; bottom row, Mary Ann and Maggie.

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LETTERS

Birth control

Congratulations are due Rosemary Ruether [A CATHOLIC MOTHER'S CASE FOR BIRTH CONTROL, Apr. 4] for her courage in saying publicly what so many of us have, for far too long, confined to private discussion among our fellow Catholics.

GEORGE GORDON LIDDY
New York, N.Y.

• As a Catholic mother of three small children, I feel compelled to write regarding Mrs. Ruether's article. I couldn't believe that someone actually had the nerve to come out and state in a national magazine what most of us are thinking. I have had three children in three years and find that everything Mrs. Ruether says is true.

MRS. LEE ODENWALD
South Gate, Calif.

• As a young Roman Catholic mother of four, I know the ridiculous position the church puts married couples in and agree completely with Mrs. Ruether.

MRS. JUDITH SANCHEZ
San Diego, Calif.

• In "speaking out," Mrs. Ruether merely admits that she isn't disciplined enough to be a Catholic. Let her become a Protestant.

THOMAS J. DIFFLEY
Rosemount, Minn.

• If Mrs. Ruether prefers a Ph.D. to another child, why doesn't she say so? She can rationalize to her heart's content. Far greater minds than hers have studied this problem, and there will be no change in the essence of Catholic doctrine.

MRS. VIRGINIA L. HALLINAN
Scarsdale, N.Y.

• After seven years and four babies and nearly ending up mental wrecks as we fought with our consciences and with our church's teachings, my husband and I finally joined the ranks of many other Catholics who feel that we owe it to the children we already have not to have more until we can cope with more. I wonder how many Catholics have actually been driven away from the church because of its teaching on this subject. It gives us nightmares thinking that perhaps God will turn His back on us when we are dead because we are "spacing" our family.

MRS. MARCIA MILLER
Tucson, Ariz.

• What particularly bugs me is that Mrs. Ruether seems to have forgotten her catechism. God made man to know, love and serve Him. He didn't create us to enjoy ourselves.

REV. EUGENE DEWIG
Evansville, Ind.

• There are many crosses and disappointments in this life we must bear in order to merit an eternal life. I hope our fifth child in five years will help to be our road to heaven.

MRS. JOHN MC GINTY
Parma, Ohio

Doomed children

Stewart Alsop's column about illiteracy among Negro children [THE DOOMED ONES, Apr. 4] should have been in much bolder print. U.S. financial aid to education in other countries is nothing new. Now let's spend some money here at home to give the Negro population greater opportunity to share in our liberties.

JOHN S. BAIRD
Lynn, Mass.

• Even if circumstances forced the families of the children Mr. Alsop writes about into poverty, there is no excuse for illiteracy. Abe Lincoln didn't ask for federal aid in learning how to read or spell.

GREGORY A. NIEMANN
Los Angeles, Calif.

• Mr. Alsop presents the kind of information we need to consider. We should educate the Negroes; we should provide gainful employment rather than the indignity of welfare payments; and, most of all, we should remember that all men are brothers.

MRS. ROY M. SPERRY
Butler, Mo.

Ruark's Spain

My congratulations and admiration to Robert Ruark for his WHY SPAIN IS HOME [Apr. 4]. I envy him, for he has made his Utopia a reality.

WILLIAM IRVING SIEGEL
Jamaica, N.Y.

• I enjoyed Mr. Ruark's realistic account of Spain. Last year, I cast off the two-car chrome-plated super-speed land of my birth and for all practical purposes became a Spaniard. I saw the "real" Spain—avoiding the tourist hangouts, and losing myself among Spain's people. I understand Mr. Ruark's observations, and, like him, I feel no less loyal to America because I love Spain.

JAMES W. BAKER
Costa Mesa, Calif.

• Ruark's nonsense sounds straight out of the Middle Ages. My feeling is that he should wake up and look around.

NED BUCHMAN
Tucson, Ariz.

• While Mr. Ruark is living *pundonor* in sunny old Spain, I have much more admiration for the writers who have the courage to stay here and face situations far more devastating than *el toro*.

JEAN ALLEN
Larkspur, Colo.

Dope in the suburbs

I would like to extend my congratulations to Robert P. Goldman [DOPE INVADES THE SUBURBS, Apr. 4] and to *The Saturday Evening Post* for their sincere concern in presenting a well-written and well-documented article on this most insidious problem, of which the general public has been unaware.

DEAN F. MARKHAM
Special Consultant on Drug Abuse
The White House
Washington, D.C.

• I wish to commend Mr. Goldman for bringing forth this problem with the young of our country so frankly and honestly.

SHERIFF ROBERT H. JAMISON
County of Middlesex
New Brunswick, N.J.

• Where are the parents of these teen-agers? Are they too busy playing golf and bridge to supervise their children? The skin and expression of the eyes would tell an observing person that a teen-ager is a narcotics victim.

MABEL J. MC WILLIAMS
Cleveland, Ohio

• I recommend that addicts sincerely desiring to be cured be permitted to call openly at doctors' offices to seek help without fear that the doctors will immediately report them to law-enforcement agencies to be grilled for information about active dope peddlers.

JAMES H. MULGANNON
Napa, Calif.

• I wish Mr. Goldman had told more about the Synanon Foundation, which has cured approximately 85 percent of those who have sought help from it (over 400 people so far). Synanon has clinics in Santa Monica, San Diego, Reno, Tacoma, and Westport, Conn.

MADY SHUMOFSKY
Providence, R.I.

KC Athletics

It was interesting to read about what Mr. Charles O. Finley, the Athletics owner, has done for Kansas City HAPPINESS IS BEING SOMEWHERE ELSE, by Frank Graham Jr., Apr. 4]. But we already had a circus.

DAVE POMEROY
Lawrence, Kans.

• Kansas City fans and baseball in general have had to put up with good old Charley for the past three years and, frankly, we are sick of it. We've been hearing this same sob story every winter.

FRED L. WORTMAN
Kansas City, Mo.

• I'm all for Mr. Finley and don't blame him for wanting to leave Kansas City.

MRS. PETER KEISER
Shawnee, Kans.

• I would like to join other loyal Kansas City Athletics fans in showing the American League that we in Kansas City appreciate the league's honesty and sincerity in standing by us through the Finley crisis. The people of Kansas City are going to give the league and the team the big-league support they deserve.

WALTER S. GREEN
Kansas City, Mo.

Granby

While the people of Granby were trying to get electricity [LOOK OUT, AMERICA, HERE COMES GRANBY by Evan Hill, Apr. 4] we, the people of the Traunesian Sanctuary, were fighting to keep from having it. You see, the power company surveyed the route leading from the nearest power poles to our place, and they were very enthusiastic about letting us have what we consider a modern nuisance. We are all from cities such as Los Angeles, New York, Dallas, etc., and we want no part of electric power, although we all grew up with it. Please tell them in Granby that they are quite welcome to join us when the novelty wears off.

DALLAS PURCELL
Traunesian Sanctuary
Central Point, Oreg.

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Hollywood's carefree child

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SPEAKING OUT*

THE P.T.A. IS A WASTE OF TIME

By William C. Kvaraceus

William Kvaraceus is professor of education and director of youth studies at Lincoln Filene Center for Citizenship and Public Affairs, at Tufts University in Medford, Mass. Long a P.T.A. member, he has two daughters in high school.

Dull, mediocre, irrelevant, the P.T.A. amounts to much ado about very little, says this educator.

Despite its bustle and self-importance, the Parent-Teacher Association is an insignificant force in U.S. education. For all its 12 million members and their countless resolutions, it accomplishes very little. Instead of helping children get better schooling, it smothers progress in tiresome meetings and trite thinking.

I've been a card-carrying P.T.A. member for 20 years. In that time I've observed the organization from several angles—as a parent, a teacher, a superintendent of schools and a professor of education. I've addressed state and national P.T.A. conventions, and these days I find myself appearing as guest speaker at an average of one P.T.A. meeting a month. Looking at the P.T.A. from both inside and out, I see it as completely inadequate to the problems confronting our schools. I think a good many members agree. For intelligent parents, no matter how deep their commitment to public education, the monthly trek to school on P.T.A. night is hardly worth the effort. For teachers, too, the P.T.A. is a monthly intrusion, an ordeal of trying to beguile parents and fend off their complaints.

Many people, of course, love the P.T.A., but for the wrong reasons. The ambitious find that climbing the local P.T.A. hierarchy is a perfect way to gain status. The sociable enjoy the chance to nibble cookies and swap gossip, and they go home feeling clean and virtuous for having "done something for the community." Besides, what else is there to do in suburbia on a Wednesday night? As for the school officials, they see the P.T.A. as a device for channeling "malcontents" into harmless, meaningless activities, or perhaps even for getting them to lobby for next year's school budget.

But are these the aims that the P.T.A. was created to further? The back of my membership card lists the association's objectives as follows:

To promote the welfare of children and youth in home, school, church and community.

To raise the standards of home life.

To secure adequate laws for the care and protection of children and youth.

To bring into closer relation the home and the school, that parents and teachers may cooperate intelligently in the training of the child.

To develop between educators and the general public such united efforts as will secure for every child the highest advantages in physical, mental, social and spiritual education.

How can these lofty goals be reconciled with the kind of nonsense that goes on at P.T.A. meetings?

Most meetings are preceded by "parent teacher conferences" in the classroom. To divert the parents and to get them into the proper spirit, the classroom walls have been generously hung with their children's artwork and book reports. The teacher, hurried and harassed by the steady stream of eavesdropping and apprehensive parents, breathes a sigh of relief when the school bell finally mobilizes the march to the assembly hall. Any teacher will tell you that these quickie parent-teacher huddles are useless.

The business meeting begins with a head count of parents. The count is competitive. Finally, it is announced that the attendance banner is awarded to Miss Smith's sixth-grade class. All the parents join in applause. I know one school where the blue attendance banner was in permanent possession of the most inept teacher. Parents of her pupils flocked to P.T.A. meetings not because they liked her but because they hoped they might somehow enlist the P.T.A. in getting her fired. All they succeeded in doing was to make her the attendance queen.

With the head count over and the evening slipping by, the meeting proceeds according to the humdrum ritual set down in the P.T.A. manual. First the secretary stumbles through the minutes of the last meeting and then the treasurer inaudibly reads the rich returns from the membership drive. The chairman of the curriculum committee reports on the P.T.A. survey of parents' attitudes toward the driver-training course. Someone brings up a complaint concerning the recent change in a school-bus route. An announcement of the date of the junior-high-school dance is made with an appeal for more effective chaperons.

P.T.A. programs are usually as dull and dry as bone dust, whether you are sitting in on a meeting in Tacoma, Topeka or Tuscaloosa. Typically they consist of a guest speaker from the extension division of the state university, who delivers his canned talk on "education for good citizenship." When he finishes, the program chairman moves a vote of appreciation, and the members have their coffee and hurry home so they won't miss the start of the late movie on TV.

The most noticeable defect of P.T.A. programs is their sterility. The programs seldom come to grips with the sharp and critical issues in education. They tend to skirt controversy and to dote on the personal, the petty and the provincial. The P.T.A. does not hesitate to denounce child labor, narcotics, nicotine, and sex and sadism in comics, films and TV; but when the important school issues arise—segregation, book censorship, sex education of the young, merit rating of teachers and so forth—it dodges them. Even when the P.T.A. leadership, so unimaginative, tradition-bound and timid, grows momentarily bold, the local units lie low. For example, the P.T.A.'s National Congress did venture to take a stand on federal-aid-to-education legislation. (They were for it.) But many locals didn't dare put the issue to a vote.

P.T.A. activities are supposed ultimately to benefit the pupils. In practice they are rigged to benefit parents. If we look closely, we discover how frequently parents use the P.T.A. to build their egos at their children's expense or at the expense of school personnel. Either they bask outrageously in the reflected glory of their youngsters' artwork or perfect arithmetic papers so prominently displayed on

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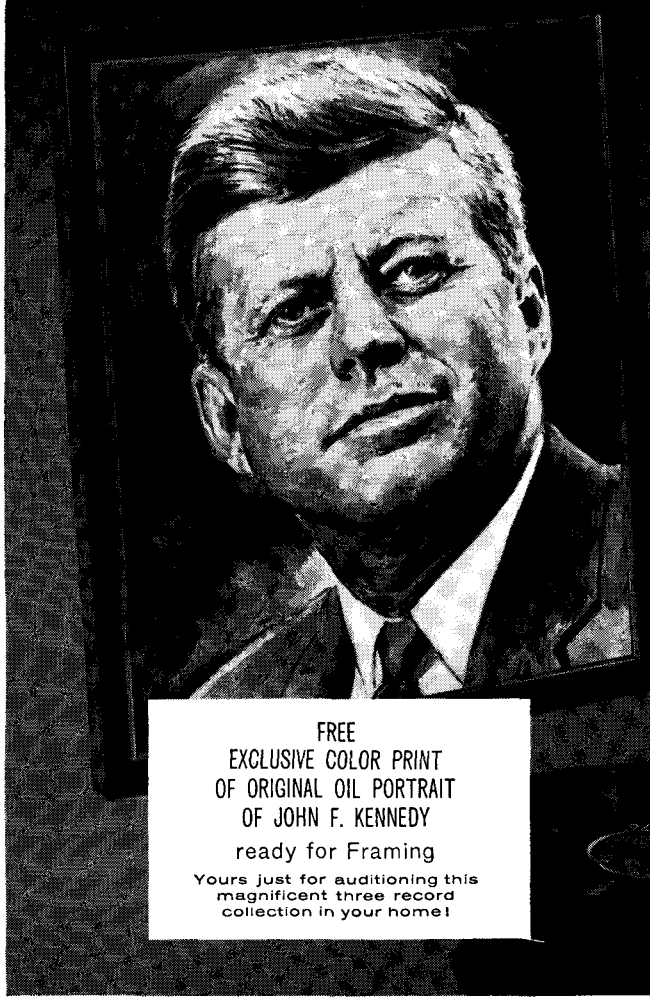

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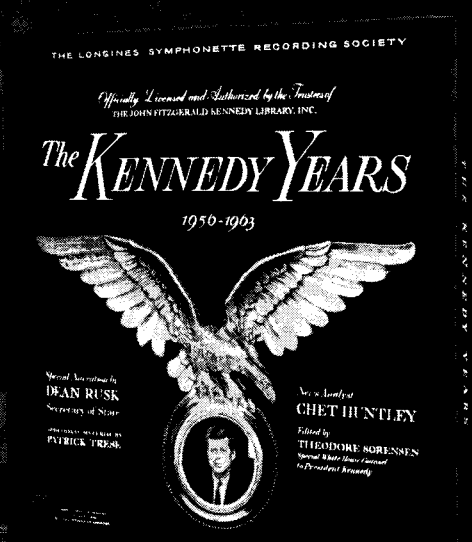

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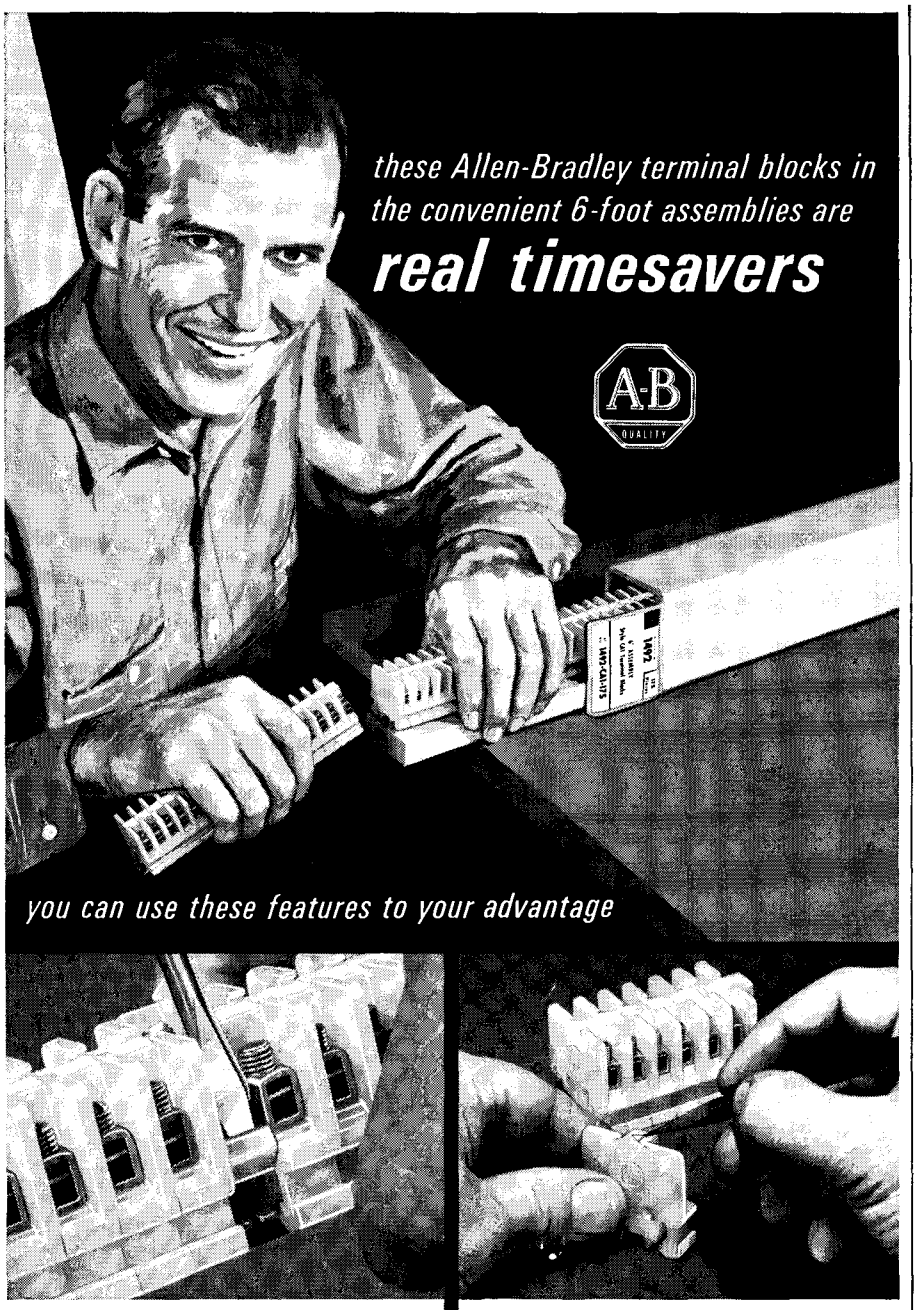

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P.T.A.—A Waste of Time

the classroom bulletin board, or they damn the school for their youngsters' failings. With this kind of ego-satisfaction available for just the cost of the yearly dues, it is no wonder narcissistic parents throng to P.T.A. meetings every month.

Principals, teachers and program chairmen are well aware of this parental involvement, and—for their own purposes—they cater to it. As often as possible they summon children to P.T.A. meetings and put them on display in "demonstration activities" such as chorus, dramatics, athletics and orchestra. "Demonstration activities," represented as being "wonderful for the children," are actually used to bind the parents to the school. The night the children are on the program there are no empty seats in the auditorium, no doughnuts left over after the kitchen committee empties the coffee urns.

But ego-nurture and child-worship do not by themselves account for the popularity of the P.T.A. Its phenomenal growth—it has six times as many members today as it had in 1940, and it is still growing—is the product of a number of circumstances. The organization was founded in 1897 as the National Congress of Mothers, and after two name changes became the Parent-Teacher Association. By the end of World War I the principle of universal compulsory education had become a reality in the United States, and membership in the P.T.A. had become a middle-class tradition—like taking piano lessons and wearing neckties.

During the same period the women's suffrage movement was coming to a climax. The timing was just right. Newly released from the kitchen, women found outlet for their intellectual energies in the P.T.A. Newly enfranchised, women discovered in the P.T.A. abundant opportunities to make motions, to vote and to preside. It was only natural that in their debut in public affairs American women should choose to campaign for the health, education and welfare of their youngsters. And, since many husbands worked hard and late at the office, they were relieved to have their wives take over the job of keeping in touch with the schools, via the P.T.A.

Then, as now, the major stronghold of the P.T.A. was the small town and the suburbs. The more remote the community, the more ardent the P.T.A. The P.T.A. superstructure and its publications—financed by a five-cent-per-capita assessment of the local membership—served to link the isolated community to the big city and to the rest of the country. Receiving *The P.T.A. Magazine* monthly was a notable event—like the arrival of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue.

As the psychologist, the pediatrician and the psychiatrist came into their own, new insights into child development and child-rearing gained currency. The new findings needed to be communicated, interpreted and put into effect. All this was grist to the P.T.A. mill. So was the increasing emphasis on higher education. As staying in school, electing courses and getting into college became more and more complicated, parents became more and more dependent upon the teacher, principal and guidance counselor. The P.T.A. provided a means of communication—often the only one.

The ubiquitous P.T.A. has benefited from still another circumstance. In our nomadic culture, with one family in five on the move, the P.T.A. meetings are an arena for social introduction. All these forces are still at work today. The P.T.A. program can be dull and irrelevant—it makes little difference. Parents, especially mothers, find it serves many basic needs. And so the P.T.A. just keeps growing; it now has more than 48,000 local units. But most of its strength has evaporated during the process of growth.

The P.T.A. leaders virtuously insist that the organization is "noncommercial, nonsectarian and nonpartisan." They protest too loudly. Judging by the amount of time devoted to fund-raising and fund-spending, there's plenty of commerce in the P.T.A.; it's big business. And there's plenty of partisanship. Since the first P.T.A. chairman rapped the first gavel, the P.T.A. has been run as a closed middle-class shop. P.T.A.'s everywhere have failed to attract parents from the lower social and economic strata, and these are the parents who most need P.T.A. help.

Many teachers will tell you, albeit guardedly, that the P.T.A. is also prejudiced in favor of school principals. So heavy is the hand of the school administrator in the power structure of the P.T.A., say the teachers, that the organization should change its name to the Parent-Principal Association. Another aspect of P.T.A. partisanship is its National Congress's preference for the National Education Association and its distaste for the N.E.A.'s unionized counterpart, the American Federation of Teachers.

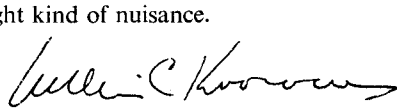
Ladies always lead

There is also the P.T.A. prejudice in favor of females. In spite of the two name changes and the admission of fathers into the P.T.A. rites, the association still looks like the National Congress of Mothers. Females dominate the P.T.A. from top to bottom. The office of national president has been held by an unbroken dynasty of mothers. Male P.T.A. presidents are cherished for their showcase value but are seldom allowed to climb above the local level of the P.T.A. And while room mothers are a familiar fixture in local P.T.A. operations, who has ever heard of a room father? (I confess I did meet one such rare bird at a P.T.A. meeting 10 years ago in South Weymouth, Mass.)

Female domination of the P.T.A. is probably inevitable with so many fathers spending so much of their time commuting. The women are in control and will remain in control at all levels of the busy P.T.A. bureaucracy. Without the women the P.T.A. would disintegrate.

But if the P.T.A. must be led by women, let them be better-qualified women. At present because it takes so long to advance in the organization and because the top jobs go to those who don't rock the boat, the P.T.A. hierarchy is full of ineffectual grandmothers. The great hope of the P.T.A. is the new breed of intelligent young women just off the college campuses. These young women now shun the nonintellectual, unchallenging P.T.A. for the League of Women Voters and even the Junior League, but if given a chance they could provide vigorous, imaginative, courageous leadership.

Adm. Hyman Rickover, the arch-critic of the public schools, blasted the P.T.A. as "an infernal nuisance" and insisted that it "ought to be abolished." I don't agree. I feel that the schools can benefit by the "nuisance" of parent participation—but the P.T.A. has not yet become the right kind of nuisance.



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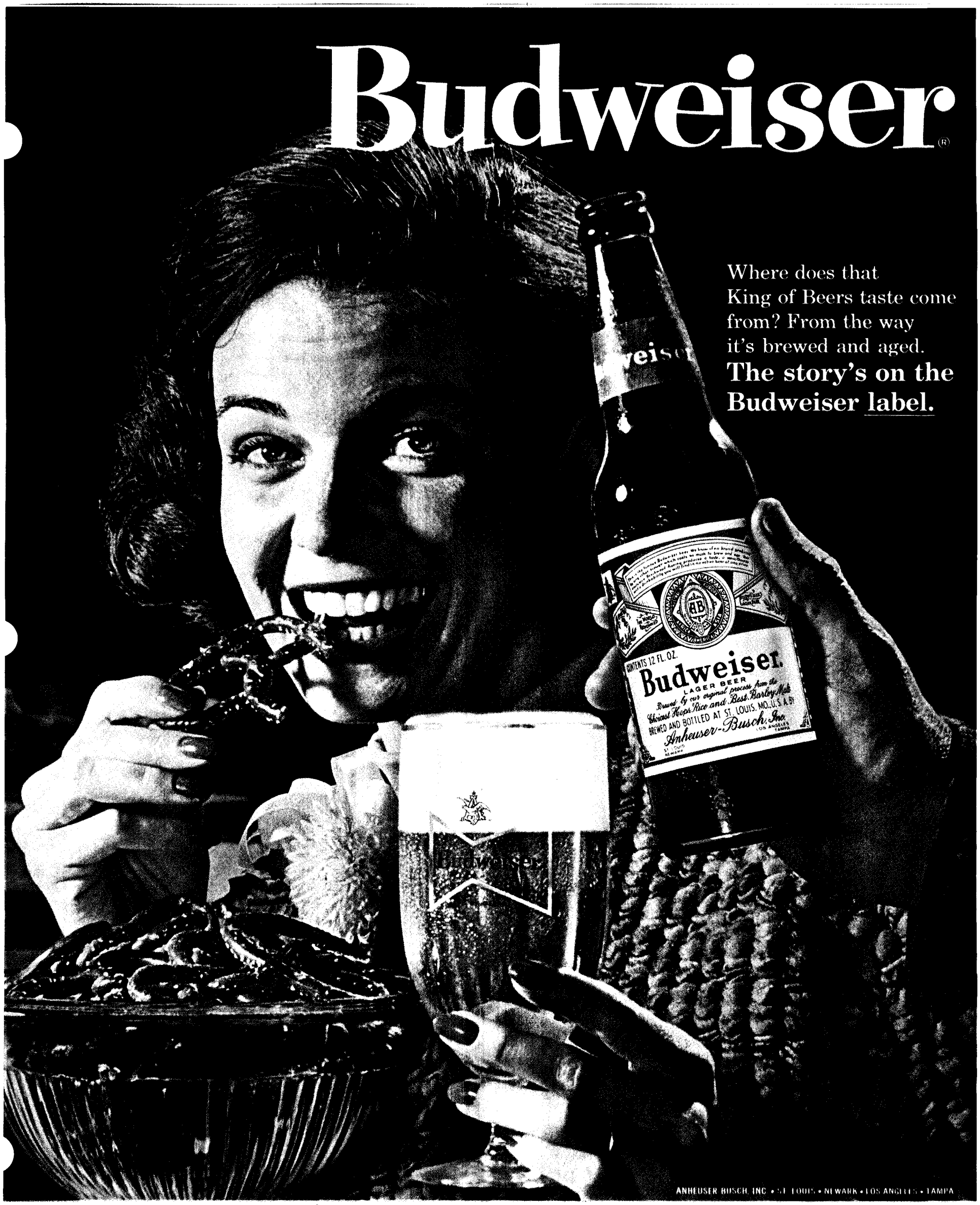
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President Humphrey?

Sen. Hubert Humphrey

WASHINGTON: A genial fellow with a huge forehead and gravelly voice—Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota—has at least as good a chance of being the next President of the United States as any other man. There is sound logic behind this conclusion.

President Lyndon Johnson, as of today, looks about as unbeatable as Franklin Roosevelt in 1936 or Dwight Eisenhower in 1956. As long as this is so, the man Johnson chooses as his running mate is the man most likely to be the next President, either by inheritance or as heir apparent to the Democratic nomination in 1972.

Johnson seems likely to choose Robert Kennedy to run only if he desperately needs the Kennedy pulling power in the big industrial states. With polls showing him well ahead in all 50 states, Johnson presently needs no pulling power but his own. Johnson also seems unlikely to choose a substitute Kennedy, like Sargent Shriver, or a substitute Catholic, like Sen. Eugene McCarthy. Aside from some such darkish horse as Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, that leaves Humphrey.

Hubert Humphrey is thickening up a bit, where a man of 52 can be expected to thicken up. Otherwise, he still looks a lot like the young man who came storming into Washington 16 years ago, talking a blue streak. He began his senatorial career by loudly denouncing Sen. Harry F. Byrd on the floor of the Senate, thus causing the Senate's Inner Club to consign him forever to outer darkness.

Nowadays Humphrey is the leading non-Southern member of the Inner Club. Most of the time he can be found in the majority whip's office off the Senate galleries. With its frescoed ceilings, its fireplaces and its air of genial mustiness, this cubbyhole is a reminder that the Senate is an aged institution. It is also a symbol of senatorial power. On its wall there is the ultimate status symbol in today's Washington—the head of stag shot by Humphrey at the LBJ Ranch.

Humphrey's cubbyhole was, in fact, once occupied by L.B.J. himself, who came to the Senate with Humphrey, was instantly elected to the Inner Club, and became Democratic whip in his third year. At about the time both men were reelected in 1954, they became friends and thereafter, Humphrey recalls, Johnson fell into the habit of telephoning him after adjournment almost every evening.

"What you doin', Hubert?" Johnson would say. "Come on around—got some things I want to talk about." Humphrey would obediently trot over to Johnson's office—it was hardly ever the other way around—and the two men would talk, feet up, about "liberalism, or legislation, or some editorial that had got under Lyndon's skin."

They have had their battles. Once Johnson failed to hold off a vote on a crucial farm issue until Humphrey could get back to Washington. For a week or so they acted like a couple of schoolgirls who have had a tiff. "When he'd go by I'd turn my head the other way," Humphrey recalls with a grin, "and when I'd go by he'd turn his head the other way."

There have been other battles. At first, the two men were far apart ideologically. When Humphrey came to the Senate, he was regarded as a far-left liberal, whereas Johnson was liberal only by Texas standards. But long before the White House seemed in reach of either man, Humphrey became his friend Johnson's unofficial ambassador in the liberal-intellectual-labor circles where Johnson has always been suspect.

"I used to argue with the liberals that Johnson was basically a warm-hearted and sentimental man," Humphrey says. "I'd argue that, anyway, it's more important how a man stands on a basic issue of principle, like civil liberties, than how he votes on a resource of his state, like oil."

Humphrey remembers Johnson, as majority leader, exultantly showing him a clipping reporting attacks by Sen. Joseph McCarthy on Senator Byrd and the Protestant clergy, both on the same day. "Now he's overstretching," Johnson said. Shortly thereafter Johnson proceeded to round up the unanimous Democratic vote to censure McCarthy, which Humphrey, quite rightly, ranks as one of Johnson's great achievements. It is an achievement for which the liberal-intellectuals have never given Johnson due credit. The liberals, Humphrey says, rarely grasp the fact that a sense of timing—"when to wait and when to move"—is much more important in the Senate than oratory or idealism.

The liberals are not as powerful in the Democratic Party as they were 20 years ago. But they were still powerful enough in 1960 to veto hands down Lyndon Johnson's bid for the presidential nomination and they almost vetoed his vice-presidential nomination. Johnson is not worrying these days about getting nominated, but over the long pull he badly needs the enthusiastic support of the liberals, who remain faintly suspicious of him. In the affections of the liberals, Humphrey ranks second only to Adlai Stevenson, which is the main reason why he is a leading candidate for the vice-presidential nomination.

There is another reason. Humphrey is Johnson's sort of man, which despite surface amenities, Robert Kennedy and Stevenson are not. In some ways, in fact, Johnson and Humphrey are much alike. They share an undefeated quality, an unsophisticated ebullience and a lavish glandular energy. Johnson could end up tapping Humphrey for Vice President for the simple human reason that he likes him.

Political calculation will also, of course, influence the choice. If a really meaningful civil-rights bill emerges from the Senate, Humphrey will get, and deserve, much of the credit. Humphrey could thus help the ticket among the Negroes, who also remain faintly suspicious of a President with a Southern accent.

Of course there is another side of the Humphrey ledger. With his unblemished pro-civil-rights record, Humphrey is unloved in the South, though he does not raise Southern hackles the way Robert Kennedy does. It also does not help the Humphrey candidacy that his 1960 try for the presidential nomination ended in disaster (thereby assuring the nomination of John F. Kennedy). But Humphrey's greatest liability is that he lacks that elusive odor, the true presidential smell.

Somehow it is hard to take Humphrey entirely seriously for the Presidency, perhaps because he has always had a bit of trouble taking himself entirely seriously. The fact remains that Humphrey is a most able man with a quick intelligence—he undoubtedly has one of the Senate's highest I.Q.'s—and a firm grasp on the political realities. "You know, it's rather surprising," says one senator, "but I'd feel quite comfortable with Hubert in the White House." Despite that lack of the presidential smell, most of those who know Hubert Humphrey well feel much the same way.

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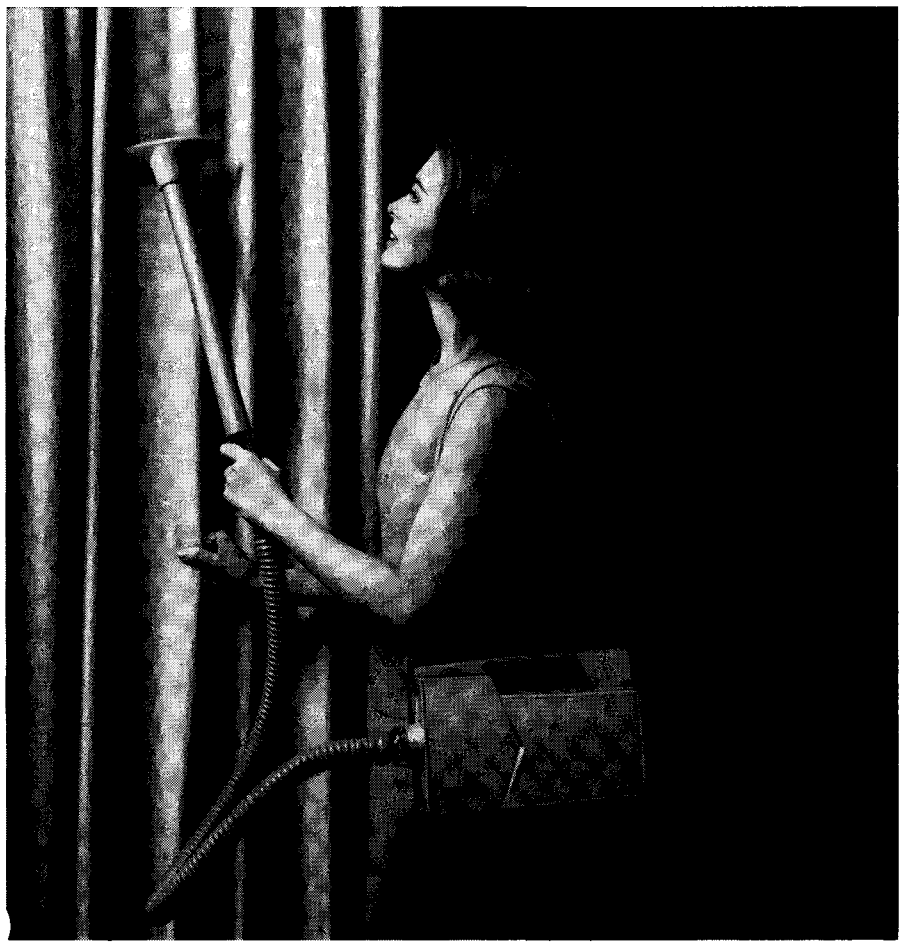

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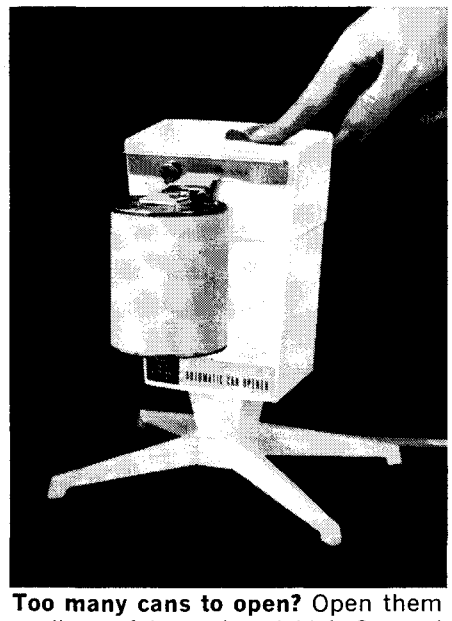

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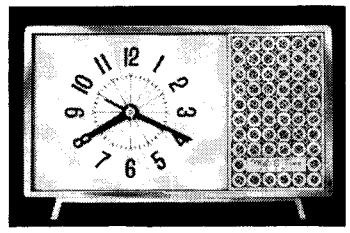

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How to get the reading bug to bite your child

How can you encourage your children to read? Here are suggestions on when and how to begin—how your reading habits can improve theirs.

READ ALOUD—early and often. That's the first clue. By the time your child is two, he'll know the stories and nursery rhymes so well that he may turn the pages himself as you read to him.

Pick a time that's free from interruptions. If you choose the *same* story time each day, your child will begin to look forward to it—like lunch.

Let him *see* what you are reading. As he gets a little older, point out the objects and animals shown in the book and ask him to identify them. This gets him into the story and makes him a participant.

Read to each other

When he reaches school age, keep right on reading aloud to him. And encourage him to read to you. His teacher will take care of the mechanics of reading. You can supply the *fun*. Let your child ask plenty of questions. Let him select the books. Let him show off what he's learning in school.

But be sensitive to his moods. Don't force him or you may take the joy out of it. And *praise* him when he does well.

Soon he'll start developing his own special interests. Help him track down books and articles about them. Baseball, for instance. Or butterflies. Or outer space.

Help him explore

Another way to make reading a lark is to get him a library card and let him do his own exploring. Once a young reader finds *one* book he likes, don't be surprised if he gobbles up a dozen more like it.

Do *you* go to the library? Do you have books around the house? Do you and the rest of the family give each other books for Christmas and birthdays? These are all tried-and-true ways of getting youngsters into the reading habit.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben Franklin

BY JAMES ATWATER

When the Administration briefly lifted secrecy wraps from the hottest jet plane in the sky today, it referred to the A-11 as an interceptor aircraft. Aeronautical experts know that the plane is not an interceptor, that it was designed to be a spy. Congress is wondering—and so should the American public—just what kind of games the Administration is playing.

THE GREAT A-11 DECEPTION

In the unemotional, droning tones that he uses for public announcements, President Lyndon B. Johnson recently disclosed that the United States had secretly built one of the most fabulous aircraft ever designed. The new A-11, said the President, could fly for long periods at the incredible speed of more than 2,000 miles an hour, spanning the distance from New York to Chicago in less than thirty minutes. It could cruise at altitudes higher than 70,000 feet—probably high enough and fast enough to be safe from Soviet antiaircraft missiles. Several models of this "advanced experimental jet," the President told his February 29 press conference, were now undergoing tests "to determine their capabilities as long-range interceptors."

President Johnson didn't quite say it, but most Americans would not be blamed for taking his words to mean that the United States had built the hottest jet fighter in history, a plane capable of knocking any enemy bomber out of the sky. And five days later Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara went him one better by announcing that "the A-11 is an interceptor aircraft; it is being developed as such." The Department of Defense released a photograph of the aircraft that identified it as an interceptor.

In actual fact, the A-11 is not an interceptor. Furthermore, it was never designed to be an interceptor. And though future modifications might give it some value as a special-mission bomber, there is no certainty that they will prove successful. If the United States today is vulnerable to Soviet attack, the A-11 does not make it any less so.

The mystery of the A-11 actually is part of a larger controversy which has long divided top United States officials—the controversy over the future of manned aircraft. The Air Force, unwilling to rely entirely on missiles, has fought hard for the continued production of manned bombers and fighter planes. Secretary McNamara, determined to hold down defense costs and considering such new planes a waste of money, has resisted the airmen's demands. And in a campaign year, the state of the nation's defenses provides a rich field for partisan charges and counter-charges. Just as the Democrats in 1960 raised charges of a "missile gap" that later proved nonexistent, Republicans soon began calling the announcement of the A-11 misleading. One Republican on the House Armed Services Committee, Frank Becker, frankly called it "phony."

Once the announcement had been made, however, the Administration became unusually secretive about the wondrous A-11. Defense and Air Force information officers turned down all requests from reporters who wanted to learn more about the plane. McNamara, who often in the past has answered sensitive questions if they are put in writing, was approached by *The Saturday Evening Post* with some new questions:

"Is the A-11 now a fully developed interceptor?"

"If not, how vigorously will the A-11 be developed as an interceptor?"

In response to these questions, the Defense Department refused to elaborate on what President Johnson had said about the plane in his press conference.

Yet, unlike the standard interceptor, which is designed as a vehicle for carrying a weapons system, the A-11 was designed for a wholly different purpose which President Johnson didn't mention at all: reconnaissance. It looks like a giant dart. The shaft is a fuselage 90 feet long. Far out toward the point, so far that it seems isolated from the rest of the aircraft, is the cockpit for the two-man crew. At the rear of the fuselage are two huge engines and, almost as an afterthought, a set of thin, swept-back wings that measure only 40 feet from tip to tip. At 80,000 feet, the dart called the A-11 can fly at 2,200 mph—about Mach 3.4, or more than three times the speed of sound. The airplane carries only enough fuel for 90 minutes of flight, but that is enough to cover 3,300 miles—say from New York to Lisbon, Portugal.

The A-11 was planned as long ago as 1958 when the U-2 was still serenely cruising Russia's skies at 70,000 feet, taking pictures of Soviet industry and military installations while frustrated Russian Mig pilots craned their necks and followed far below.

But the CIA knew it was only a matter of time before a Russian missile shot a U-2 out of the stratosphere. With the help of the Air Force, the CIA set about creating a superspy successor to the U-2. By 1960, when Francis Gary Powers was shot down, the development of the A-11 was well underway at the huge Lockheed Aircraft plant in Burbank, Calif. The CIA official in charge of the A-11 program was Richard M. Bissell, who was known within the agency as commanding general of the RMBAF—the Richard M. Bissell Air Force. The first plane in the RMBAF was the U-2; the second was the A-11.

To date, the A-11 has cost about $500 million, a bargain by the current rule of thumb that a new aircraft will cost at least one billion dollars before the first production model is ordered. About 18 months ago the A-11 began flying from a secret location in the Far West. The dozen models that have been built so far are not yet fully operational, however, according to one man who worked closely with the aircraft, and the published report that flights have been made over Communist territory is false.

Indeed, the A-11 is still hampered by two technical problems: varying the flow of fuel for effective combustion at different altitudes, and controlling the flow of air into the engines.

When these bugs are eliminated, the A-11 will be a magnificent spy. While it carries no weapons—something of a handicap for an interceptor—the aircraft is loaded with the latest aerial cameras, side-view radar and sophisticated electronic equipment for collecting what the Air Force calls "elint" (electronic intelligence). The CIA and the Air Force are counting on its speed, altitude and missile-jamming gear to escape the Sam rockets that brought down Powers.

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The A-11 Deception

Although the United States promised to stop flying over Russia after the U-2 incident, it made no such commitments for the Communist-bloc nations or Red China. And the A-11 is undoubtedly intended to supplement the work of the orbiting SAMOS satellites, which send back their pictures by television, and the little-known Air Force satellites, which reportedly take pictures and drop them into recovery areas in the Pacific. The great advantage of the A-11 over a satellite is that it can be dispatched quickly to take pictures of specific areas. If war did come, the A-11 would have the vital task of searching out targets that had escaped the early waves of missiles and bombers.

Because of its intended mission, the secret of the A-11 was extraordinarily well kept. Not even all the members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff knew about it. "I'm a complete blank on the A-11," admits Gen. George H. Decker, who retired in 1962 as the Army's Chief of Staff. "I have no recollection that the plane was ever discussed by the Joint Chiefs." Adm. David L. McDonald, the current Chief of Naval Operations, learned about the A-11 along with the rest of the nation when President Johnson revealed it.

But when, after announcing the plane's existence, the President and McNamara ignored the A-11's origins and said it was an interceptor—or was becoming one—they dumped the new wonder plane into one of the most briskly boiling caldrons in the Pentagon.

Since he became boss of the Pentagon—and he bosses it more completely than any other Defense Secretary in history—McNamara has been clashing with the Air Force with growing frequency and sharpness. The basic issue that splits the two is the question of how much reliability should be placed on missiles as against manned aircraft. McNamara has been turning steadily toward missiles and away from airplanes. The Air Force, while endorsing the missiles, insists that there is still a role in modern warfare for an airplane carrying a man who can make decisions instantly as the shape of battle changes. To date, Secretary McNamara has steadfastly denied the Air Force request for a new bomber, the B-70. And, until two months ago, he had been equally adamant about a new fighter.

The controversy over development of a new interceptor dates back at least to 1961, when the Administration stopped buying the F-106, still the most modern interceptor in the Air Defense Command. The plans for the F-106 were laid down in the early '50's, a couple of generations ago in the chronology of aircraft design. The peak operating altitude for the F-106 is about 50,000 feet, where its top speed—for short sprints—is slightly more than Mach 2, or about 1,500-plus mph. The last new design for an interceptor—the F-108—was killed in 1959 by the Eisenhower Administration.

McNamara's main argument against developing a new interceptor is that the F-106, old as it is, can handle any foreseeable threat. Its radar reportedly can pick up an enemy airplane about 90 miles away, and any target the plane can spot on radar it can hit with a rocket. "Interception today is more a search than a chase problem," says a Defense official. "The argument that an interceptor has to go faster than its target is a holdover from days when you had to chase the target down and machine-gun it."

The Air Force agrees with McNamara that the F-106 can do a good job against the present generation of Soviet bombers carrying hydrogen weapons that have to be hauled over the target and dropped. The fight between the Secretary and the service is basically over the future threat of more advanced Soviet bombers.

The Air Force is afraid that Russia will develop a Mach 2.5 bomber, which would hopelessly outclass the F-106. Air Force officers cite the Soviet announcement that, like the United States, Britain and France, it will build a Mach 2.5 airliner. "It is no great feat to develop a bomber version from such a supersonic transport," says Lt. Gen. Herbert B. Thatcher, head of the Air Defense Command. "Traditionally the Soviets have used this approach."

In contrast, McNamara this year told the armed-services committees of the House and Senate that he considered it "unlikely" the Russians would "deploy a new long-range bomber." Testifying on the military budget for fiscal 1965, the Defense Secretary said, "We believe that [the current interceptor force] is appropriate for defense against what we presently see as a declining Soviet manned bomber threat."

When his turn came to testify on Capitol Hill, Gen. Curtis LeMay, the Air Force's burly and blunt Chief of Staff, disagreed sharply with McNamara. LeMay said that the Russians are likely to continue to rely on a "mix" of bomber and missiles. What was more, LeMay said that the Russians were improving even their current bombers by equipping them with "standoff missiles"—missiles that can be launched from a bomber while it is standing offshore, hundreds of miles away from its target.

LeMay told Sen. Richard Russell, chairman of the Senate's Armed Services Committee, that the F-106 does not have the speed or range to counter this tactic. "We can't get out far enough to hit them, to shoot down the bombers before they have launched their missiles," he said. "We need a longer-range, higher-speed aircraft."

LeMay also wants any new interceptor—known in Pentagon shorthand as an IMI, or Improved Manned Interceptor—to be versatile enough to fight the kind of limited or conventional war that might occur in the '70's. The Air Force remembers all too clearly that the F-86 was the only American fighter that could stop the Migs in Korea; without the F-86, the United States would have lost air superiority, which undoubtedly would have changed the whole course of the war.

"People laugh at you today when you talk about fighter versus fighter," says one former high-ranking Air Force general. "They tell you how rockets can do everything. But you never can tell. They're using bows and arrows in Vietnam. If the Russians get a better fighter, they can take us out of the sky."

"The Joint Chiefs have said we must go ahead with the IMI," LeMay testified on the Hill. "I say we are going to have to have this aircraft. You might as well make up your mind now."

During his long hours before the committees, McNamara said that he would consider developing a new interceptor if the Russians did deploy a new bomber. But he added that he felt the United States already had aircraft on hand or on order that could be converted into adequate fighters. One plane that Defense is talking about converting someday is the Air Force's F-111, the fighter-bomber now being developed by General Dynamics. The F-111 is the Air Force's version of the controversial TFX, McNamara's attempt to build one airplane that could be used by both the Air Force and Navy.

The Navy's version of the TFX will indeed be an interceptor, with the primary mission of protecting the fleet. But the Air Force claims that the F-111 would

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not be able to sustain its top speed of about 1,500 mph long enough to reach the bombers before they could release their standoff missiles. "We have studied this in detail, but it is not the solution," LeMay told the Senators. "The IMI we propose is a much better airplane."

The IMI that the Air Force would like, according to General Thatcher, would fly at Mach 3—about the speed of the A-11. This similarity led the Air Force to make an important decision about 18 months ago. Having given up all hope of persuading McNamara to build an IMI, Air Force planners began to consider converting the A-11 into an interceptor.

The main trouble with this idea soon turned out to be the fact that the A-11 had been designed so successfully for its special mission. The man who created the A-11 was Lockheed's Clarence (Kelly) Johnson, a former pilot, a skilled mathematician and, by any standard, one of the finest aircraft designers in the world. Johnson also built the high-flying U-2, which was extremely successful as a virtual glider but suffered from lack of speed. Working in a secluded hangar nicknamed the "Skonk Works," Johnson set out to give the A-11 the safety of speed as well as altitude. To drive the A-11, Pratt & Whitney modified one of its advanced engines which develops 30,000 pounds of thrust, twice the power of the U-2. Johnson hitched two of them to the rear of his dart. To save weight, Johnson made extensive use of titanium, a light metal that withstands the heat of supersonic flight better than aluminum.

The result was a lightweight, overpowered aircraft that can fly high, fast and straight—and that's about all. At Mach 3 the A-11 needs an estimated 150 to 200 miles just to turn around.

While an interceptor no longer has to twist and loop in dogfights, it does need some maneuverability, if only to fly alongside a strayed Mach 2.5 airliner to identify it. Recently a topflight aeronautical engineer sat back and outlined some of the fundamental problems involved in converting the A-11 into an interceptor.

"To do any maneuvering at all," he said, "the A-11 needs a far bigger tail. At speeds like Mach three, your aircraft is very unstable anyway. If you try to maneuver with the present tail, there's a chance that your aircraft would tumble—literally go tail over nose—exceed its load limit and come apart in the air.

"What is more, the engine for the A-11 is designed purely for speed and altitude. It's not built strongly enough to take the pressure of heavy air at the low altitudes where you may have to fly for long periods"—enemy bombers will probably come in "on the deck" in future attacks. "It also eats up a lot of fuel at low Mach speeds, and at subsonic speeds it stinks. An IMI will have to go out and loiter, wait for the bombers to come through. The A-11 can't loiter; it'll run out of fuel.

"Then you have to carry the missiles inside somewhere—warheads break down at high temperatures. So you put the missiles inside, which means you have to take out some fuel tanks, which means that maybe you have to add some external tanks. It's quite a job."

Nevertheless, the Air Force thought that the A-11 could be transformed into an acceptable interceptor. The cost would have been about $300 million, according to one estimate, and even then it would not have been the ideal IMI. But the Air Force decided that such a plane would be better than no IMI at all.

Hunting for influential allies in its battle to persuade McNamara to convert the A-11, the Air Force sought out Dr. Jerome Wiesner, President Kennedy's top scientific adviser. Wiesner bought the idea and appeared for the Air Force when it made its plea to Dr. Harold Brown, Defense's director of research and engineering.

DOD turned down the proposal with the standard argument that a new interceptor was not needed. But McNamara did not throw out the idea altogether. The exact arrangement is still secret, but he apparently allowed the Air Force to conduct some limited experiments in an attempt to learn just what kind of interceptor the A-11 might become.

In effect, McNamara was hedging his bet. There was a small chance the experiments might show that the A-11 would make a fine interceptor, although that seems highly unlikely because of its specialized design. At worst, however, the experiments would develop data and techniques that would slash the cost of building a true IMI—if he ever decided to build one. The A-11, for example, is being tested with the fire-control system developed for the late F-108.

Since it has been ordered not to talk about the A-11 at all, the Air Force will not say whether or not it still wants a converted A-11 as its IMI. But all the evidence indicates that LeMay has backed away from the proposal.

"The A-11 has advanced the state of the art tremendously," says one former Air Force leader. "From this aircraft we've learned how to build a good interceptor. But the A-11 itself is not it."

In his proposed budget for fiscal 1965, McNamara included only $11 million for interceptor studies, a relatively tiny sum at the Pentagon. Testifying on the Hill, LeMay asked Congress for another $40 million to develop plans for an IMI. He made no mention of the A-11, which had not been announced at the time.

McNamara later said that LeMay was really asking for the money to speed up the A-11 as an interceptor, and LeMay has not publicly contradicted him. However, several senior members of both congressional armed-services committees, who had been let in on the secret of the A-11 years ago, are convinced that LeMay was talking about developing an entirely new airplane.

In any event, the House agreed with LeMay and approved the $40 million. The Senate agreed with McNamara and took it out. By the time members of both armed-services committees met to work out a compromise on the military-procurement bill, President Johnson had announced the A-11. The new aircraft and its relation, if any, to the IMI was not even discussed in conference. But Senator Russell felt strongly that the $40 million should come out, and the House conferees decided not to buck him.

So the Air Force is ending up with the very best reconnaissance aircraft in the world and $11 million for experiments to see if the A-11 might possibly be turned into an interceptor.

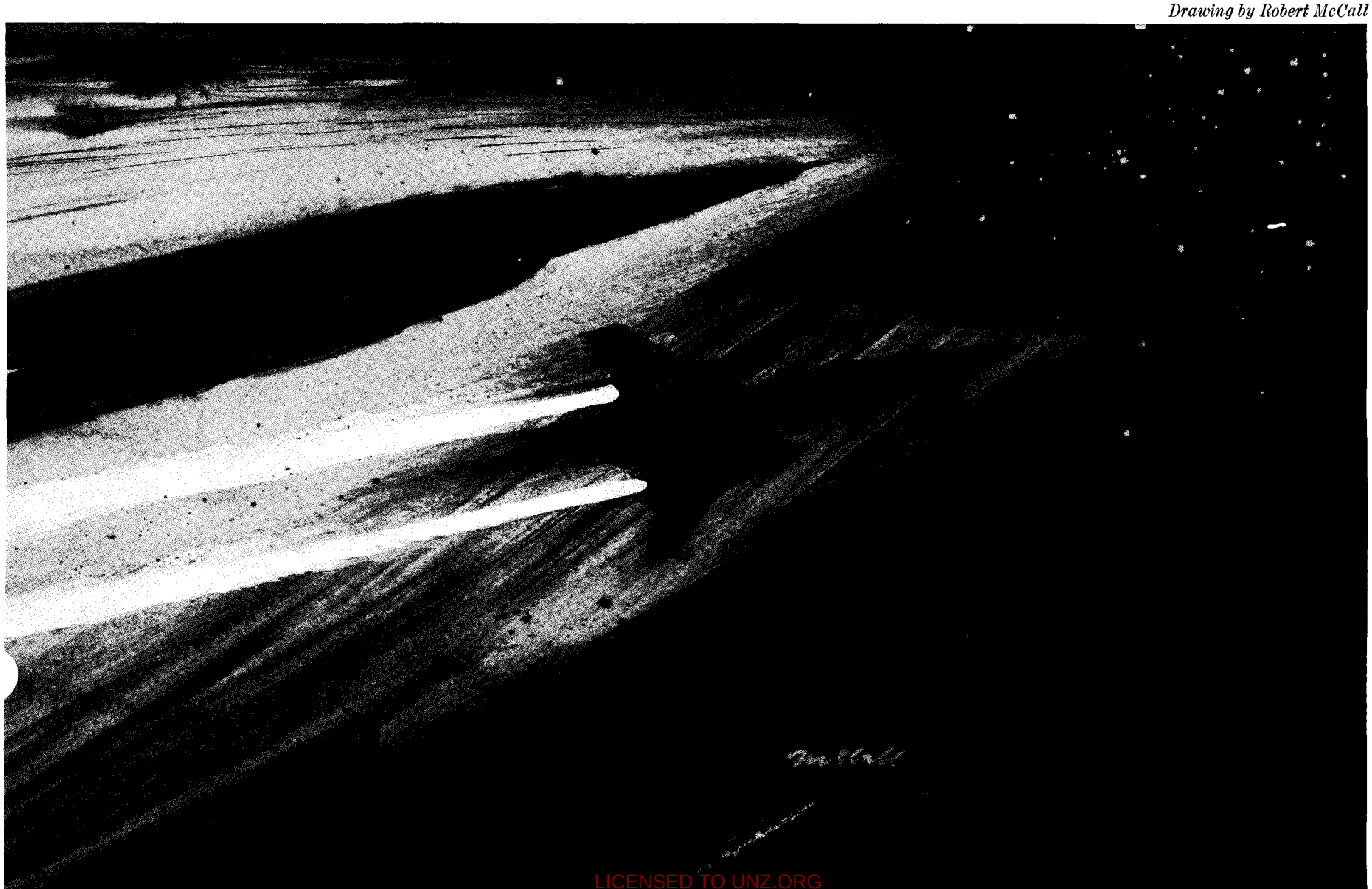
Whatever may have been the Administration's reasons for revealing the existence of the A-11 and then labeling it an interceptor, three facts emerge clearly out of the clouds of confusion surrounding the aircraft:

1. The A-11 is not now an interceptor.
2. The A-11 cannot be converted into the IMI the Air Force would like to have.
3. Secretary McNamara still has not decided that the nation needs an improved manned interceptor at all.

In fact, there is one small clue to indicate that he has already changed his mind about developing the A-11 as "an interceptor aircraft," as he announced earlier. In the caption on the official photograph of the aircraft, the word "interceptor" has been carefully marked out with black crayon.

THE END

Drawing by Robert McCall



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Photographs by John Zimmerman

THE FISCHER QUINTS AT HOME

Five famous babies
have brought joy and a new life
to their parents.

By MARY ANN FISCHER with JOHN BIRD

We hear the happiest sound in the world these days in the Andrew J. Fischer home in Aberdeen, S. Dak. It comes from a small nursery, crowded with cribs, where our quintuplets—now seven-and-a-half months old and as healthy as any babies you ever saw—spend most of their waking hours cooing, chirping and gurgling with joy of life. Of course they cry occasionally, too, when they get hungry or have wet diapers. But most of the time they are a picture of contentment. And the rest of the Fischer family—Andy and I and our five older children—share their happiness.

Andy and I get a special thrill every time we go into that nursery. When the babies are sleeping, they are like five chubby, look-alike dolls, and we tiptoe to keep from waking them. When they are awake, we can always expect to see five round little heads turning toward us, as though on signal. Five pairs of baby-blue eyes peer up at us, five grins break out on pink, moon-shaped faces, and now several of the quints are learning to hold up their arms to us, waving their hands and begging to be picked up. It works too; much of the time we can't resist them. They learn fast, and soon *all* of them will be doing it.

And as we look at our quintuplets, feed them, change them and bathe them, it seems almost impossible that just seven-and-a-half months ago, on September 14, 1963, they came into the world as tiny, premature babies, so small that any one of them could be held in a hand. The odds were very much against their survival, and we know that around the world thousands of good-hearted people prayed for them. Today they are normal-sized for their age and are beginning to develop individual personalities. The boy, James Andrew—

Four girls in pink and a boy in blue: The Fischer quints line up for a nursery portrait at six

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months. From left to right, Mary Ann, Mary Magdalene (Maggie), James Andrew (Jimmie), Mary Catherine (Cathy), and Mary Margaret (Margie).

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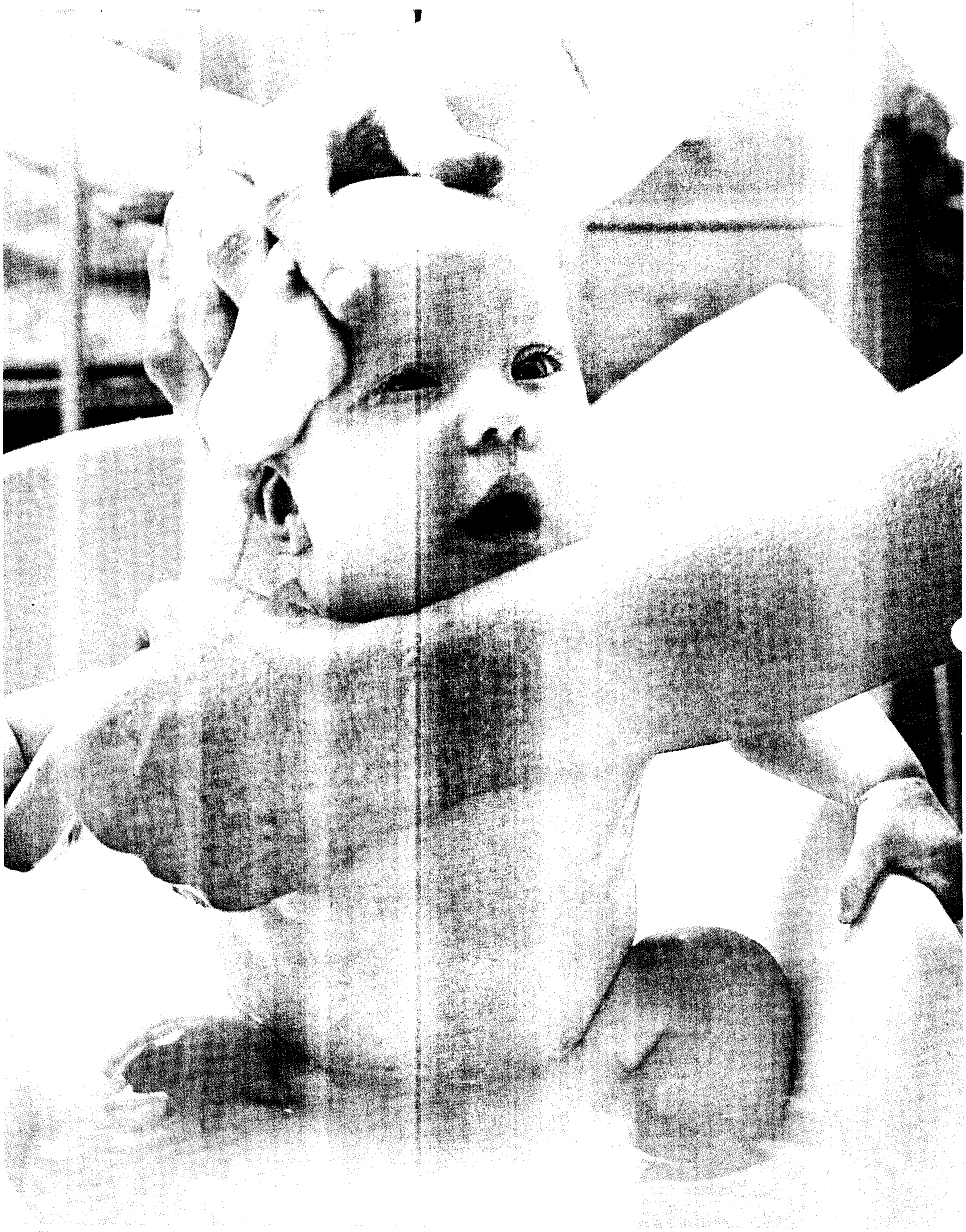

The babies are bathed in plastic tubs placed right in their cribs (this quint is Cathy) and, says Mom, "They have a high time splashing and laughing."

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WHEN THEY WERE BORN, THEY WERE SO SMALL THAT ANY ONE OF THEM COULD BE HELD IN A HAND.

whose big brother Danny already has nicknamed him "Jimmie"—is a husky 16 pounds, 11 ounces. He has a little topknot of blond-reddish hair and fetching dimples in his cheeks. He also has a placid disposition. His father says, "He's saving all his strength to grow on." However, he sometimes gets his temper working, when he's hungry or wet, if he isn't waited on right away. Little Mary Ann, who was the smallest at birth and weighed only two pounds, eight ounces when first put on the scales, has almost caught up with her three sister quints, and now registers 12½ pounds. She also is the liveliest, squirming and kicking like a grasshopper. Our doctor, James N. Berbos, now believes that Jimmie and Mary Ann are "singles"; that is, that each developed from an individual egg, and that the other three Marys are identical triplets. All five of the babies look very much alike, but Mary Catherine, Mary Margaret and Mary Magdalene are difficult to tell apart. They are very similar in their personalities, too.

My mother, Mrs. Elmer Brady, who has been helping me take care of the babies ever since we brought them home, often tries to trick the family as to the identity of the quints. After she has bathed and dressed one, she will bring the baby out and say, "Guess who this is." Nobody ever misses on Jimmie or Mary Ann, but they have trouble with the others. I never miss, even when Mom insists, straight-faced, that my first guess is wrong. There are tiny differences between these three. Mary Magdalene is the heaviest at 13 pounds, 13 ounces, and she's more of a wiggler than Mary Margaret, 13 pounds, 12 ounces. Mary Catherine is the smallest of this trio, at 12 pounds, 12 ounces, and she's the greatest giggler of the whole crew; she starts laughing the minute anyone goes in the nursery, or even when just lying by herself, watching some toy musical birds that revolve over the foot of each crib.

Andy and I have much to be grateful for these days. First of all, we're thankful for the lives of our quintuplets, and we haven't words to adequately express our appreciation to the doctors, nurses, sisters and technicians at St. Luke's Hospital for their skill and devotion in caring for our babies in their early, perilous weeks of life. And we are deeply conscious of the good wishes and many kinds of help we have received from people all over the country, even though as yet we haven't been able to acknowledge every letter and gift.

We realize how lucky the Fischers are when our other five youngsters come into the nursery to see the babies or to play with them when the quints are sitting in their high chairs in the living room. (They sit side by side and often hold hands.) Each of the older children claims one of the quints as his or hers. Jimmie, of course, "belongs" to Danny, who is eight; Mary Ann belongs to Charlotte, who's seven; Mary Magdalene to Julie, who's six; Mary Catherine to Evvie, who's five; and Mary Margaret to Denise, or "Neecy," who's four. We've had no problems with jealousy; each older youngster is anxious to see that his or her quint gets a fair share of any presents that are being passed around. This feeling of togetherness is extremely important to us. In those hectic days immediately after the quintuplets were born, we feared that our family might become divided, with all the emphasis on the quintuplets. But now we have managed to bring these new babies into our family life, not as some strange, set-apart creatures but as welcome brother and sisters.

Mrs. Mary Ann Fischer holds daughter Mary Ann, who was smallest at birth (2 lbs., 8 oz.) and is now the liveliest.

This hasn't been an easy job for Andy and me, and sometimes outsiders misunderstand our motives and our methods. For example, tourists occasionally come to our door and ask if they can come in and see the quints. Of course we can't let them in; we simply can't have a lot of strangers trooping through our house. (Incidentally, there is no uniformed guard at our house. We don't want our children—any of them—growing up with the idea that they must have constant police protection. However, the local police do maintain regular surveillance, and we have means for instant communication with them.)

Many of these would-be visitors are pleasant and say, "Well, we didn't think we could get in, but felt it wouldn't hurt to ask." A few try to high-pressure us; they seem to think the quints should be on exhibit, like freaks in a sideshow. I'm afraid that such curiosity seekers wouldn't understand, even if we tried to explain, that we must protect the health of our babies, and also that the Fischer family can't lead a normal life if we are constantly on display. Our home is strongly family-centered, and we are doing our best to keep it that way.

It was quite upsetting for all of us, and especially the older children, when we moved from our rambling, run-down old farmhouse, one-and-a-half miles out of town, into a modern home in the city. We had to make the move to provide the quints with a warm nursery when we brought them home from the hospital. But the other children weren't happy about leaving their pets—their kittens, ducks, dogs and lambs—or the milk cows which they also considered pets. And I knew I was going to miss putting in a garden this spring. The youngsters still keep asking us to go back to the farm, imagining that everything out there is still the same, and that their animals are still there.

Our temporary home, to which we moved on November 1—with a crowd of people around watching the procedure—is fairly large, with four bedrooms, but it's crammed from cellar to roof with our large tribe. The quints' nursery takes up one bedroom, of course, and Andy and I have the bedroom across the hall from that. My mother—bless her heart—has been staying with us, helping to run the household for five days a week, since I first went to the hospital. She and Danny share a room. That leaves one bedroom for the four girls. We have a full-time hired girl who is kept busy doing the daily laundry and helping with the cooking and cleaning; for lack of anywhere else to put her, Andy partitioned off part of the utility room in the basement to provide a makeshift bedroom. Also, on five days a week a registered nurse comes to look after the quints from three P.M. until 11 P.M. So we are more or less stacked up in that house and are anxiously waiting the time next fall when we hope our new home, which is being especially designed for us, will be built. And, contrary to the belief of many people, our present house wasn't a gift. We pay $165 a month rent, which is high in our town.

The Fischer family really started on its "new-normal" life on November 30, the day that Andy and I brought Jimmie home from the hospital. I believe it was the second-happiest day of my life—the happiest being that Saturday morning at the hospital, just two and a half months before, when Andy came into my room, kissed me, and told me that all five of the babies were alive, normal and doing well. Before we left for the hospital to get Jimmie, I picked out some baby clothes and took them along. It is difficult for me to describe my feelings as Andy and I went to the

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Proud father "walks" his son, James Andrew. Jimmie is the largest of the quints. He weighs 16 lbs., 11 oz.

"ANDY AND I HAVE MUCH TO BE GRATEFUL FOR THESE DAYS."

Fischer Quints at Home

third-floor nursery, where a policeman was still on guard. I had waited so long for this moment. A nurse brought Jimmie out of the nursery, came up to me and whispered, "I'll take him across the hall and dress him for you."

But I took Jimmie from her. His warmth against me, his squirming weight of more than 10 pounds, the knowledge that I was taking him home, made me feel at last that he really was my baby. "No, thanks," I said, "I guess I can dress my own baby."

The only advice Doctor Berbos—for whom Jimmie is named—gave me before we took the baby home was, "Keep people out of the nursery." That was all. I guess he thought that if I had raised five other children, I ought to know what to do for five more babies. Doctor Berbos also agrees with us that the quints shouldn't be separated from the other children, unless, of course, some children's disease such as mumps is going around.

The youngsters had already learned never to be rough with babies or to pull and haul on them, so we had no trouble on that score. In fact, the problem has become the other way around because the quints are learning to grab and pinch. Just the other day Julie was holding Mary Magdalene, who suddenly reached up and grabbed her by the cheek. Tears came to Julie's eyes as the tiny fingernails dug into her cheek but she knew she dare not drop the baby. So she just held on and cried until I came over and took the baby's hand away.

The Fischers may seem to have a lot of help in their home, but I can tell you that none of us sits around with folded hands for any length of time. Our day starts a bit later than it did out on the farm. Andy no longer has to milk the cows, so now he gets up at 5:45 A.M. instead of 4:45. He looks in on the quints—who usually are sleeping—fixes his own breakfast, and gets off to work by 6:30 on three days a week and 7:00 on other workdays. He has gone back to his old job as shipping clerk at the Nash Finch Company's food-distributing warehouse.

I'm sleeping later, also, these days—but staying up later too. The quints have to be on a regular schedule, and it starts at seven A.M. That's when Mom Brady and I get up. While Shirley, the hired girl, is getting breakfast for the family, we start the day in the nursery. This room is lined with cribs, with an aisle in the center. At one end are shelves stacked to the ceiling with diapers, clothing, baby food, a scale, bottle warmer and a dispenser which automatically fills disposable plastic baby bottles from cans of a high-protein, low-fat formula. We set to work changing the babies, feeding them baby food—they get strained cereal and fruit in the morning—and fixing their morning bottles.

Mom is greatly impressed with the new method of handling the babies' bottles, which does away with all the sterilizing and mixing of formula. "There's nothing to it," she says. "Not like the old days." And both of us get a big kick out of the way the babies hold those light, disc-shaped bottles in their little hands. They look so serious when the five of them are lined up, tugging away. Even with all the laborsaving devices, it still takes us a good hour to get the babies fed and settled for their morning nap.

I really don't know what we would have done if Mom hadn't given up most of her own home life to come and help us. Fortunately Dad and my 18-year-old brother Norbert both know how to cook. Mom drives down from the Brady farm near Hecla—about fifty miles—and arrives at our place on Tuesday morning and stays until Saturday night or Sunday morning when she goes back home to cook Sunday dinner for Dad and Norbie, who is a senior in high school. After a weekend of cleaning her house, washing and ironing—and bowling Monday night with her team in Hecla—she's back here, pitching in with our work. Not only that, she's a whiz at handling youngsters of any age and her kind of grandmotherly care can't be hired at any price.

But back to our daily schedule: After the quints are bedded down, I get out our station wagon and take Charlotte, Danny, Julie and a couple of neighbor youngsters to Sacred Heart Grade School. A neighbor brings them home at 3:30. Then I go to the post office to pick up our mail—of which we're still getting a lot. For the first three months it averaged more than 100 letters a day. While we do get some crackpot letters, most of the mail is from nice people who wish us well. We were particularly touched by one letter from a woman in Germany who felt sorry because we had so many children. She offered to adopt one of the quints—she wanted little Mary Ann, for sure—and would even take two of the babies, if we were hard pressed!

When I get back home, Mom and I open the mail, and later, when we get any spare time, we try to acknowledge the letters that deserve an answer. Often we just send a little thank-you card, with a color print of the Fischer family on it.

Shortly after nine o'clock the house is humming, as Mom and I vacuum the floors and mop the two bathrooms while Shirley is doing daily laundry. That laundry is about the same size as a week's washing for ordinary families, with five sets of everything for the quints, plus all the clothes that five active older youngsters get dirty in a day. It takes three or four automatic-washer loads, and we're always out of hot water by noon.

We just get caught up with these morning chores when it's time to get ready for the quints' 11-o'clock feeding—meat, vegetables, fruit and milk. And we're no sooner done with that than it's noon, and Andy is home for lunch. After

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that we have a sort of "catch-up" period for sewing, shopping, running errands and writing letters. Mom has just finished making cute checked gingham dresses for all the girls in the family from the material that I bought just before I went to the hospital last fall. Across the skirts she had cross-stitched a design of eight little girls in pink and two little boys in blue.

There's another feeding—just bottles—at three o'clock. Five days a week the nurse comes on duty at this time, and she stays with the babies until 11 o'clock. The babies are bathed before their six-o'clock feeding, and this is quite a show. We bathe each one in a little plastic tub that goes right in the crib, and they have a high time splashing and laughing. But it's more than an hour's work to get them all bathed, dressed and fed. At the same time somebody—Shirley, Mom or I—has to be getting supper for the rest of the Fischer family.

Our evenings at home are strictly family-style. Andy and I help the older children with their homework, visit with them, read the papers and watch television. The quints are supposed to be given bottles again at 10 P.M., but we've found that they are about ready to skip this feeding and sleep right on through the night—which is all right with me. I've always believed in getting youngsters to bed early.

Since we brought the quints home, they have caused us little worry; there have been no serious crises. We've had a few scares on our own account; that is, shortly after Jimmie came home, the whole family—except Jimmie—was hit with a one-day flu, and we were afraid he might get it, but he didn't. He did come down with a cold, and so did each of the other quints in turn as we brought them home, but this was nothing serious. Two months ago Doctor Berbos started the babies on their combined diphtheria-whooping-cough-tetanus shots once a month for three months. After this they will be vaccinated for smallpox, and then will get oral polio vaccine. When they are a year old they will get measles vaccination. The doctor comes to see the babies about once a week, and he tells us that they have caught up completely with normal-term babies of their age and are in fine health.

From all this it is obvious that the Fischers now are leading a quiet life, if a crowded one. For recreation, Andy and I have started bowling again, and now we both belong to two teams. On Wednesday night Andy bowls with the Suburban league and I bowl with the Straightaway League; then on Friday he bowls with the Milwaukee Railroad League and I'm the "sixth man" or extra on a team in the Last Four League. Our scores have come back pretty well too; Andy has an average of 172 in one league and 176 in the other. I have a 154 and 147.

Our biggest project is planning our new home, the one we're going to build on the 800-acre farm we have bought two miles southwest of Aberdeen.

Our house is going to be a big one—it has to be—but won't be a showplace; it's to be a practical home designed to meet the needs of our large, young family. Clarence Herges, the architect, lives in Aberdeen and has 11 children himself, ranging in ages from one to 19, so he understands our problems. The house he has designed has eight bedrooms, three bathrooms, two half baths, a large L-shaped living room with a dining alcove, a kitchen with an adjoining breakfast room large enough to seat 14, a recreation room, an office for Andy, a room (with one of the baths) for the hired girl, a big laundry room with attached storage

A FATHER OF TEN LOOKS TO THE FUTURE.

"We have planned how we can keep on being simply ourselves."

By ANDREW J. FISCHER with JOHN BIRD

On a wintry Monday morning several months ago I got up at 5:45, put on my heavy work clothes, fixed my breakfast, and by 6:30 was punching the time clock at the Nash Finch food-distributing warehouse in Aberdeen, S. Dak., where I have been employed for 18 years. I had been on leave for two-and-one-half months. Now I was going back to my job as a $78-a-week shipping clerk.

Apparently this was news of a sort. During the morning coffee break reporters and photographers clustered around me on the shipping dock. They wanted to know why I, Andy Fischer, 39, the father of the famous Fischer quintuplets, was back at his old job. Hadn't I been offered a much better position? Hadn't the Fischer family been showered with gifts and money? Why, then, was I going back to this kind of work?

I'm afraid I wasn't very communicative. I told the reporters that I liked my job and was glad to be back. Then I went back to my little office to handle the paper work that was piling up on that busy Monday morning.

It's true that since the birth of our quintuplets the Fischer family has come into what seems, to us, to be a lot of money. But more important to us than money—as necessary as it is—is the future of our whole family. Mary Ann and I know that with 10 children, all of them under nine years old, and five of them likely to be the objects of public interest all of their lives, we have to plan very carefully for our family's future. We have thought long and hard about it, have sought the best advice we could get, and have prayed for the wisdom to do the right thing.

We now know in a general way what we intend to do for our family—and my going back to the warehouse is part of that pattern. It happens that Nash Finch offered to train me for a much higher-paying position in sales and public relations, and the offer is still open. However, I like my old job and the friends with whom I have worked for so long; I'm comfortable there. The location and hours are such that I can get home on a moment's notice and have lots of time for my family. The new job would involve a lot of traveling, so it seemed best, for the time being, to stay put.

We also decided to move back to the country, to buy a farm where we know our family will enjoy life, and that, too, is a part of the pattern. So is the many-roomed but not fancy home we are building on that farm. And so is the way we are taking care of the quintuplets ourselves. The main point, as I see it, is that we have planned how we can keep on simply being ourselves.

Despite all of the big figures that have been tossed around since the birth of the quintuplets, we still have to be careful with our money. We have signed just two contracts so far, one with The Curtis Publishing Company for article and photographic rights, and another with Brown & Bigelow for use of paintings of our family on their calendars. From these sources we received about $80,000 last year, and this year we will get about the same amount. This may seem big money—and it is—but it must be divided many ways. Under the financial guardianship set up for our children, a substantial portion of all income goes directly into a trust fund divided into 10 separate accounts, one for each Fischer youngster. The remaining portion goes into our family bank account. From this we pay current expenses, have made the down payment on our farm and will make the down payment on our house.

The Fischers' everyday expenses these days are heavy, higher than we could have imagined back in the old days. Our grocery bill for feeding 14 or 15 people much of the time runs more than $320 a month; our rent is $165 and the electricity and heat are more than $130; our two cars are constantly on the go and, although the use of the cars is a gift, the gas and oil cost around $80 a month. When we add everything—clothing for 10 children, hired help, telephone, cleaning, medicine, school fees and lunches, recreation—the total comes to more than $1,200 a month. And, of course, there are taxes.

Our biggest investment so far is our farm—a longtime dream come true. I scouted around for weeks and finally found an ideal place—800 acres of gently rolling land that was for sale. About half of the land has been cropped, and the rest is in grass. It has a plentiful supply of water from artesian wells, and seems to me to have the makings of a good cattle ranch. We paid $100 an acre, or $80,000 for the whole farm. This was more money than we had on hand; we paid $30,000 in cash and mortgaged the farm for the balance. Already I have accumulated 31 head of Hereford cows, which my father-in-law, Elmer Brady, is keeping on his farm until we take possession of our place in the fall.

A five-acre lot has been set aside from the farm for our new house. The papers have reported that the people of Aberdeen were going to "give" us a $100,000 home, but that isn't accurate. The facts are that the Chamber of Commerce was lining up contributions of materials and was looking for a lot for a Fischer home. No figure had been placed on the total cost. When Mary Ann and I decided that we wanted to live in the country, we met with the building committee of the Chamber of Commerce and told them that although we would be happy to accept the materials that had been offered, we would supply the land ourselves and would pay for the construction. We don't know for sure what our building costs will run, but it is likely that we will have to arrange another mortgage to cover part of that cost.

We are considering some other possible contracts, but we are holding firmly to our policy of extreme caution where any commercialization of the quintuplets is concerned. We are not making any deals that would interfere with our family life or would be in doubtful taste. We are interested only in providing our family with a comfortable living, not a fortune. THE END

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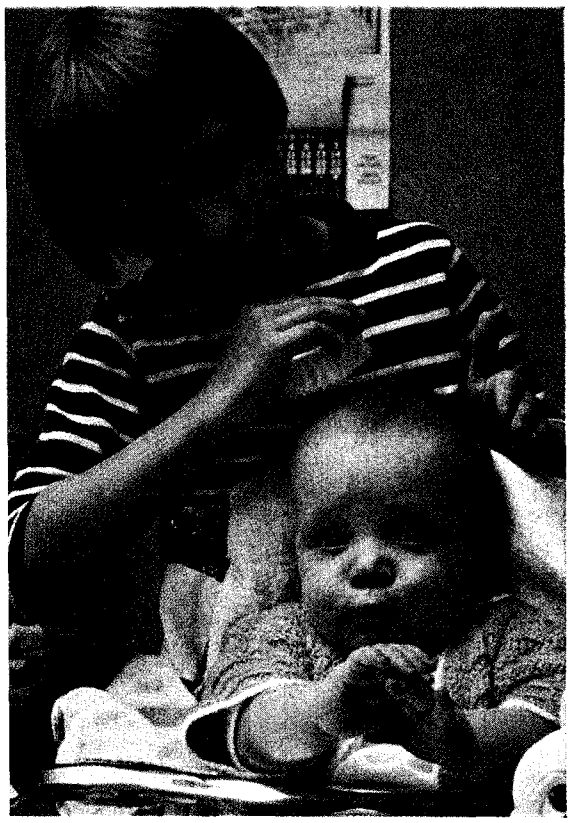
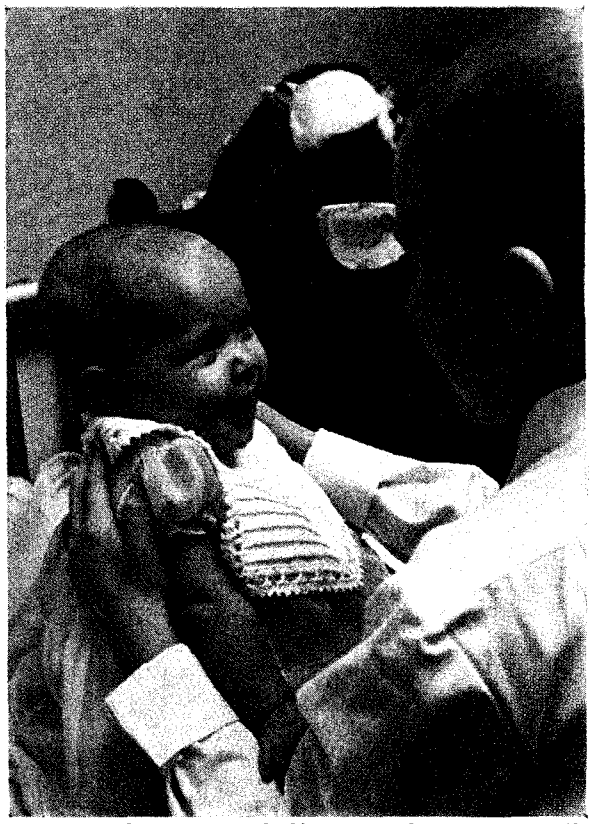
"EACH OF THE OLDER CHILDREN
CLAIMS ONE OF THE QUINTUPLETS AS HIS OR HERS.
WE'VE HAD NO PROBLEMS WITH JEALOUSY."

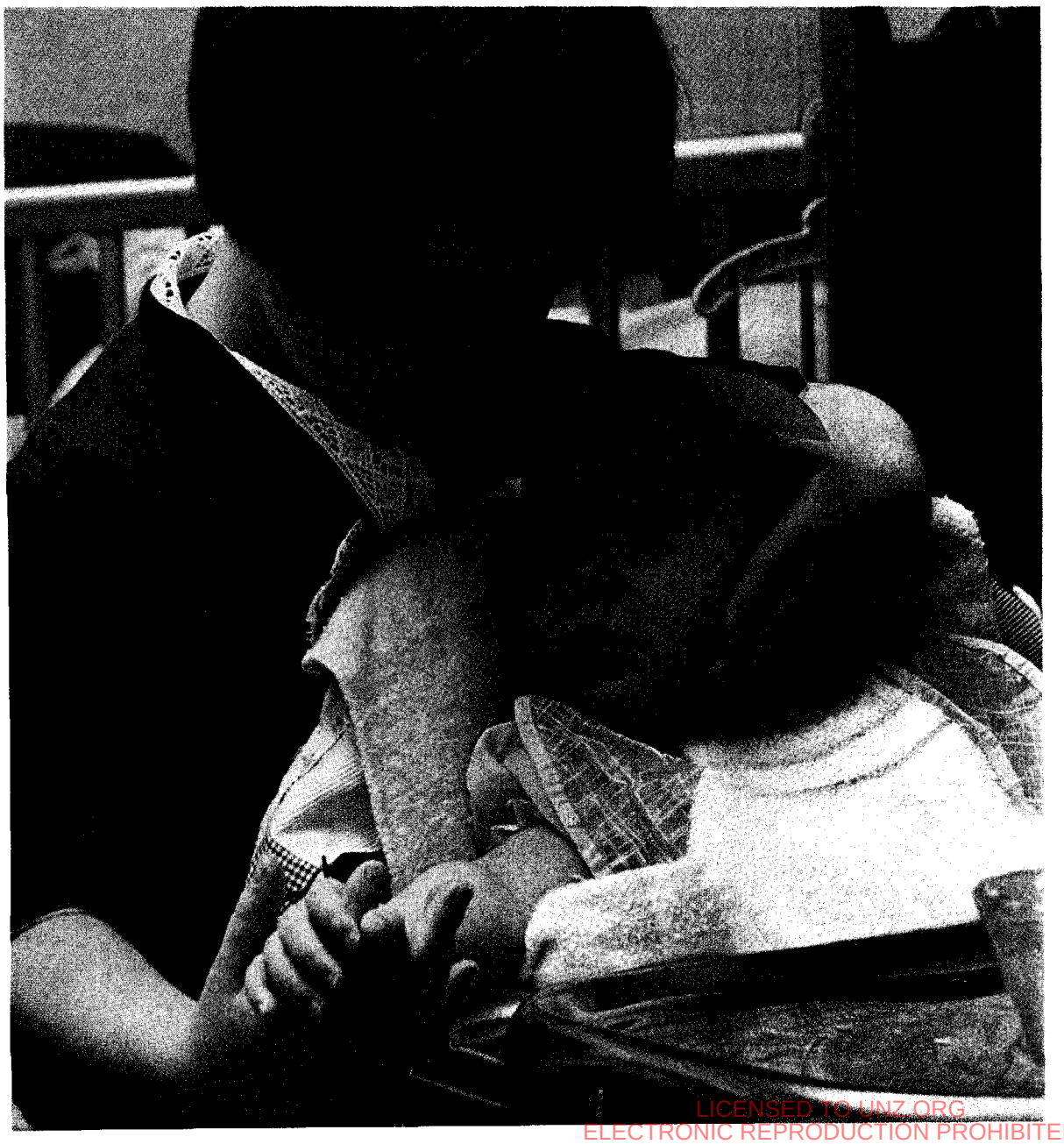


Charlotte Fischer, seven, brushes Jimmie's hair.



Danny, eight, plays with Margie in her nursery crib.

Evelyn, five, encircles Cathy with love and attention. Quints have to be propped up for high-chair feedings.



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Bonnets off, everybody! Evelyn, left, looks on

Fischer Quints at Home

space for supplies. The two-car garage will have plenty of extra space for tricycles, bicycles, coaster wagons and garden tools.

The house will be a two-story ranch type and will sit on a slight knoll in the center of a five-acre lot at one corner of our farm—a lot that will give us plenty of room for a backyard playground, as well as a large family garden for flowers and vegetables. At first we wanted a one-story, rambling house, but as we got into the plans, we realized that this wouldn't be practical; it would just cover too much ground and would pose some security problems.

There will be no nursery, as such, for the good reason that we are set against anything that smacks of a glass cage where part of our family could be put on exhibit. We do have to face the fact that we have five babies of the same age, and must provide for special health problems and special needs. So the quints are grouped together in a suite of three bedrooms at one end of the second floor; thus, if there's any illness among them or the other children, the babies—or any of them—can be isolated as long as necessary.

Also, the quints' bedrooms are right next to the

ise, four years old, carefully removes Maggie's bonnet while Julie, six, at right does the same for Mary Ann, and Charlotte, rear, helps Maggie.

master bedroom—which has its own bath—and on the other side of the hall, adjoining it, is a large family bathroom with a double lavatory, separate toilet, bathtub and an automatic washing machine and clothes dryer, which can be used for the quints' daily laundry. The rest of the second floor is taken up with three other bedrooms, one for Danny and two to be divided among the four older girls. Then there is a fairly large sun deck overlooking the backyard. From that deck you can see for miles across the South Dakota plains; it will be a fine place for watching our spectacular sunsets on summer evenings.

We have tried to keep in mind, too, that we will be running something of a children's center. Our youngsters soon will range from small-fry to teen-agers, and they will all have friends of their own age. They will have all kinds of pets too. Danny already has a mare, which we're boarding at a farm near town, and he goes out every Saturday to ride her. The mare is in foal, and Danny has it in the back of his mind that the new colt, when it arrives, will make a fine pony for Jimmie. We can be sure that not long after we move into our new home, it will be surrounded by a collection of dogs, kittens, ponies, calves and lambs. To handle the constant in-and-out traffic of youngsters, we have a specially designed tile-floored back entrance, with a "mud room"—a lavatory and large clothes closet—in this entryway. This entrance also leads directly to a 32-foot-long recreation room, which has its own fireplace. There will be no need for the youngsters to track through the rest of the house.

We know that it will be October, at least, before we'll be able to pack up our family—for the last time, we hope—and move to our permanent home. We can hardly wait.

Meanwhile, we have adjusted to our "new-normal" life, free of the many fears which came rushing in on us when our quints were born. Then we were overwhelmed. At first we simply didn't know how we were going to support our suddenly doubled family. On top of that, it seemed that our lives were no longer our own. The tremendous pressure of public curiosity and publicity threatened to wreck our simple way of life. But now the curiosity has largely died down. Around Aberdeen we can come and go as we please without crowds of people pushing around us, without flashbulbs popping in our faces. The Fischer youngsters aren't stopped and questioned on the street; they don't feel set apart from other children. The big interest in Charlotte's life at present is her membership in the Brownies, and both she and Julie are taking tap-dancing lessons. Danny has become a Cub Scout, and Andy now is reading up on scouting, because he has been elected a cubmaster.

Best of all, Andy and I have proved to ourselves that we can handle our new responsibilities. No longer are we worried about the future.

We have had many new, exciting experiences, of course—we have done and seen things that we couldn't have imagined for ourselves less than a year ago. Back in November, during a lull before we could bring any of the babies home, we took a trip to New York where we were to appear on the "I've Got A Secret" television show. This was the first time I had ever been in an airplane, it was our first trip east, and our first time inside a television studio. At the TV show, Garry Moore presented Andy as "Mr. X" but it took Bill Cullen just three quick questions to place him as the father of the Fischer quints. Then Garry Moore brought me out in front of the cameras and introduced me. A few weeks earlier this would have frightened me speechless, but by that time I had no nerves left. We had a wonderful time in New York, seeing the sights and going to shows and buying souvenirs on the top of the

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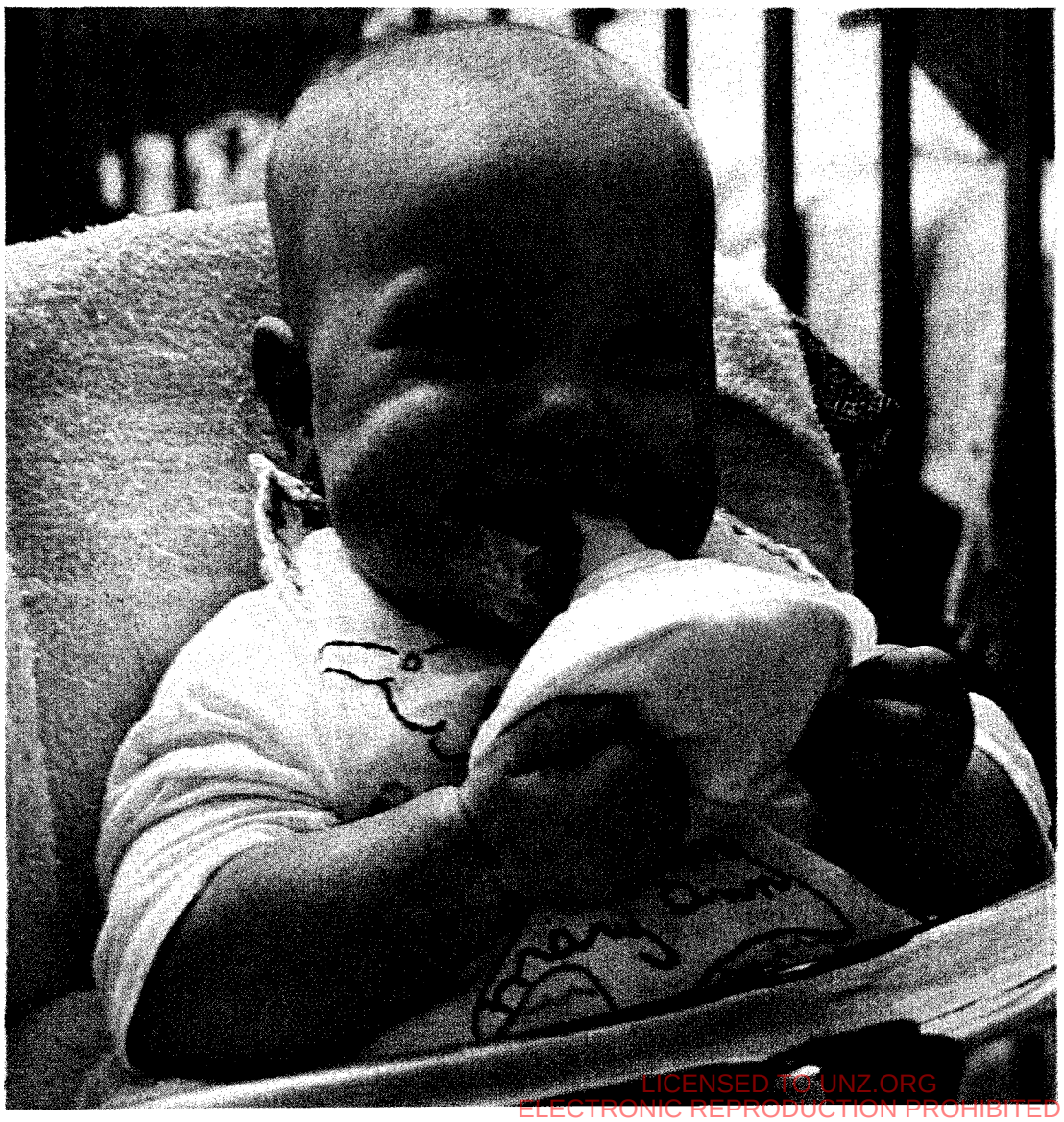
Mrs. Elmer Brady, maternal grandmother of the quints, feeds Cathy while Julie watches. "Mom," from Hecla, S. Dakota, spends five days a week helping the Fischers.

"IT IS MORE THAN AN HOUR'S WORK TO GET ALL FIVE OF OUR BABIES BATHED, DRESSED AND FED."



Empire State Building to take home to the youngsters and to our parents. But it was hard to keep our minds off our children and we were glad to get back home.

As you can imagine, last Christmas at the Fischers was something special. I don't think Andy and I ever felt any better in our lives than we did four days before Christmas when we brought the last two quintuplets home. On Christmas Day we had a big family dinner, with my folks and Andy's folks as our guests. The Christmas tree was almost buried in presents. We arranged for a friend to dress up in a Santa Claus outfit, and Andy met him out in the garage and loaded his bag with the youngsters' gifts. When Santa came in and started handing out the presents, the children almost went wild, although they were upset that he hadn't come down the chimney. The quints were a center of attention, of course, when they were awake, and all the grandparents took turns holding them. Andy and I took color movies and slides of the affair, and every once in a while we get them out and look at them.

So, all in all, the Andrew Fischer family is enjoying life. I must admit that there are times when I get upset, as I do on some sunny Sundays when lines of cars, many of them from out of town, drive by our present home, and the people stare at our windows. But at times like this—or whenever there is any trouble—all I have to do is to go into the nursery and pick up one of the babies, and suddenly everything is peaceful, and all is right with me and the world. THE END

◀ *Mary Ann holds her plastic "bottle" at feeding time.*

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Father and Mother Fischer arrange a cribful of quints in the nursery. Five-fold supplies of baby clothes and linens are stored along the rear wall.

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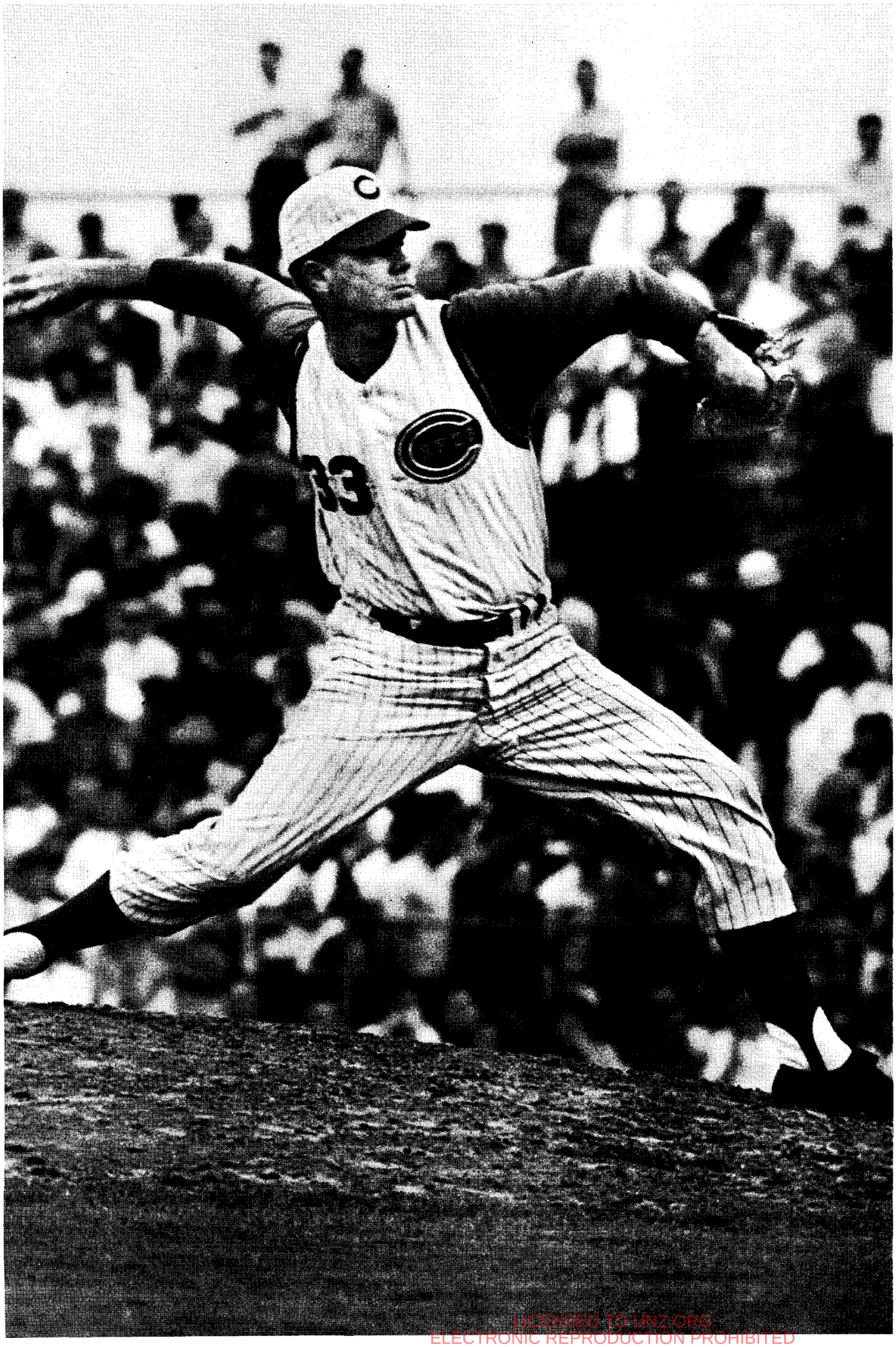
HE WOULD RATHER LOSE THAN SEE A RULE BROKEN, SAYS THIS PITCHER WITH

A BIBLE



Al Worthington is a baseball pitcher who has always wanted to go to heaven. He has wanted this more than to win ball games or even to have financial security. Although heaven is his aspiration for the future, it has, in the earthbound present, brought him more notoriety—and trouble—than he deserves.

Worthington is a 35-year-old righthander now with the Cincinnati Reds. A rarity among pitchers, he throws a natural slider—a fast ball that curves sharply. In 1953 he made a sensational big-league debut with the then-New York Giants, pitching shutouts in his first two games. But he needed a larger repertoire of pitches, and he went back to the minors to learn. In 1956 he came back to the Giants. In 1958, his best year, he won 11 games, mostly in relief. By then, the Giants were in San Francisco, and this was where the trouble started.

Actually, it really began a long time ago. Since childhood Worthington has been religious, but his whole life was changed, he says, after he and his wife attended a Billy Graham meeting in San Francisco in the summer of 1958. After the meeting, he discussed Graham's talk with a Baptist minister. "I'd been going to church since I was six," says Worthington, "and I'd always wanted to go to heaven, but I'd never understood how."

It wasn't until a year later that Worthington, a veteran of nearly nine seasons in organized baseball, found his religious principles and his job on a collision course. The crash came in September of 1959. With his Giants leading the league and about to begin a three-game series with the second-place Dodgers, Worthington told Manager Bill Rigney he would no longer play for a team he believed was cheating. "I was close to crying when I went in to talk to him," he says in his slow Alabama drawl, "but I felt sick when I heard what was going on."

Worthington had heard that the Giants had planted a spy in the outfield grandstands. According to Worthington, the spy, using binoculars, could see the signs visiting-team catchers flashed to their pitchers. These one-, two-, three-finger signals are made as the catcher squats to receive each pitch. They are concealed between the catcher's legs so the home-team batter and his teammates cannot see them. Because the signals are a sign-language key to the next pitch—fast ball, curve—knowledge of what they say would take the guesswork out of hitting. Worthington claimed the spy would wig-wag a signal to the Giant bench, and from there it was relayed to the batter.

Worthington told Rigney that he believed this kind of sign-stealing was cheating and it had to stop or he would leave the team. "I told Bill that I had been talking to church groups, telling people

◀ *In exhibition, Worthington throws slider at Yanks. In two innings, he gave no hits.*

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BY JOHN DEVANEY

N THE BULLPEN

you don't have to lie or cheat in this world if you trust Jesus Christ," says Worthington. "How could I go on saying those things if I was winning games because my team was cheating?

"Sure, I know that sign stealing is as old as baseball. You watch a coach from the dugout and you try to figure out the signs he's giving to the batter. But it's the coach's job to hide them from you. If you can steal those signs, you know what the other club is going to do. There's nothing wrong with that. But to spy with binoculars, I say that's cheating."

According to Worthington, Rigney agreed to put a stop to any use of binoculars to detect the signals of opposing catchers. A few days later the first-place Giants dropped three straight games to the onrushing Dodgers and blew the National League pennant. "We weren't using any kind of spy system," Rigney says today. "In fact, the way things turned out, maybe we should have."

In less than a year, both Rigney and Worthington were dropped from the Giants. Rigney moved on to become manager of the Los Angeles Angels. Worthington was traded to the Boston Red Sox. Characteristically, he bore no grudge against the team that shipped him out of the National League. "I don't think the Giants let me go because I complained about the sign stealing," he says. "I won only two games in 1959."

In any case, Worthington began an erratic four-year journey that would take him to several teams in both major and minor leagues. After a short stay with the Red Sox, he was sent to Minneapolis, then a minor-league team, where he won 11 games and had no complaints. On September 1, 1960, the Chicago White Sox, then in a close fight for the American League pennant, bought him.

Problem of conscience

"Al pitched real well for us," recalls Hank Greenberg, the ex-slugger who was then a White Sox executive. "In the one week he was with us, he won one game and saved another."

But while winning that game, Worthington overheard some talk in the dugout that had a familiar ring. The next day he asked a teammate if the White Sox were stealing signs with the help of binoculars.

"He told me we were," says Worthington. "The next day, in a hotel lobby in Kansas City, I went over to [White Sox manager] Al Lopez and I told him I thought it wasn't right. His answer to me was, 'It isn't wrong.'"

Lopez remembers the conversation. "I told Worthington I couldn't tell him whether we were doing it or not," says Lopez. "As a player it was none of his business what we were doing. But I did say, 'Show me in the rule books where it's wrong.' I told him I respected his religious beliefs. I said I hoped he would respect mine, and that my religious beliefs would not permit me to do anything I thought wrong."

Back in Chicago Worthington again asked Lopez if the Sox were spying. Again Lopez refused to say yes or no.

Worthington walked away, his ruddy face flushed. He decided to talk to Greenberg in the front office. He still remembers the conversation. "I can't play for a team that's cheating," he told Greenberg.

Greenberg reminded him that sign stealing by various methods was not uncommon. "Baseball," said Greenberg, "is a game where you try to get away with anything you can. You cut corners when you run the bases. If you trap a ball in the outfield, you swear you caught it. Everybody tries to cheat a little."

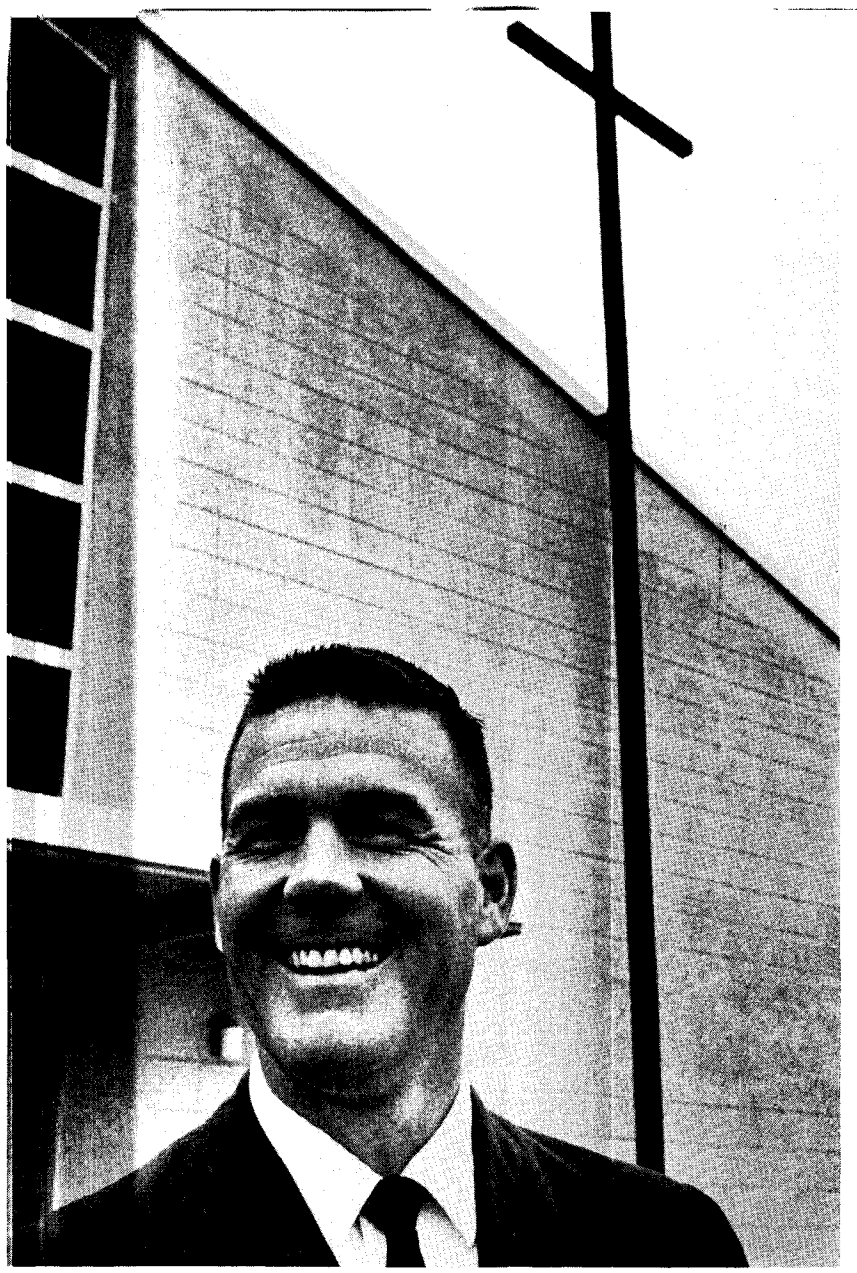
"I say I'm a Christian," Worthington replied. "How can I be a follower of Christ and go along with something that's dishonest?" He left Greenberg's office, packed his bags and went home to Birmingham, Ala. "I was scared," he admits. "Jumping a team is a serious business. I knew it could have washed me up in baseball. I had a wife and three children to support. I didn't know what I was going to do for a living." The White Sox asked him to come back. He refused. "I put my faith in God," he says. "I knew I would miss pitching in the big league, and I felt bad about that, but I knew what I had done was right." He took a part-time job and resumed his college studies in physical education, hoping to become a coach in high school or college if his baseball career was over.

But it wasn't over. The following spring, 1961, the White Sox told him to report to San Diego, a minor-league team. For two seasons he compiled good records in the minors (15-4 at Indianapolis in 1962). But despite a desperate need for experienced pitching in the expanded big leagues, no team, not even the talent-poor Mets or Colts, would bring him back to the majors. "We tried to sell him," says Greenberg, "but the word was out that he was some sort of cuckoo."

Last year the Cincinnati Reds, needing experienced relief pitchers, finally decided to take a gamble on him. Pitching only in relief, he appeared in 50 games in 1963, winning four and losing four. He saved 10 others and finished the season with an earned-run average of 3.00.

"Al was real great for us at times last season," says Reds manager Fred Hutchinson. "If he keeps on improving, he could be one of the best relief pitchers in the league this season."

But Al Worthington is 35 years old, and he will never be a star. Perhaps, as some ballplayers say, he could never have been truly great because he lacked a variety of pitches to go with the natural slider. Others think his troubles began with the spy story and that he was foolish to make a big issue of it. "The way I see it," says Reds pitcher Jim O'Toole, "he was making an honest living. What other people around him were doing, that was their business."



Worthington was always religious, but his life changed at Billy Graham meeting.

But Al Worthington is different. As a lay preacher, he often talks from pulpits in Alabama Baptist churches during the off-season. While most ballplayers are usually loose and lighthearted, the six-foot-two, 200-pound Worthington nearly always has a serious, intent expression on his face. He rarely watches TV or goes to the movies, the two favorite time-killers of ballplayers on the road. Even after 13 years of baseball traveling, Worthington still finds each of the league cities exciting. He makes lists of what each has to offer: the zoo in St. Louis, the hills of San Francisco, historical sites in Philadelphia. He buys hundreds of color slides and sends them back to his wife Shirley and their three children. His reading is divided between *The Sporting News* and religious pamphlets.

After his first exposure to the Reverend Doctor Graham in 1958, Worthington and his wife attended a second Graham meeting. "Suddenly I began to understand," he says, "that good works would not get me into heaven. I had thought that if I was good to my family and neighbors, I'd go to heaven. But now I began to see that only through God's grace and faith in Jesus Christ could I receive salvation.

"At that second meeting I told God I was turning my whole heart over to Jesus Christ. I was trusting Jesus. I was making my break with the world. I was losing my life so I could find it! I awoke the next morning with a great happiness I can hardly describe. It seemed as though all my troubles were on a high shelf and I couldn't reach them. Suddenly I became aware that I'd been born again. And I knew that Jesus Christ had said, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

Worthington's mixing of religion into the business of baseball amuses believers in the you've-got-to-cheat-to-win school. The late Rogers Hornsby said after the White Sox incident that Worthington should be pitching in the Humane League.

"I play to win," insists Worthington. "I'll brush a man back with a pitch. The brush back is a legitimate weapon of the pitcher, just as a hard slide into second is a legitimate weapon of the base runner. And I'll holler at an umpire if I think he made a wrong call. I get paid to win. But I've got to win honestly." No one close to him doubts that he would walk out on the Reds if he felt they were cheating.

Some ballplayers call him a religious fanatic, but Cincinnati first baseman Gordon Coleman argues that he is worthy of respect. "Al is always speaking from pulpits and before children in churches. They don't invite crackpots to do those things." And most of his teammates allow him his convictions but don't take them so seriously. For example, last year, when the Reds threw a team party near the end of the year, Al's teammates got together to present him a gift: a pair of binoculars. THE END

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Lutine bell tolls once for the bad news and twice for good, symbolizes "never say die."

By guess and memory, Lloyd's of London skirts the thin edge of disaster.

A room full of takers for any dare

By Joseph Wechsberg

THE Room, which is the heart of Lloyd's, looks like a huge marble swimming pool. It is 340 feet long, 120 feet wide, and on every working day from 9:30 A.M. until 4:30 P.M. it is filled with 4,000 human goldfish, all selling or buying insurance.

I spent a morning there recently and sat in the uncomfortable, pewlike teakwood boxes of several underwriters—a privilege never accorded so far to an American reporter. The boxes had been copied from the benches in Edward Lloyd's Coffeehouse in Tower Street, where Lloyd's was born 275 years ago.

The Room, the world's most fascinating marketplace, is a mixture of the archaic and ultramodern. The scarlet-coated attendants are called "waiters," as in the old coffeehouse where, around 1688, traders and skippers met over coffee and risks were pondered and underwritten. Lloyd's members still act like casual habitués of a café, though no coffee is served in The Room, and smoking is permitted only after 4:30 P.M.

Lloyd's brokers come there with their "slips," folded cards representing the risks to be insured—a ship, a cargo, a million dollars' worth of diamonds, a pair of pretty legs. If the man in the box agrees, after asking a few questions, he puts his proportion of the risk, the premium and his initials under the specification. The broker then goes to other boxes where other men write their proportions and initials—one under the other, hence "underwriters"—until the total amount of the risk is covered.

Don't be fooled though by the casual atmosphere. There is no more binding commitment this side of paradise than the initials of a Lloyd's underwriter. Lloyd's has never failed to pay up.

Some risks are routine and some are crazy. Every disaster on earth reverberates in The Room, since Lloyd's often reinsures other companies against loss. Talk about losses is extremely unpopular in The Room, but they are a matter of record. After the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906 several insurance companies went broke or repudiated their obligations. Lloyd's underwriters paid up every penny they owed—$100 million, in good gold dollars. Two weeks after the sinking of the *Titanic* in April, 1912, all claims had been paid off. (Underwriters still made a profit that year.)

Millions of Lloyd's policyholders assume they are "insured" with Lloyd's.

Photographs by Mark Kauffman

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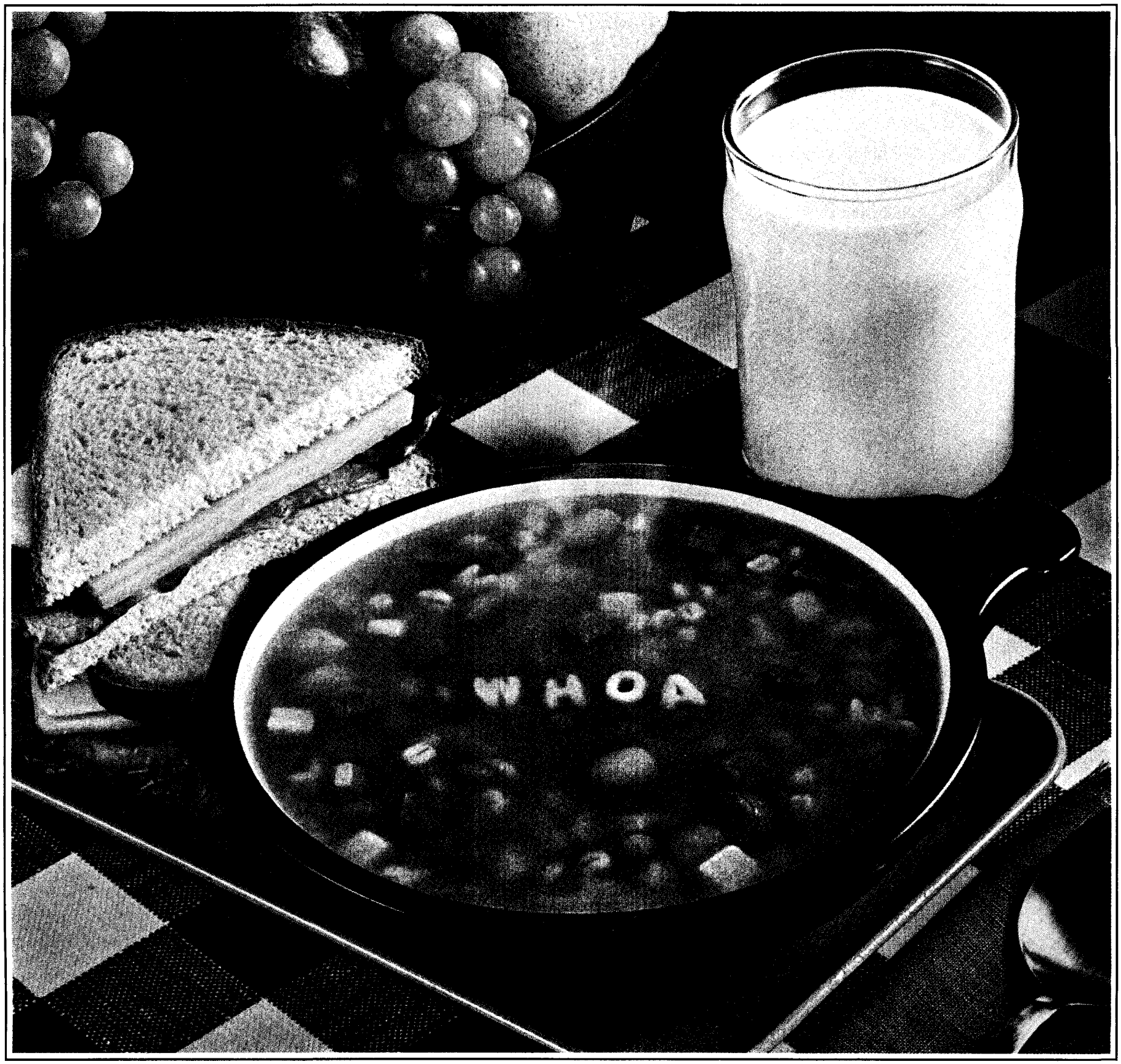

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Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*

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With "a bomb over the desk,"

Lloyd's of London

They are quite wrong. Instead, they are insured with one or more of Lloyd's underwriters, The standard explanation is, "Individually, we are underwriters. Collectively, we are Lloyd's."

They are a bunch of rugged individualists who would rather be wrong than take orders from vice presidents. (Vice presidents of the big insurance companies sometimes call "the eccentrics" in The Room "a bit peculiar.") Lloyd's members like the relaxed atmosphere in The Room, prefer anonymity, would never sign a hotel register with "member of Lloyd's." They respect Lloyd's unwritten rules. No man in The Room knows exactly what the other fellow is doing; no one at Lloyd's knows everything about the whole operation.

Originally called a "society," Lloyd's has been a corporation since 1871, established by Act of Parliament, with a constitution but no set policies. Lloyd's only provides the premises and the facilities for members to do business "each for his own part and not one for another."

An insecure arrangement, one would think, but it created the strength of Lloyd's. An underwriter in The Room who is offered a risk must decide fast, or he'll lose the business to a competitor in the next box. There is no time for committee meetings, approval from department heads, or study of a standard rate book, because there is none. The underwriter, a specialist, keeps all the figures in his head. If he doesn't know a rate, he quotes one out of thin air. When an underwriter was asked to insure oil rigs in the Gulf of Mexico (a risk turned down by several American companies), he had to guess a rate. The broker, too, is a specialist, thinking up new ways of insurance. "A good broker," says a very good one, "works with a bomb suspended over his desk and learns to enjoy the explosion." Broker and underwriter may haggle a little, as in an old-fashioned marketplace, but they trust each other.

Extreme reticence and aversion to statistics are typical Lloyd's idiosyncrasies. But the amount in force with underwriters at The Room probably runs "well into the billions." Last year Lloyd's premium income was over $980 million payable in more than 150 countries. There exists no "insurable" risk on earth that cannot be insured at Lloyd's. If Lloyd's won't do it probably no one will.

Lloyd's is not the world's largest insurance group. America's Metropolitan Life, for instance, has a larger premium income, and other companies also deal in unusual policies. But American companies often quietly reinsure nonstandard risks with Lloyd's. Today over half of Lloyd's total business is "nonmarine" (automobile and aviation) from America. It is Lloyd's great pride and headache.

"Americans are claim-conscious," an underwriter explains. "After an accident in England, we call for a doctor, perhaps never see a lawyer. Americans want a lawyer even before they call the doctor."

Aviation is called a "total loss account" in The Room. "A jet plane is worth seven million dollars one moment and may become a pile of scrap the next," an aviation underwriter says. "A crash is followed by strings of claims—passenger-liability claims, third-party claims (people on the ground who were hit), personal accident insurance, freight claims. But if there were no claims, there would be no underwriters. Spectacular crashes are always followed by worried passengers buying more insurance."

The complexity of today's big risks forces all insurance groups to hang together or they will hang separately. Back in 1815 a Lloyd's underwriter would singly insure a clipper ship, worth £10,000. Who would now dare underwrite the *Queen Elizabeth* for more than $50 million? Big risks are reinsured the way bookies lay off bets. "Reinsurance helps us to sleep at night," says an underwriter.

Lloyd's underwriters can afford lower rates because their overheads are smaller. They pay only rent for their boxes and need no sales forces. One "syndicate," as Lloyd's underwriting groups are called, with a staff of six last year earned $11.2 million in premium income.

The syndicate system, introduced after the turn of the century, enabled Lloyd's to grow with the world's growing hunger for insurance. Lloyd's membership went up dramatically, from 2,422 in 1948 to 5,316 today. To every Lloyd's policy a thin sheet of paper is attached with all these names, many of them repeated to make 16,000 entries, grouped in mysteriously code-named syndicates. It starts with "2 & 49" (48 members) and ends with "031" (1 member). Only 300 of those on the list are active underwriters. The rest are "names" (sleeping partners), men of distinction—and wealth. Applicants must submit to a "means test" and prove they're worth at least £75,000 ($210,000).

Every "name" is liable for the shirt off his back, and some people have lost heavily. Still, rich men are happy to put up capital at the risk of "unlimited, personal liability," and the successful syndicates have long waiting lists. Membership in Lloyd's is a status symbol, and it may offer an estimated 8 to 15 percent in earnings—as well as that hint of a gamble which so attracts solid citizens.

Most "names" never get near The Room. Once a year they get a letter and a check—if all has gone well—from their underwriter who controls profit or loss, success or failure. Everything depends on the underwriter.

A great underwriter combines a gambler's hunch with a banker's conservatism, a specialist's know-how, a Scotland Yard man's tenacity for ferreting out the truth—and the belief that people are often careless but basically honest. At close range you may detect a let's-take-a-chance twinkle in his eyes. The word *gambler* is taboo around The Room but a prominent underwriter admitted to me, "Underwriting is a sort of controlled gamble. You set the odds and think you will win. You always walk a tightrope, and the trick is to slip not too often."

Successful underwriters are magicians, able to evaluate the laws of probability. They have a rate for nearly everything: for rain in England (six percent), the abandonment of a heavyweight championship fight (two percent), lagging racehorses (four to six percent), legal costs in defending actions (30 to 40 percent). Fat rates of 90 percent have been paid in the marine market for overdue vessels. Some optimists will take a

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there is no time to hold meetings.

gamble that the ship is not a total loss.

Lloyd's will insure you against any uncertainty but not against The Supreme Certainty—death. Ordinarily Lloyd's doesn't insure a man's life—but may reinsure other companies issuing such policies. They will insure you against changes in the future tax rate, against the possibility of being left out of a will, or having twins (provided the insurance is arranged not later than the fourth month of pregnancy). The odds against twins are 23 to 1, but for some mysterious reason you pay a higher rate in Australia. You can't insure a man's morals or an unlawful act.

Error is an insurable risk but professional incompetence is not. An impresario may insure himself against nonappearance of a prima donna but not against her cracking a high C. You cannot insure yourself against losing your job or going broke. Lloyd's will not underwrite your temptation to go bankrupt and live at their expense on a South Seas island.

Every risk must have a value. Lloyd's refused to insure the *Mona Lisa* on her trip to America, because the painting's value is a matter of pure speculation. Is it worth $30 million, $300 million? So the smiling lady went to America well-guarded but uninsured.

Legs but not sex appeal

You are not allowed to make money out of insurance; you can't insure your $1,000 ring for $5,000. Film stars may insure their legs but not their impending loss of sex appeal; lack of public demand is not an insurable risk. Actresses' legs provide comic relief in The Room after much serious talk about "the application of the average clause in the case of double insurance," but the premium income from actresses' legs is almost too high for the electronic computers in use at Lloyd's to record.

"Individually we may like actresses' legs, but corporately we don't," an underwriter says. "We feel that such stunt or contingency risks are not quite compatible with the dignified image of Lloyd's." Unfortunately for Lloyd's these risks get the most publicity. The world-at-large was told that Lloyd's insured Bette Davis's waistline (against getting fat). It also insured a famous Paris perfumer against loss of his valuable sense of smell.

The truly spectacular risks are less known. In 1940, when the Germans overran Norway, the total value of all Norwegian vessels in foreign ports—over $300 million—was quietly insured by Lloyd's, "leaving terms to be arranged later on." The Norwegian government immediately wired its consuls all over the world that the insurance had been arranged. Without it, no owner or captain would have taken his vessel out of port. It was a typical Lloyd's deal, big and bold, and it was set up in less than an hour.

Lloyd's corporate affairs are controlled by its august committee of 12, elected from Lloyd's members for a four-year term, and presided over by the chairman. The committee deals with matters "affecting the general interest" of Lloyd's, but it cannot compel an underwriter to accept a certain risk or to write a policy at a particular rate.

Lloyd's administration, "the world's most efficient civil service," remains invisible to casual visitors, but there are 2,200 experts working behind the scenes, using "the very latest electronic apparatus." Lloyd's celebrated Intelligence Department, which last year spent $150,000 on cable bills, is said to be better informed than many government agencies on ships' movements—and smugglers' activities—all over the world.

Every underwriter must submit to a searching annual account and contribute an annual levy based on his premium income to a central guaranty fund to help meet the liabilities of any member "in the unlikely event of the security furnished by him and his personal assets proving insufficient in an emergency."

Nevertheless, "unlikely events" have happened, though no one in The Room likes to discuss them. Worst of all was "Harrison's folly" late in 1923, when an underwriter named Harrison went to the chairman and confessed that he owed "£300,000 and possibly more on valid claims." Lloyd's underwriters rallied with characteristic spirit. Within an hour they had raised the money; the largest syndicate put up £10,269 and the smallest underwriter eight pennies.

The present chairman of Lloyd's, J.N.S. Ridgers, a marine underwriter specializing in deep-sea towage, has worries other than defaulting underwriters. Lloyd's is still the heart of the world's biggest insurance market, but competition in Paris, Frankfurt and Zurich is now a threat, and someday the Americans may keep a larger slice of their business at home. Competitive cutthroat rates have affected Lloyd's premium income in some fields. But the biggest competition comes from foreign governments protecting their national insurance companies.

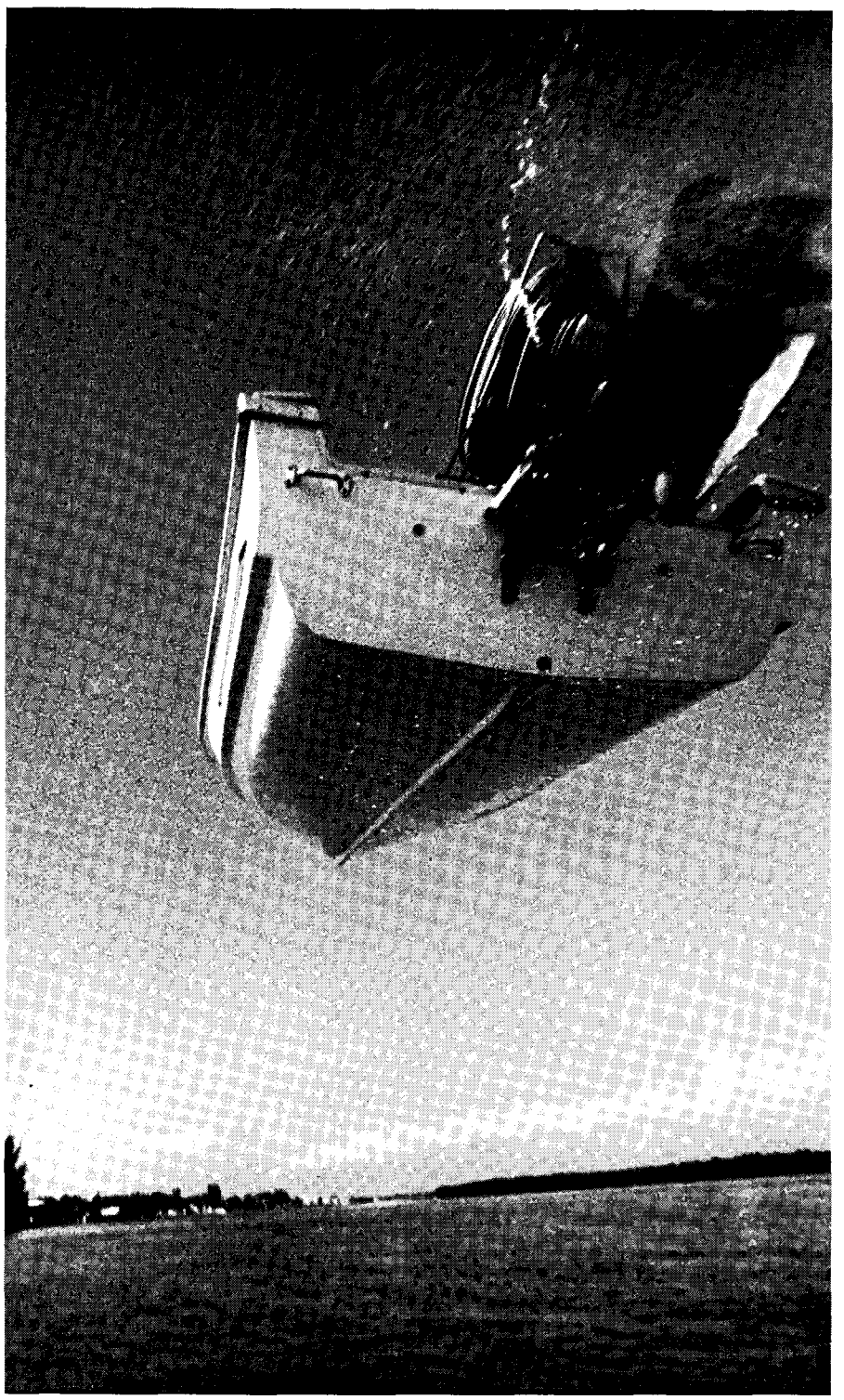
In the Communist world all insurance is nationalized, and many of the newly emerging nations have followed the trend. "A new nation wants three status symbols," says Chairman Ridgers. "A shipping fleet, an airline and a national insurance company." Of the three, only the insurance company makes money.

Not all the news is bad. There is an enormous increase in liability insurance all over the world. Giant manufacturing and marketing concerns need insurance to cover all operations. New technical developments generate new forms of insurance. And Lloyd's men often move into new countries before the dust has settled. "After the revolution the rebels often become clients," a Lloyd's broker told me from experience.

Even Gosstrakh and Ingosstrakh, Soviet Russia's state insurance organizations, often place business in London. Not surprisingly, some satellite countries also prefer to deal with Lloyd's rather than with Gosstrakh.

The present trend at Lloyd's, as everywhere, is toward bigness and consolidation. Syndicates merge, big brokerage firms get departmentalized, and lately some firms have "gone public." Old-style individualists watch this trend with concern. They know their history: Lloyd's greatness was pioneered by farsighted, daring individuals—men like Cuthbert Eden Heath, who lives in history and legend as its most famous underwriter.

Heath, the son of an admiral, became an underwriter in 1880, and revolutionized



Some Mercs migrate south ...to Lake X

A regular stream of Mercs migrate from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin to Mercury's Lake X, Florida, test center. These are outboards that have been taken off the production line to join the prototypes at the proving ground . . . where Mercury engineers will try to *destroy* them.

At Lake X, these Mercs literally fly over ski jumps. They are driven across 25-foot islands at 40 miles per hour and slammed into logs the size of telephone poles. They are plowed through hyacinths, submersed in water, operated on the *wrong* fuels and oils and generally mistreated.

Mercury test drivers try to run them to death by locking the throttles wide open on the six-mile endurance course.

The Mercs run day and night for more than 500 hours . . . stopping only to take on fuel and change drivers.

Finally, Mercury engineers tear them down to see if anything went wrong and WHY!

Some Mercs migrate South to Lake X so that you'll get more RUN for your money with Mercury . . . 100, 85, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8, 6, and 3.9 horsepower outboards and MerCruiser Stern Drives . . . 110 to 310 horsepower gasoline, and 60 and 100 hp diesel.

MERCURY

KIEKHAEFER MERCURY SILVER ANNIVERSARY FLEET

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Since when has Shell been in the shirt business?

Laundryman Lee has never seen our Shell sign in a shi
before. We've put it there this once as a symbol of Sh
chemicals that have been helping for a long time to ma
shirt fabrics more wearable, washable, presentable.

It's a big order . . . and even harder to fill when you d
mand neatness *plus* the convenience of wash-and-wear.

Yet you soon will be wearing shirts that will soil less deep
. . . that will *really* shed wrinkles and hold a freshly ironc
look. For Shell research chemists have discovered ways

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rease the effectiveness of chemicals that give both natural
' synthetic fibers greater soil and wrinkle resistance.
his continuous search for improvement is so compre-
ısive that Shell actually maintains and operates its own
ric processing equipment in the Shell Laboratories at
ion, New Jersey. This equipment permits testing of chem-
s under "mass run" conditions. Fabrics are handled in
ume as they are by shirting manufacturers who rely on
ll products to make *their* products better.

Helping all of Shell's industrial customers—fabric makers, cosmetic houses, automobile companies, appliance manufacturers, food producers—to make better products for you is a vital part of Shell's never ending pursuit of excellence. It is a pursuit which leads not only to finer gasolines and motor oils, but to new ideas, new products, new ways to serve you better. The Shell Companies: *Shell Oil Company; Shell Chemical Company; Shell Pipe Line Corporation; Shell Development Company.*

SHELL

SIGN OF A BETTER FUTURE FOR YOU

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After the airplane crash, Lloyd's men mined diamonds from the topsoil.

Underwriters wait in The Room's teakwood cubicles for brokers to offer risks. The "boxes" and scarlet-clad "waiters" are holdovers from Lloyd's 17th-century coffeehouse.

Lloyd's of London

Lloyd's, whose members had written only marine insurance for 200 years. He invented many aspects of nonmarine insurance and made Lloyd's what it is today. He wrote the first burglary insurance, thought up all-risk jewelry insurance (which became popular with millionaires' wives and ladies of easy virtue), and created the first jeweler's block policy covering a jeweler's entire stock, "wherever it might be." People thought Heath must be out of his mind, but today diamond merchants everywhere protect themselves with Lloyd's.

One of the diamond experts in The Room is Robert Gordon, a tranquil, easygoing underwriter, in whose box I sat, by special invitation. Gordon "leads" (is the slip's first signer) in fine-arts, insurance and "specie"—diamonds, jewelry, gold and silver.

Sitting in the box is like being on a quiet island in the middle of the turbulent sea. On the nearby raised rostrum I saw the "Caller," wearing a red robe with black collar, reciting the names of wanted brokers in a monotonous singsong voice, like a Tibetan prayer monk. (He prudently used a microphone.) Above the rostrum hung the Lutine bell (vintage 1799), which tolls once for bad news about ships and twice for good news.

I saw no typewriters and adding machines in The Room, and no girls. The clerk who made an entry in the leather-bound Casualty (or Loss) Book, reducing disaster to a few handwritten lines, used a quill pen, as his predecessors had done for the past 200 years. Hardly a day goes by without a ship, large or small, being lost somewhere; on bad days he would make as many as eight or nine entries. Gordon explained to me that the boxes on the floor were occupied by marine, aviation and motor underwriters. Marine underwriters still consider themselves The Room's aristocrats. Other nonmarine underwriters sat in the gallery.

The atmosphere in Gordon's box was quietly professional. Few words were spoken. Each member of his seven-man team knew what he was doing. Gordon told me casually ("If I were always tense, I couldn't do it") that the biggest recent disaster of his syndicate was the crash of a B.O.A.C. plane at Prestwick, Scotland, on Christmas day, 1954, with a cargo of three million dollars' worth of diamonds and another three million in securities. After the crash the area was sealed off, the ground crisscrossed and each square numbered, all topsoil removed to a hangar and sifted. More than $1.7 million in diamonds was recovered.

"The present insurance rate on jewelry, .875 percent, is unrealistically low, kept down by foreign competition," Gordon said. He'd had a flurry of excitement a while ago, when a man carrying $630,000 worth of platinum was supposed to fly from Milan to Munich but instead slipped off to Caracas. He was arrested for absconding the next day.

Lloyd's unofficial motto, "Never say die," is symbolized by the Lutine bell. The *Lutine*, a French man-of-war, was wrecked in 1799 on a sandbank near the Dutch coast with a £1.4 million cargo of gold. Lloyd's underwriters paid a "total loss," then, for 60 years, stubbornly carried out salvage operations, finally recovering £100,000 and the ship's bell.

Lloyd's underwriters paid a total loss when a man disappeared with £780,000 ($3,143,400) in 1942, but when he began to cash the banknotes 18 years later, they traced him, chased him around the world and had him arrested, recovering the major part of the money.

Life in the box is often serious, and underwriters shouldn't be blamed for needing a little relief. A man came by and told us he had just received a query from a potential client who wanted to insure himself against his girl friend's having an affair with another man, and wanted to know the "rate." In their more imaginative moments underwriters sometimes speculate about the "perfect disaster"—something like two colliding jets falling on the *Queen Elizabeth* as it rams the *France* in a thick Channel fog.

Out of the air and the noise a broker materialized and placed a slip in front of Gordon—to insure an exhibition of paintings to be shown all over France. Gordon asked a few questions and wrote £10,000 at four tenths of one percent, but he turned down the next broker about a seemingly routine transport of paintings from Zurich to Basel.

"The beauty of this job," Gordon says, "is that there is never a dull moment. You don't know what your next risk will be. And you must always expect the almost impossible. I heard of a couple in Michigan who had collected once on twin insurance, insured themselves again, at a much higher rate of 10 percent, and had twins for the second time!"

The next slip insured a film negative. Gordon asked some routine questions and wrote a large amount, signing with an archaic "B," the initial of his syndicate. Gordon's syndicate covered the insurance for the negatives of *Ben Hur*, *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Cleopatra*. *Cleopatra* was such a big risk that almost every syndicate in Lloyd's was in on it.

"We insure negatives against loss," Gordon said, "and/or damage in transit, even against being exposed to light. We once had a total loss when a man in the darkroom shouted, 'Right!' and some-

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one misunderstood and switched on the light. And once a customs guard opened a tin of undeveloped negative."

A broker brought a new slip with no signature on it and asked Gordon to be the lead in insuring a man's collection of Matisse paintings in Paris. He said the man had a clean record; no claims had been made for the past three years. Gordon said, "I'll take five percent as the first," and signed. Gordon had led the insurance on a Leonardo da Vinci cartoon successfully kept in Britain by an appeal fund for £800,000. Someone later threw a bottle of ink against it, but Gordon had prudently stipulated that there must be a glass plate in front of the precious drawing. No harm was done.

It was now 11 o'clock. I walked around for a while with Donald Cambden, a Lloyd's broker. He said this was a quiet day, though there was heavy traffic on the floor. "You ought to be here towards the end of the year when many policies come up for renewal. Sometimes you wait a couple of days to see your lead underwriter about an urgent risk, and meanwhile you live on your nerves. To see the "master" of a big syndicate that leads in the American market you may have to queue up before breakfast."

I walked over to Roy J. A. Merrett's box, which is always surrounded by brokers. Merrett, a silver-haired man with a slow manner camouflaging a brilliant mind, manages two large syndicates. He was a broker before he became an underwriter. He said he'd learned "mostly by experience." There exist textbooks on insurance, but the general belief in The Room is that "five years at Lloyd's is better than five years in school."

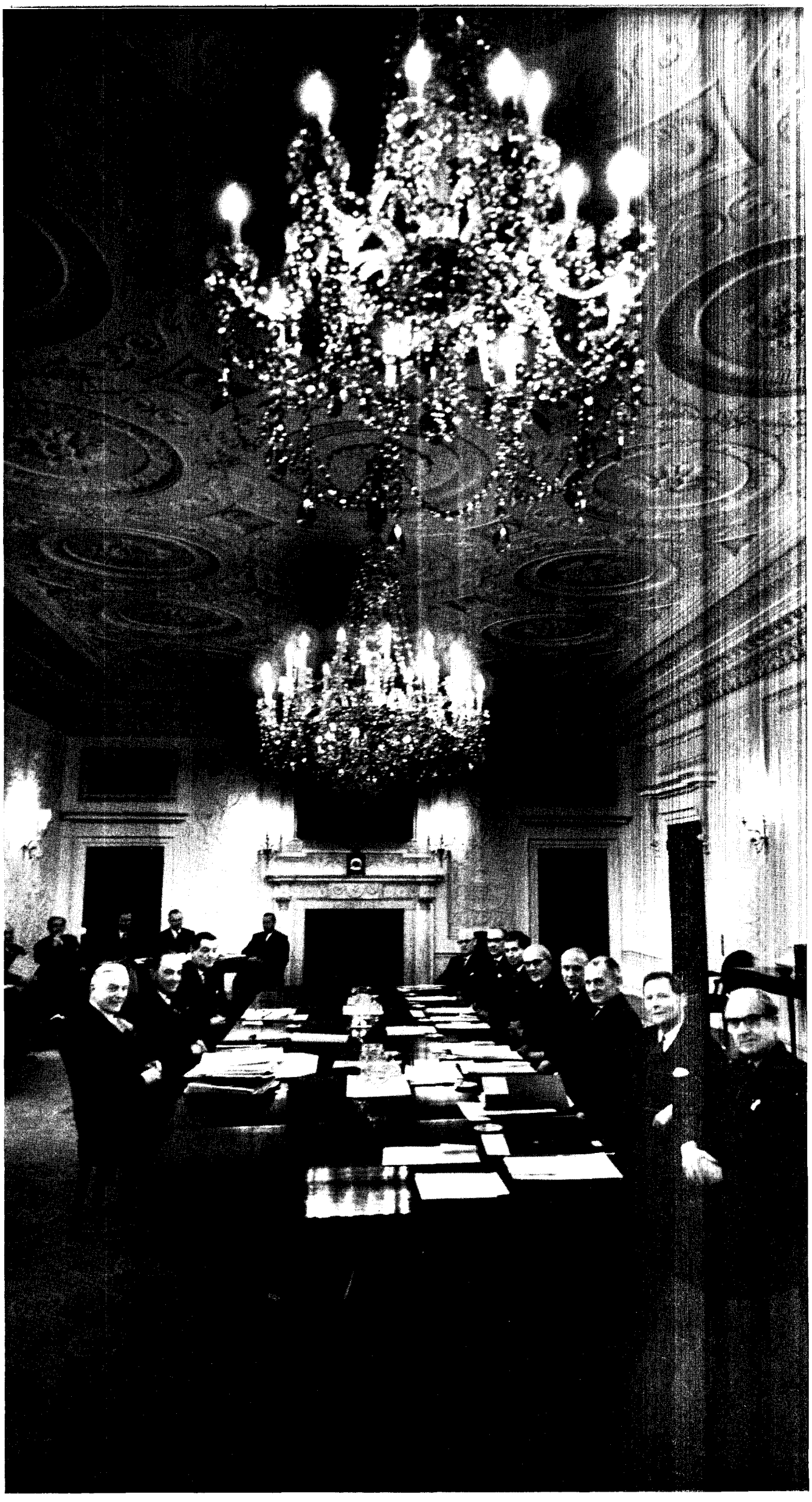
Merrett was the leader of the famous Lloyd's expedition to Indonesia in 1958 that averted one of the worst disasters in Lloyd's history when it persuaded the Indonesians to agree to turn back to the Dutch 40 seized ships, valued at $78 million. He is regarded as one of The Room's canniest experts. I asked him what sort of risk he would turn down.

"I would automatically turn down insurance on stockings and clothing to some South American countries where there is often delay in port warehouses, and a shortage of such commodities among the wives and sweethearts of customs and warehouse officials," he said.

The wizards in The Room made money out of both World Wars. The First was an insurable risk, but the Second wasn't. On land it was too huge even for Lloyd's. And in October, 1959, a new clause suddenly appeared in all Lloyd's policies covering ships against war risks. It stated that the insurance "will terminate *automatically* upon the outbreak of war or upon the inception of a hostile act or occurrence which results in a state of war, *whether there be a declaration of war or not*," between any member of NATO on one side, and any member of the Warsaw Pact or Red China on the other.

You cannot faze Lloyd's. The gentlemen in The Room appear ready for any nuclear eventuality. And I'm willing to bet that when the first commercial spaceship departs for the moon, its passengers will be insured against every peril. At Lloyd's of London. THE END

Committee of twelve keeps a loose rein on Lloyd's pack of rugged individualists. ▶



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ON THE NIGHT TRAIN TO

Much of what I know about Russians I learned riding on trains. During the many months I lived in Soviet Russia I traveled frequently between Leningrad and Moscow, always by train, always second class. In "soft"—as first class is called—you travel with only one other person. In second-class compartments, you are four. There is no order or arrangement according to which passengers are assigned to berths. When men and women, strangers to one another, share a compartment, the men stand and smoke in the corridor while the women prepare themselves for the night.

Always there is a lot to talk about during the long night. Once or twice our talk has continued till dawn. As a rule, your fellow passengers have not met an American before. And no matter what you discuss, the subject that always comes up sooner or later is the Great Patriotic War, as World War II is called. One winter night I traveled to Moscow with three people who, among them, had lost twenty-nine relatives during the war. In Russia, I knew no one who had not lost someone in that war. The last time I rode between Moscow and Leningrad was in the spring. There were two other men in the compartment: an engineer from Sverdlovsk and a major in the pedagogical branch of the army. The fourth passenger was a handsome woman of sixty or sixty-one who wore her long gray hair braided and bound about her head. When talk turned to the war, she told us that her son had been killed "unaccountably" in the very streets of Leningrad.

"But when you say 'unaccountably,' what are we to think?" asked the engineer. He was a chubby, bald man who smiled when he put a question, as though afraid he might offend.

"Unaccountably? Just that it was never explained satisfactorily, the way in which my Tolya died," the woman said.

The engineer nodded. "My name is Tolya, too. Anatoly Andrei'ich."

"My son's name was Anatoly Dimitrievich," said the woman. "He died a hero's death."

"Ah! At least you have the satisfaction of knowing that much," said the engineer.

The woman looked at him and smiled sadly. "I don't *know* any of the circumstances with certainty. . . . I only *knew* my son. I know he would have died . . . well."

The major asked if he might smoke. He lit a cigarette and sat staring out the window. He was a frail, tall man, well over six feet; I doubt if he weighed 160 pounds. "Many deaths," he said quietly, "were difficult to explain. In a war, there is so much confusion." He did not seem to address the woman, but rather to voice the thought for its own sake. His face was so close to the glass that the words left a vapor on the cold pane.

It seemed to me that the woman had been waiting for him to speak. She became suddenly animated. "You are a military man. Tell me, how can it be? How can a man be killed on a Leningrad street, in front of dozens of people, and nobody report the way it happened?"

"So much was happening," said the major. "Especially during the blockade. I was in Leningrad just before that. I can assure you ——"

"But the blockade had not begun when my son was killed!" she said, a touch of hysteria in her voice. "That is the unaccountable part."

"A shell fragment," suggested the engineer. "A bomb ——"

"My son was shot," said the woman.

"Ah, there were snipers," said the engineer vaguely. For an instant I thought the major would correct him. But then the woman spoke again.

"He was killed by a Russian gun."

"A Russian gun!" The engineer gaped at her. He clasped his hands, fingers locked together, almost a gesture of supplication.

"A Russian gun," said the woman definitely. I felt she had told her story again and again, and was used to being contradicted on this point. Though no one contradicted her now, she added, "I do assure you, gentlemen. It was a Russian bullet fired from a Russian gun that killed my Tolya. That much I know. How do I know? Because his driver came to me. Zhenya Sokolov, after the way, my son's driver and friend, he found me and said, 'I tell you, Alexandra Pavlovna, a Russian bullet was the death of your son.' That's how I know."

The major turned from the window and looked at the woman, who took his attention as a sign that he was finally convinced. She looked wide-eyed at each of us in turn, as if the telling had renewed her own astonishment.

"How could a Russian bullet . . ." the engineer began, smiling and splaying his fingers as a sign of his confusion. Then, deprecating his own enthusiasm, "Forgive me, Alexandra Pavlovna. It is not curiosity on my part. You must not think ——"

"Of course, of course," she said. "Now you see, gentlemen, what I meant when I said 'unaccountably'?"

The major, still watching her, was about to speak, when the conductor came for our tickets and a ruble apiece for bedding. "All for Leningrad?" he said. "Yes, yes. But then, who would get off in between? Humn?"

"Your son . . . he was an officer?" said the engineer when the conductor had moved on.

"An officer," said the woman proudly. "A lieutenant."

"You mentioned a driver?" said the major. "I suppose you meant that . . . your son was being driven in a military car when the . . . the accident ——"

"Not a truck, major," said the dead officer's mother. "My son was in command of a tank."

"How brave!" said the engineer. "You can be certain, my dear Alexandra Pavlovna, certain he died a hero! Oh, you've convinced me now!"

"My dear friend," said the woman, "there is nothing on this holy earth of which I am more sure."

"A tank!" repeated the engineer respectfully. And I remembered that when a Russian thinks of "war" he does not think of atom bombs, an enemy thousands of kilometers away; he sees a country road and a tank, a German tank big as a cliff grinding down that road at him.

"That driver," the major began. But he did not continue.

"You mean Zhenya? Zhenya Sokolov?" said the woman.

The major nodded.

"It was good of him to come to you," said the engineer. "I mean, God knows! The tragedy of it! And, in addition, not to know is ——"

"Far, far worse," she said.

The major turned again to the window and lit another cigarette. The woman said, "About the driver? About Zhenya, you wanted to ask me something, Tovarishch Major?"

The major shook his head. "Nothing important. I was merely curious." But from his voice, I knew his attention was on other things; perhaps the birch forest through which the train was rolling.

"But I don't mind. Really! Don't be shy," she chided him gently.

The major hunched his shoulders. "I wondered . . . only, that is to say, why the driver could not tell you more."

The woman held up a finger, a sign that she had guessed his question in advance. But the major's back was to us and he did not see. "For hours I questioned Zhenya. Hours and hours. But"—she sighed—"he was not a bright boy. Oh, good with machines! A regular miracle man with wheels and cogs. But, about other things, no. You see, he was in the tank when it happened. They had stopped to refresh themselves. There was something about a line of men, prisoners. . . ."

"Germans!" said the engineer.

"Yes, it is most likely," said the woman.

"Your son's tank was escorting German prisoners," the engineer spoke positively, as though things had, at last, been clarified.

"Perhaps," she said. But she seemed less certain than the engineer. "Only there was . . . with . . . with a gun . . ."

Post Fiction

A two-year tour of Russia (1961-63) under the cultural-exchange program provided Ralph Blum with the background for this story. A native of California, he now lives in Connecticut, but he still travels widely and is now in Mexico. He has contributed to many national magazines, including *The New Yorker* and *Mademoiselle*, and he is the author of *The Foreigner*, a novel about Sicily during World War II.

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MOSCOW

In the classic railway-carriage story, if one passenger has an "unaccountable" tale to tell, it's conventional for another to have the answer.

By Ralph Blum

Illustration by Robert J. Lee

"A Russian gun!" exclaimed the engineer. The major stamped out his cigarette and got to his feet. "Such terrible irony," said the engineer, addressing the major. Without replying, the major went out into the corridor and slid the door shut behind him.

The car attendant came and asked how many wanted tea. "Three teas," said the engineer.

"And the major?" said the woman.

The engineer shrugged. I got up and went into the corridor. The major was standing two doors down from our compartment, smoking and staring out into the night. I called him twice before he heard. I asked did he want tea. He shook his head. As I was about to leave him, he put his hand on my arm. "I was not always a teacher," he said. Then he turned back to the window.

We drank our tea. When, after a time, the woman stifled a yawn, the engineer slapped his knees and said jovially, "Time for the gentlemen to retire and provide the ladies with their rightful privacy." He grinned at me. "OK? Isn't that what Americans say?"

The major was still at the window. Beyond him, a man in striped pajamas was waiting his turn in the lavatory. When the woman called that it was all right to come in, the major did not join us. The woman kept her face to the wall while the engineer struggled out of his clothes, folded them at the foot of his bed, and wrapped himself in his sheets and blankets. He slept wearing long cotton underwear the color of dead violets.

I read for almost an hour. Still the major did not return. I closed my book and lay with only the pale blue ceiling lights on. It was a funny thing to say, about his not always having been a teacher. I looked at my watch. It was almost two. I wanted to smoke. When I went into the corridor, the major was still there. He wasn't smoking and I offered him a cigarette. "Perhaps American cigarettes will be too mild," I said.

"No, yours will be fine," he said. He looked closely at me before he turned again to the window. I had the feeling he wanted to talk, but couldn't yet. Often Russians will say things to an American that they will not or cannot say to another Russian. When I said this to a Russian friend once, he said, "It is simple enough. There are things one would like to be rid of. When *you* leave Russia, you can carry such things with you. There are some feelings, some experiences, it is better to export than to keep at home."

We smoked our cigarettes in silence. When I had finished, I said good-night. "No, stay a minute," said the major.

I stood at the next window and looked out at the flying birches, the nearest of which were netted by the lights from the corridor. I lit another cigarette, gave the major one. As thin and frail as he appeared, he gave the impression of being a man who could endure, who could go days without sleep. That is how I remember him now.

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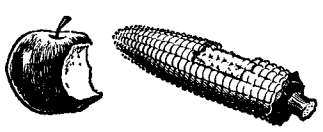

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Night Train to Moscow

At last he said, "I was in Germany once before the war. And do you know what the German trains said?"

"Said?" I repeated, not quite certain I had heard correctly.

"Yes. I can remember, the German trains said '*bitte schön danke schön, bitte schön danke schön*'. . . . I have been standing here, listening to hear what a Russian train says. . . . But perhaps you can only hear when you lie in your bunk, in the dark."

He had used one breath, as if trying to pump all the air from his lungs. I knew he didn't expect an answer, so I kept my nose pressed to the glass and watched the lights of our train as they drove the shadows from the rail embankment and made the flesh of the birch trees glow in the darkness of the spring night. At last he said, "Don't you see, I know what happened to her son, Tolya.

"During the last days before the blockade began, I was in Leningrad. I was commanding infantry then. We were on our way out of the city, ordered to division headquarters. We had just crossed Kirovsky Prospekt. Where exactly? I can even tell you that. You know Leningrad. The Malaya Posadskaya joins Kirovsky Prospekt to the Petrograd Embankment, and between Malaya and Bolshaya Posadskaya is a street we have named in honor of Chapayev—it was there, right there." The major tapped the window glass with his finger, marking the spot. Then he continued, "Troops had been moving out all day, and tanks too. A sergeant in charge of an antiaircraft unit came to me for help. He wanted my men to raise a gun into position. Why not? We had time. I ordered my men to fall out, and the sergeant took over. Two tanks went by, milling up the asphalt, powdering us all with dust. The third tank approached, stopped. It stopped there in the middle of the street, beside a little stall that sold beer. A lot of men, factory workers, were lined up to buy beer. Maybe it was the last beer in town. Who the hell knows? Anyway, there were all those workers waiting, when this damn tank guy, a lieutenant, shoves right in at the head of the line. You know, wants his beer *bez ocheredi*—no queuing up for him.

"'Gimme a beer,' says the lieutenant. He talked rough, the way tank men talk. Maybe he was just as tough as he sounded.

"'Sure, sure,' says the man selling beer. But he spoke quietly, and added, 'Just please, take a place in line.'"

The major shook his head. "There's that tank, engine still clang-clanging, and the lieutenant's hot and sweaty—believe me, it's no fun in a tank. I know that much. Not so safe either. Oh, maybe it isn't all *that* cozy behind an antitank gun, but at least you've got lots of sky over your head, good air in your lungs. That tank guy sure was mad. I can guess what he was thinking: 'Blast it all! I'm going God-knows-where. Maybe I'll be dead tomorrow. Aren't I entitled to a beer without taking a lot of crap from civilians?'

"But all he says is, 'So I have to wait, do I?'

"'That's right. Won't be long,' says the man selling beer. Then, he bent over to inspect his spigot. I remember his bald head. It threw back light like a hand mirror.

"'You've got time, sonny,' says an old workman standing near the head of the line. And I know what he and the others in line thought too. 'You're young. A young guy. You've got your big damn tank. Hop in and off you zoom. That's the way war should be. But us—what about us? We stay behind, work at a factory bench, thank you very much. Bombs or no bombs, shells or no shells, we stay and work. So you can just stand in line for your beer like we do!' But they don't say anything at all.

"'OK,' says the tank guy. 'OK.'

"Then he gets back into his tank with a face dark as bread. Down slams the hatch. He backs her off, shifts gears, and then . . . and then he drives the stall into the earth. Smashes bottles, attendant and all. Flattened the lot."

For a long time the major was silent. No one passed through the corridor. There was no sound but the clicking of the wheels, nothing to see but the lights of a tiny station that shot by in the night; then the wheels again and nothing else.

"What can you say?" the major asked. "I understand that young fellow. I understood then. He had to sit in that hot tank and fight with a dry throat. The ones in line, they didn't see it like that. Or the man selling that cold beer. And everyone was right, in a way. Only the tank guy, he was less right.

"I suppose he would just have driven off, a thirsty guy in his big tank. But suddenly, this infantry commander stepped out into the road right ahead of the tank. He didn't shout or move. When the tank stopped and that young officer came out through the hatch, the infantry commander shot him dead."

The major didn't say anything more. After a while I went back into the compartment and got into my berth. The dead officer's mother clung in her sleep to her long, braided hair. The engineer wheezed a little from time to time. I lay in the dark and listened to the wheels, waiting for the major to return. But the major never came to bed. In the morning when I woke he was not in the corridor. Perhaps he rode out the night in another car. I wanted to see him. Because just as I was falling off to sleep, I heard what the wheels of a Russian train say. They say, "*Zdrast'ite zdrast'ite zdrast'ite*," which in Russian means, "Be well be well." I was sorry not to see him again. I think he would have liked to know. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A little more work, true, but it pays to be sure."

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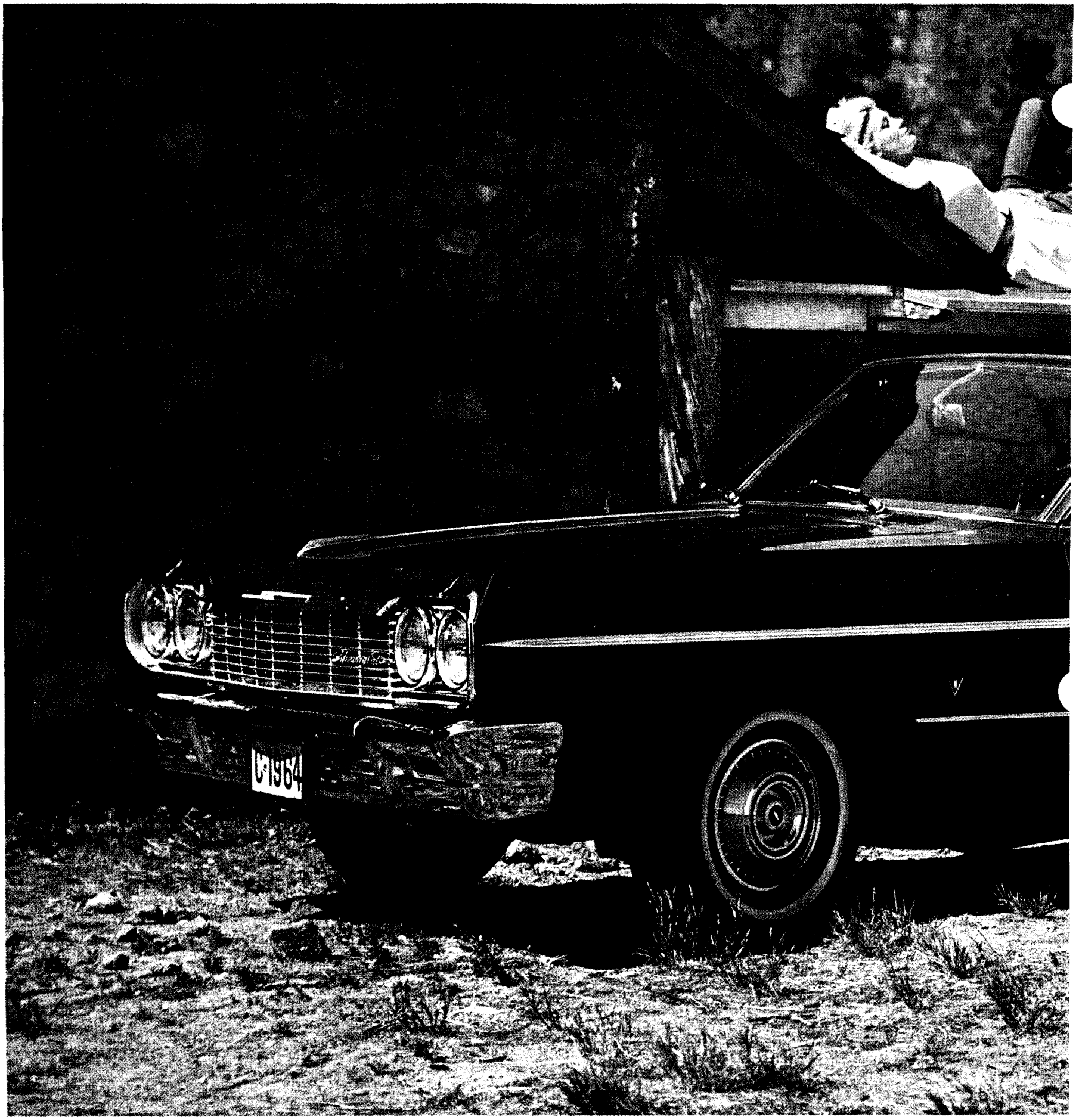

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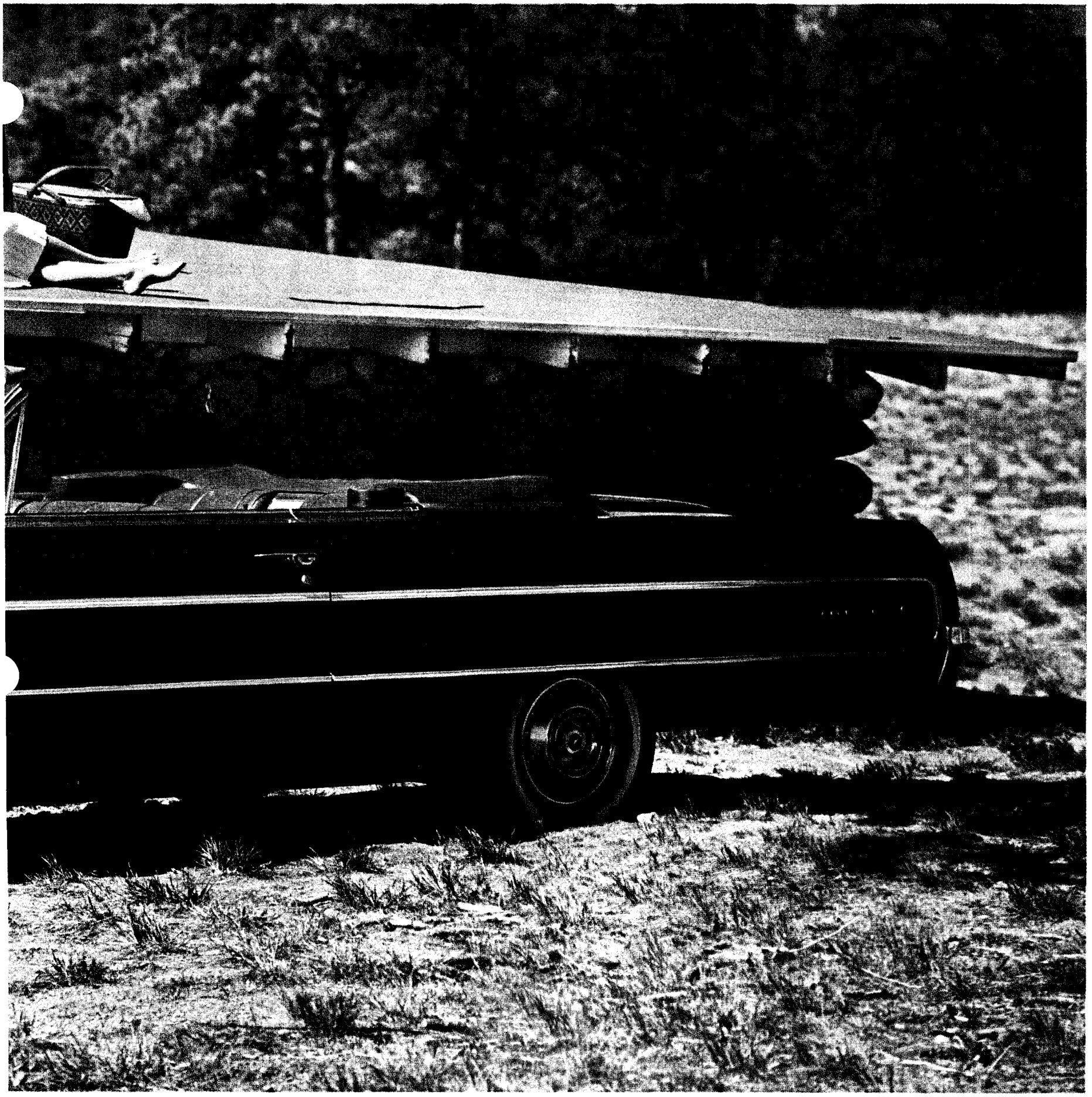

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How can one know what's best to do in a difficult situation?

-Recall platitudes until you find the most agreeable one, then abide by it.

But what if it's an emergency, and I may be responsible?

-Then strive to recall every platitude you ever knew.

THE SUICIDE

By EVAN S. CONNELL Jr.

Since noon a cold rain had been falling, and the ducks floated as silently and stiffly as decoys among the reeds at the edge of the lake. The sailboats were moored; the village shops were closing for the night.

Leon, having ordered supper, was warming his hands over a candle. He felt chilled and exhausted. He had been playing cards most of the day at the Po-Po Club. As soon as I've eaten, he said to himself, I'll go straight home, take a warm bath and get a long night's sleep. He rubbed his hands and shut his eyes, shivering as a gust of rain swept across the colored glass windows. The more he thought of going home to bed, the more agreeable it seemed. When he opened his eyes, there stood Bébert, dripping wet.

"I've been looking everywhere for you!" Bébert exclaimed. "They told me at the club that you'd been there and left saying you were going to eat, but nobody knew where."

Leon gazed at him in surprise. "Is anything wrong? You look anxious about something."

"Well, yes, I'd say so," Bébert remarked, sitting down at the table. He pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the rain from his face and then mopped his hands. "Yes, indeed, I'd say there's something wrong," he continued. "And if you want to know the truth, there's plenty of reason for me to look anxious. There's plenty of reason for you to look anxious too, as far as that goes. The fact is, just a few minutes ago I received a call from Maggie, who says that Andrea is extremely distraught and is threatening to kill herself."

"Is that right!" said Leon, looking at him with interest. "I had no idea Andrea was feeling depressed."

"Nor did I," said Bébert. "You can imagine how the news astonished me."

"I'm not altogether surprised," Leon said. "I admit that you startled me, but of course we both know that Andrea isn't the most stable person on earth. In fact, the more I think about it, the more it seems to me I've halfway suspected she'd do something like this sooner or later."

"Really?" Bébert asked. "Well, there are various ways of looking at it. But suicide's a nasty business in any case." All at once he sneezed. "Excuse me! You wouldn't believe how cold it is outside. I'm stiff as a board. It's nice enough in here, though."

"Did you walk all the way from the club?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact, I ran part of the way. I'm supposed to get you to go and see Andrea. Apparently it's a matter of life and death."

"But what am I supposed to do?" Leon asked. "Incidentally, who told you to come and get me?"

"Maggie said that you were a close friend of Andrea, and naturally you should be notified. She assumed you'd know what to do. I don't remember her exact words. The whole affair is confusing. I haven't had much experience at this sort of thing."

"But I really don't have the vaguest idea what to do," Leon said, pinching his lip and frowning. "Why didn't Maggie take care of the situation?"

Bébert shrugged. "She was terribly upset. She asked for you; it's as simple as that. Everybody knows you and Andrea are good friends."

Leon smiled. "Not in the way you seem to be suggesting. We're friends, true enough. We've gone out together occasionally. She's very attractive and I'd be the first to admit I've had ideas, but that's as far as things went, believe me."

"I'll take your word for it. Of course, people do assume that you and she are closer than you pretend. But that's neither here nor there."

"It's the truth. I'm not just saying so."

"All right, I'm only repeating what I've heard."

"I can't understand why Maggie sent for me," said Leon after a pause.

"Possibly Andrea asked her to locate you."

"That doesn't make sense. It isn't like Andrea. And if you want my opinion, I'd say she's despondent because of Schumann getting married."

"Schumann?" cried Bébert. "You mean to say that Andrea has been seeing Schumann!"

"That's what I hear."

"I don't believe a word of it. Not one word."

"Well, I don't know," said Leon. "Stranger things have happened. I once knew a girl who seemed like a perfectly ordinary sort of girl, but later I heard that she had fallen in love with an acrobat. You just can't tell."

"That reminds me—did you know there's to be a carnival in town next week?"

"Yes, I noticed the poster at the club."

"Are you planning to go?"

"If there's nothing better to do. Frankly, I don't care much for spectacles of that sort." Leon stretched out his hands again to the candle. "You know, I really don't understand why Maggie was asking for me. It's as though I had something to do with all this, but I assure you I haven't. This morning I was working on the boat and this afternoon I was at the club. I haven't seen Andrea for at least a week, come to think of it. And as soon as I finish dinner I'm going home. I don't want to catch cold. It's a bad night."

"I'm only doing as I was asked," said Bébert.

"H'm'm. Well, to be honest about it, I feel more or less inadequate. Ever since I was a child I've had a feeling of being somehow not too effective when it comes to emergencies, I don't know why. Of course, nobody's perfect; we all have our weaknesses."

"I'm the same," Bébert replied. "I have the best of intentions, but I never know quite how to proceed. A fire, let's say, well! That's enough to throw me in a panic. I gallop back and forth explaining to everybody that there's a fire, but of course that's hardly the way to put it out. Now in this particular case—Andrea, I mean—I came dashing up the street with a message, but beyond that I didn't have an idea in my head! So you see I know exactly what you mean. But I don't really think of you as ineffectual. You've always struck me as being very calm and collected. That's a good thing. I envy you, in fact."

"Well," said Leon, "in any event, it's disturbing to know about Andrea. On the other hand, I find myself wondering if she's really as depressed as Maggie says."

"Oh, there's no doubt of it! Not a doubt in the world. Maggie told me that Andrea was completely hysterical. Threatening to slash her wrists! Just the thought of something like that is enough to terrify me."

"Did it come on suddenly?"

THE AUTHOR

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Illustration by Bill Charmatz

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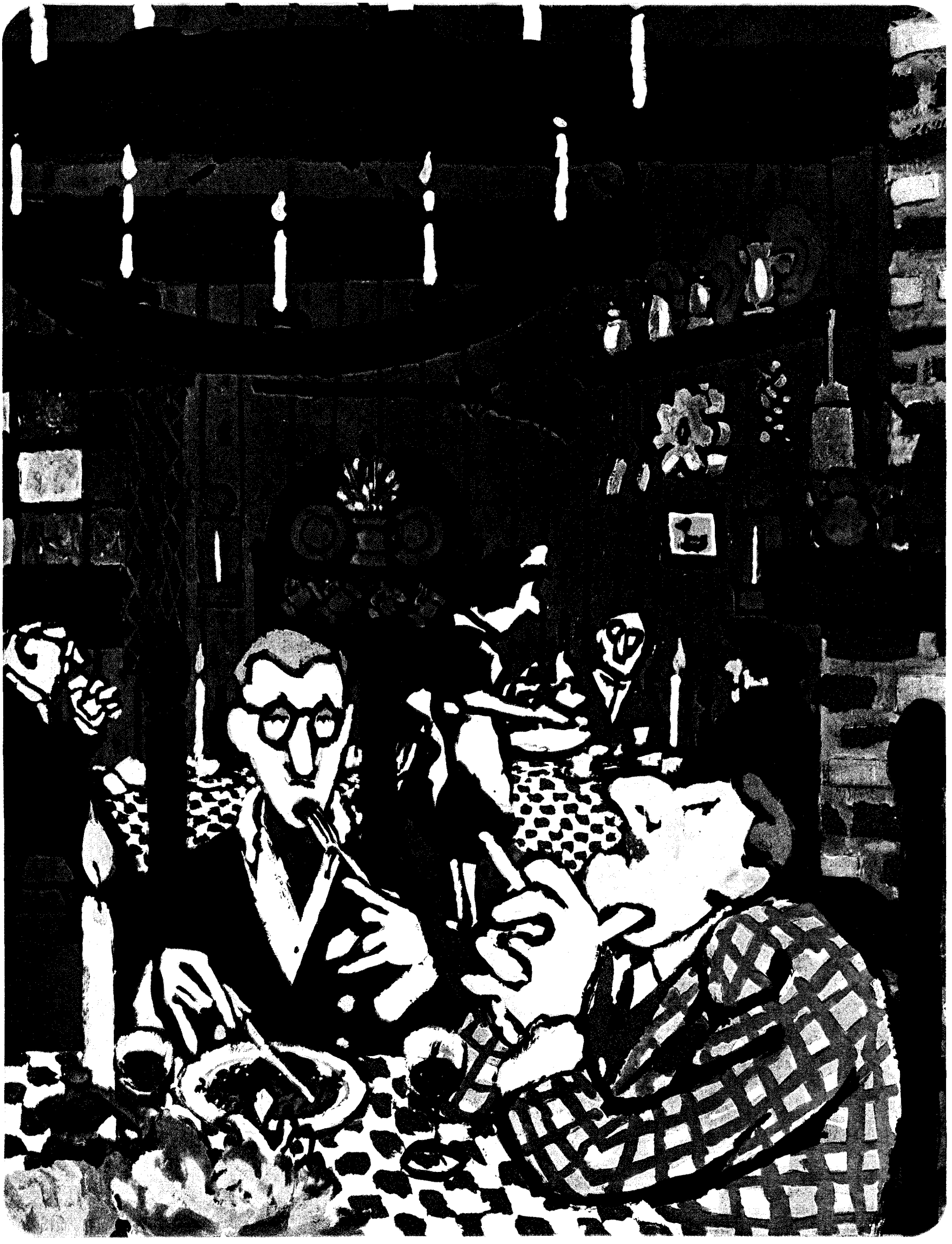

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The Suicide

"I'm so upset I can hardly think. Did *what* come on suddenly?"

"Has Andrea been in this state for some time, or did she collapse without warning?"

"I don't know. If Maggie told me I've forgotten. If a thing's important you can trust me to forget it."

"She's planning to slash her wrists, you say. That's unusual."

"How so?"

"Andrea's fastidious. She seems to me the type that would take poison."

"Really? How awful! You could be right. But then I don't know her too well."

"Women rarely shoot themselves, either. Did you know that? They jump off buildings or take too many sleeping pills, but they don't care much for guns or knives. I don't know why it is, except that there's something basically different about them. And they often go in for gas. They shut the windows and then put on a transparent negligee and arrange themselves on the sofa. You read about it in the papers every day."

"I can't bear to think about such things," said Bébert. "It gives me cold chills."

"Getting back to Andrea, didn't Maggie give you any clues as to just why she happens to be in this condition?"

Bébert was silent for a while. "No," he said at last, frowning. "All I know is that she was weeping and creating a scene, so Maggie telephoned the club, and it was just my luck to be there. I shouldn't say that, but it's true. There I was playing chess with some fellow from New York, when they came around asking if anybody knew where you were. Well, I made the mistake of being curious, so they assumed I must know. That's how I got involved. I shouldn't have said a word. At any rate, before I knew what was happening I found myself on the telephone talking to Maggie, and as she seemed so desperate and kept asking for you I thought to myself, the simplest way to get out of this mess is to try and find you. That's the story in a nutshell. So here I am, wet as a dog! And I had a good game going for me, if I do say so. I'd pinned his rook; he didn't have any idea what to do—you should have seen him twisting his hands together and studying the board." Bébert laughed.

"Who did you say you were playing?"

"You don't know him. He's visiting that tennis player with the red moustache. They came into the club just after you left, evidently. Then I happened to come in, and this New Yorker for some reason challenged me to a game; I don't know why. You'd think he'd rather play with his friend, but he took one look at me and said, 'What about you? You look like a chess player.' I had to admit that I was, although not a very good one, and I told him so. Well, he gave me a superior little smile and I must admit that annoyed me. I wasn't pretending to be modest. The fact is, I scarcely ever win a game. Practically everybody beats me."

"Is that so? I had the impression you played very well. I wouldn't take you for an aggressive player, but I should think you'd win your share."

"No, I almost always lose. But tonight I got off to a good start, and that makes all the difference. I offered a bishop pawn, and to my surprise he took it, which is exactly what I was hoping he'd do. Then I moved out with the queen and threw him in check right away. He was completely startled—you should have seen his face! It knocked him off his game, I suppose. One isn't expected to open with the queen attack, you know; the textbooks advise against it. But it worked. Whatever he had in mind, he didn't have a chance to get started. There he was with his back to the wall. And things moved along from there quite nicely. It's the beginning that's important."

"Ah! Excuse me, here's my soup," Leon said, and placing both hands on the table he leaned forward to smell the soup.

Bébert watched attentively. Leon stirred the soup, lifted a spoonful and blew on it.

"Looks very hot," said Bébert.

Leon nodded and then tasted it. "But it's good."

"There's nothing better than hot soup on a bad night," said Bébert.

"Not many things, at any rate."

"Aren't you coming to see what you can do about Andrea? I thought you were planning to cancel your order."

I've been thinking about it," said Leon. "But of course if she's firmly made up her mind to kill herself, why, chances are that she'll do it. Look at the case this way. Suppose we go to see her and tell her things aren't really half as bad as she thinks, and so on and so forth. Now, if she's determined to kill herself she won't believe a word we say, will she? Women are like that."

"I wasn't planning to go," said Bébert immediately.

Leon took another spoonful of soup.

"I'm just running an errand, so to speak," Bébert continued. "That's the extent of it. You could think of me as a messenger."

"I thought you wanted the two of us to go and see her."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Bébert. "You misunderstand!"

Leon was annoyed. "But why did they send for me? That's what I can't understand. You'd think I was her lover."

"I believe you," Bébert said, who had placed both elbows on the table and now sat with his chin cupped in his hands watching Leon eat the soup. "Don't you think we ought to go see her?" he asked after a little while. "It sounds like a crucial situation. Not that it's any of my business, of course. They asked if I could find you, and I thought perhaps I could. I remembered that you liked this place."

"Yes, the food's good here," Leon said. He began grinding pepper into his bowl.

"I shouldn't think you could taste anything, not with all that. I take very little seasoning. I read somewhere or other that pepper weakens the senses and leads to any number of complications, some of them quite serious. There was one fellow who sprinkled paprika on everything until finally he developed pleurisy, and the doctors say it was the paprika that caused it. That doesn't sound reasonable, but you never know. As for myself, I'm not afraid of pleurisy, but I do get cramps if I eat certain things. Well!" he exclaimed, straightening up. "There was a flash of lightning if ever I saw one! What a storm! And it's odd for this time of year. Usually the weather isn't too bad, nothing like this anyhow."

Leon wiped his lips with the napkin. "Hand me the bread, will you?"

Bébert silently gave him the basket.

"You're worried about Andrea, aren't you?" Leon asked, as he twisted off a piece of bread.

"I certainly am. You should be too. I don't know how you can sit there placidly eating your dinner as though nothing in the world was wrong when she could be slashing her wrists at this very instant, for all we know."

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"But you've forgotten one thing."

"What's that?"

"Maggie is there. Maggie wouldn't let her do anything foolish, so as I see it there isn't much to worry about."

"How can you be so sure? There was simply this telephone call, you understand, and Maggie was excited—I could tell!"

"That's bad, I admit. It isn't like Maggie to be excited."

"Furthermore, I can't positively state that Maggie was with Andrea. It's conceivable, you know, she simply received word that Andrea was planning to do something drastic. I should have asked; that's my fault. I didn't think of it. You see what I mean when I say I'm not good at emergencies? I just came flying down here to try to locate you. I'm so impulsive. It seems as though I'm always rushing off in one direction or another, and then people such as yourself who have a naturally phlegmatic nature are able to calmly butter their bread and ask about specific items, and then I'm forced to confess that I don't know. It's embarrassing. Whenever something like this happens, I promptly say to myself that I've got to take action when, of course, the intelligent thing is not to go running around helter-skelter."

"I don't regard myself as phlegmatic."

"You're always perfectly in control of yourself."

"Well," said Leon, "that's different. Anyway, you know how it is. We each have a varying tempo, different ways of doing things, so to speak. It's true that you're more or less impulsive—at least that's been my observation—but there's nothing wrong with that. In fact, I wish I could be more like you. I'm perhaps inclined to be a trifle sluggish. Right now, for instance, you could be right and I might be absolutely wrong. Here I am, as you point out, buttering a piece of bread when at this very moment Andrea might be lying in a pool of blood. Suppose, for example, this really turns out to be the case and we find out that a tragedy occurred while I was here eating supper. How would I feel? You can imagine. I'd feel a sense of guilt for the rest of my life."

Bébert nodded enthusiastically. "And you wouldn't be alone! Even though I really haven't anything to do with all this, I'd feel a sense of guilt right along with you. I know exactly what you're trying to express. When these things occur, it's simply no use telling yourself after it's all over that you weren't to blame. You know in your heart that you should have done something about it. You should have been able to avert the tragedy. People are pretty much alike in that respect, at least this is my own opinion. Their hearts are in the right place, but somehow they don't behave the way they know they ought. It's queer. I've often thought about it. You're right. You're absolutely right."

"Shh!" Leon whispered, holding up a finger.

"What's the matter?"

"Can't you hear the ducks?"

"Ducks?"

"It sounds as though they're taking off. I thought they'd stay where they were, considering it's such a bad night."

"Well, I don't suppose they mind the weather," said Bébert.

"Ah! This looks worth waiting for," Leon remarked as the waitress placed a large salad in front of him.

"What do you have there?" Bébert asked, looking at it closely. "Is that a Roquefort dressing?"

"Yes. My favorite. I never get tired of it."

"Salads are good for you. When I was a child my mother told me they were, and naturally just like a child that was enough to put me off salad for years. I refused to eat one for no reason except that they were supposed to be good for me. But now I must admit I love them."

Leon was grinding pepper on the salad. Bébert watched with a look of disapproval.

"What do you think ought to be done?" Leon asked.

"As far as Andrea is concerned?"

Leon paused and looked at him curiously. "Well, what else did you think I was talking about?"

"You needn't be snappish."

"I apologize," Leon said. "You've got me on edge."

"As I've previously explained with utter clarity, this entire affair has nothing to do with me personally. Strictly speaking, my job is finished. I've notified you, that's all I set out to do. From here on it's up to you for better or worse. But frankly, I don't see how you can go right on eating at a time like this."

"Don't be ridiculous," Leon said with his eyes fixed on the salad.

"Well! If that's how you're going to act," said Bébert, "I'll just be leaving. I can't honestly say I enjoy being spoken to in that tone of voice. Furthermore, I certainly don't feel that I was being ridiculous."

"Let's not argue. Perhaps you misunderstood what I meant. Now look here—the important point is whether or not Andrea actually plans to end it all. What do you think? Is she, or not?"

"I'd say there's not much question about it."

"By the way, you know she's divorced, don't you?"

"One hears rumors. I don't believe everything. Repeating rumors can be malicious."

"I know for a fact that she is a divorcée. I don't know what the husband was like, but if he was anything like Andrea, they must have made a pair. You were at the beach that time she started kicking sand at everybody, weren't you? No reason for it, she just decided she disliked everybody. She flies off the handle every once in a while."

"I wasn't at the beach, though I did hear about that episode. I remember being surprised, because I'd always thought of Andrea as not being the type to raise a fuss. She seems so mature."

"She's not as old as she looks. She's twenty-three."

"No! Are you sure?"

"Positive." Leon took a sip of wine and inspected the bottle. "Here, this is very good. Have a glass."

"No, no. Thank you. I never can guess how wine will affect me. At times it disagrees with my stomach. I believe I'll just have a cigarette, though, if the smoke won't disturb you while you're eating."

"Go ahead; one gets used to it nowadays. You'd think we were all living inside a furnace. I'm as guilty as the rest. Puff-puff-puff, morning, noon and night. The first of the year I'm going to quit."

"I've tried to quit several times," Bébert said as he struck a match. "I simply don't have the willpower. But you say Andrea is only twenty-three? That's amazing!"

"She's been around. Probably that's

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why people tend to associate her with me. Since I have a poor reputation they probably assume the two of us have something going."

"What makes you say you have a poor reputation?"

"It's true, isn't it? Be honest."

Bébert looked thoughtful. "No worse than anyone else who spends a lot of time at the club. I'm there half my life, you know, so I'm hardly in a position to be criticizing. On the other hand, it's probably true that certain persons who don't go there very often think that some of us are wasting a lot of time, if that's what you mean. Otherwise, though, I don't feel that you have a bad reputation. We're all in the same boat. Practically every night the club's full of the same old faces."

"What else is there to do? That's what I answer when anybody asks why I'm always around."

"And it's true!" Bébert exclaimed. "You can only go to the movies every so often, and what else is there? The club's a nice place to spend your time. It isn't too expensive and there aren't many fights."

"Even so, the first of the year I'm going to stop spending so much time there," said Leon. "It repels me. Here, try a bite of this salad."

"All right," said Bébert, laughing. "How often do you eat at this place, by the way?"

"Oh, twice a week, more or less. It depends on the chef's special. I almost always have the special, although you have to get here early; otherwise it's gone. I've been here as early as six o'clock some nights and the special was gone."

"I've never tried it. I don't come here often, maybe once a month. I do enjoy the lobster tail. I suppose you've tried that, haven't you?"

"Yes, it's delicious. But it costs too much."

"It certainly does! What's on the special tonight?"

"Baked sugar-cured ham with bread crumbs and cranberry sauce."

"What an odd combination!"

"You get to trust the chef. He improvises, and sometimes it's a little strange. For instance, last week he cooked a chicken risotto that had an unusual taste. I've been wondering what he put in it. But ordinarily the special is a good bet. The baked ham is fair, although he does better with the pocket of veal."

"I don't know why they don't serve dinners at the club," said Bébert reflectively.

"I've wondered. It must be the cost of outfitting a kitchen."

"You know how much plumbers and electricians are making these days, I suppose?"

Leon held up both hands. "Don't say a word! They earn six times what I do."

"You wouldn't believe it. Just last week an electrician's helper came into the bank to deposit his weekly check, and I was absolutely dumbfounded. I thought he'd stolen it."

Leon shook his head and continued eating the salad. Rain swept across the windows. Bébert sat watching a drop of wax roll down the candle; every little while he shivered as though remembering the cold outside. Presently the waitress brought Leon's baked ham, and with it the cranberry sauce, some parsley and Mexican beans and a dish of corn pudding. A little cloud of steam rose above the plate.

"I don't have much appetite," Leon said. "I don't know why."

"It looks delicious," Bébert said. "In fact, if you don't mind my saying so, I could almost eat it myself."

Leon picked up his knife and fork and said, as he prepared to attack the dish, "I was thinking about Andrea. There wasn't a thing on my mind, but then you came in here and told me about her being so despondent, and since then I haven't felt particularly hungry." He cut a slice of ham, which he put into his mouth and began to chew with an expression of pleasure.

Bébert looked at him and then at the ham on the plate.

"Why don't you have some of that corn pudding?" Leon asked. "I'm not really very hungry."

"I'm not either, in fact," said Bébert. "It's just that suddenly the ham looked very good, as you say. How is it?"

"Excellent!" said Leon. "Excellent." He began to cut himself another piece, but then lowered the knife and said, "Look here, I've got an idea. While I'm having dinner you could run up to see Andrea. You could find out how she is and come back and let me know. How does that sound? I should have thought of it before."

"I don't think that's a good idea," said Bébert.

"No? Why not?"

"Well, first of all, you've got to consider her feelings. You're the one she's expecting. How does it look when you're expecting a certain person and all of a sudden there's somebody else at the door? That can be quite a shock, particularly so when you're in a bad state. It might even be fatal. You yourself told me just a little while ago that she's unstable. There'd be no way of guessing what she might do. There's a knock at the door, she thinks it's you and she flings open the door, and there I am! What happens next? It could be extremely awkward; you can see that."

"You're forgetting she's desperate," said Leon, who was cutting another piece of ham. "There's nothing worse than feeling desperate. I ought to know; I've had that feeling myself once or twice. It's terrible. You don't know which way to turn."

"Those are the truest words ever spoken," said Bébert.

Leon helped himself to the corn pudding. "Just let us suppose," he went on after a little while, "that Andrea is by herself. You say you forgot to ask Maggie whether she was with Andrea or not. All right, suppose there's nobody with her; what about that? Wouldn't you be glad to see anybody, no matter who it was, even though it didn't happen to be exactly the person you were expecting?"

"You're right," Bébert admitted, nodding. "I hadn't thought of it like that. I agree with you one hundred percent. But still, the main thing is that she's expecting you. That's the important point."

Leon stopped chewing and gazed at Bébert curiously. "But you said it was Maggie who asked where I was. Did Andrea herself ask for me? There's all the difference in the world."

"You're right again; I should have asked specific questions. I never think about things until it's too late. It's just the way I am. I forgot, that's all. The first thing I thought was that here was an emergency and something had to be done immediately."

"Well, it's nothing to be embarrassed about," Leon said and resumed eating.

Bébert frowned. "As a matter of fact, I remember one time six or eight years ago I was witness to an accident, and virtually the same thing occurred. It must have been at least six years ago, because I was going around at that time with a blond girl by the name of Claudine, but I don't think you knew her. She was a very good swimmer." He paused and then shrugged. "There. You see? Already I've forgotten what I was going to tell you."

"An accident. Something about an accident."

"Oh! Yes. A taxicab ran over this fellow who was selling newspapers. Papers flew all over the street. I never saw anything like it. It was a windy day too. The confusion was unbelievable. Everybody honking and traffic tied up for blocks. You can imagine the scene. At any rate, I just happened to be standing on the corner waiting to go across when the taxi hit this fellow. I've never seen anything so horrible. He turned a somersault in midair and came down sitting. Well, he just sat there in front of the taxi and leaned back slowly on his elbows with the oddest expression on his face. I was petrified. I simply stood there and gawked at him like an imbecile. The only consolation was that everybody did the same. It was just as though nobody wanted to get mixed up in it. Of course everybody felt sorry for him, but at the same time they didn't quite want to get involved, seeing it was none of their business. They were pretty thankful they weren't the one who'd got hit. In fact, I remember thinking at the time that this was the reas I didn't make a move to help him. I v afraid I'd get some blood on my hands, in case he was bleeding. Then too, you could be called into court and involved in lawsuits and so on. One thing leads to another, particularly in cases like this. There's just no telling."

"What happened?" Leon asked without looking up from his plate.

"Oh, the spell was finally broken, so to speak. Everybody gathered around and started offering advice, but naturally one person said to wrap him in a blanket and somebody else said not to move him and somebody else thought he needed a drink. I must say, I certainly could have used a drink right at that moment. At any event, an ambulance finally arrived with the siren on and the lights flashing, and there was a great deal of commotion before they managed to get the poor fellow loaded on a stretcher and carried away. I never did find out what became of him. Some woman fainted, and at first the ambulance stewards supposed she was the victim. Oh, it was a pretty mess!"

"I can imagine," said Leon.

"Frankly, I'm terrified of accidents. Except for that one time, I've never gotten involved; I always seem to be somewhere else when anything happens. It's almost mysterious. It isn't that I go out of my way to avoid incidents; it's just that I'm almost always getting there after it's over, or else I leave not five minutes before something occurs. It's amazing when I think of it."

"That's so. There are certain peop who do seem to miss everything, just as other people are always breaking a leg or having their house burn down, or getting robbed. Nobody knows why it is, but it does make you wonder."

Bébert nodded.

"Now, take Andrea, for instance," Leon continued, filling up his wineglass. "Wouldn't you say she's a perfect instance of what we're discussing?"

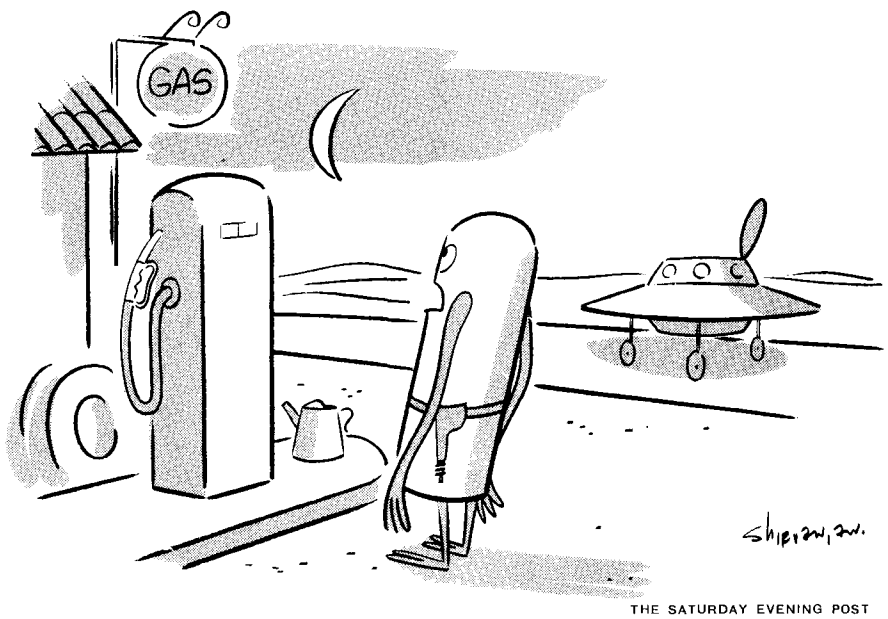
"I don't know," said Bébert promptly. "I'm not well acquainted with her, as I've already pointed out. We've run into each other a number of times, yes, and we're on friendly terms, but aside from that I can't truthfully say I know much about her. This thing tonight was a great shock."

"Yes, it was for me too," said Leon thoughtfully.

"There I was playing chess at the club when all of a sudden I find myself mixed up in a business that's completely foreign to me and have to come flying down the street getting soaked to the bone trying to find out where you are. It was no picnic. I don't care for things of this sort. I don't have the temperament for it. But as to what you were saying, you could be right. Divorced, and then that scene at the beach, and now this! It makes you wonder what will happen next."

"She's not realistic, that's her trouble."

"Well, who is? Take my uncle on my mother's side, for example. An absolute mystic! I remember him quite well, although he died when I was little. He used to interpret dreams and read tea leaves and he could read your history on the palm of your hand so that you'd swear he'd been following you around. It was absolutely incredible! Even my father was impressed, and there were very few things on this earth that could impress my father. Why, when the *Hindenburg*



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Take your finger out of your ear and listen to me!"

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crashed at that airport in New York—or New Jersey, I think it was—anyway my father when he heard the news didn't so much as bat an eye. 'That's quite a tragedy,' he said. Those were his exact words. 'That's quite a tragedy.' Everybody else was simply horrified and went around telling people, but not my father. That's the way he was about everything."

"I remember the *Hindenburg* disaster," Leon said.

"People discussed it for weeks! The thing caught fire and exploded. There were photos in all the newspapers and magazines. They were using helium instead of hydrogen."

"No, it was hydrogen instead of helium."

"Are you sure? Well, it doesn't matter. I just recall that the whole thing caught fire and blew up. People trying to escape, twisting red-hot metal bars with their bare hands! It's remarkable what people can do when they have to. I remember reading somewhere about a man who picked up a three-thousand-pound safe and threw it out a window because the building caught fire and there were some valuable papers in the safe. The funny thing is, if he'd simply stopped a minute to think, he'd have realized the papers would be all right where they were because the safe was fireproof. But he got excited and just picked up this enormous object and flung it out the window as though it was a cigar box. Later on, of course, he couldn't begin to budge it."

"That's the adrenaline in the bloodstream. When you get excited about anything, the body secretes adrenaline. It's some sort of a survival response. It goes back to the time of the cave man. It gives you additional strength for emergencies."

"Yes, that's what I've heard. It's a good thing, I guess."

"Here, why don't you have some of this wine? Really, I should have ordered a small bottle. Ordinarily I do, but tonight I felt extravagant for some reason. Maybe it was the bad weather. The weather affects me that way. I'm subject to moods."

Bébert shook his head, but then after a moment he said, "All right, I will. Usually I don't drink wine on account of my stomach, but I'll make an exception." He plucked a glass from the next table and neatly wiped the rim with a napkin. Leon filled the glass and Bébert held it to the light.

"I never can tell a thing by doing that," said Leon.

"Neither can I," said Bébert, "but I do it just to be on the safe side. You never know. It could be full of sediment."

"There's a great deal to be learned about wines," Leon said. "I keep telling myself that I ought to take time and brush up on a few things. It gives you a better status with women. They appreciate a man who knows all about wines and fabrics."

"You're right, particularly about fabrics. I've noticed that a woman will be impressed if a man can glance at a dress or a suit and make some intelligent remark about it. That's because they don't expect men to know about such things."

"Women have a great many misconceptions. I could give you a list as long as my arm; it wouldn't be any trouble. You can't be too careful about dealing with them, because you can't predict what will happen. They do things without a reason. Then, if you make the mistake of asking why they've done this or that, they attack you. It's just the way they are."

"Like birds in flight," said Bébert.

"Exactly," said Leon, although he did not see the resemblance. "You've nailed it down. That's how they are. Andrea's the perfect example. But she might be feeling somewhat better by this time. What do you think?"

"I should think so," Bébert agreed, "after all this time."

"That's right. She's had a chance to think it over and realize how foolishly she was behaving. I'd even go so far as to make a guess that she's laughing over it by now. They're very changeable, you know."

"They're just like chameleons. They get over these things. Take my sister. Why, you wouldn't believe it, but when we were children it seemed to me that five times a day, at least, my sister was screaming about something or other, but then the next thing I knew she was playing with her dolls as though nothing had happened. They have extraordinary powers of recuperation. They're much stronger than men, as a matter of fact."

Leon smiled. "You don't know how right you are."

"What do you mean?"

"Never mind. At times they're feeble enough."

"Feeble, did you say? That's not a word I'd use in connection with them. Of course, your experiences may have been different."

"I imagine we all have the same experience."

At this Bébert burst out laughing. "Well, you were talking about having a reputation, and in that respect I must admit that you certainly do. Everybody knows your favorite dish isn't printed on the menu, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Oh, I'm no worse than the rest. We're all alike. It's just that I'm not as discreet."

"It pays to be cautious, I've found. It's easy to get yourself in a jam." Bébert snapped his fingers. "It can happen just like that! One minute you're all right and the next minute you hardly know what hit you. You've got about as much chance as a pig in a butcher shop."

"It's not all that bad," said Leon thoughtfully, "not if you keep on your toes. Anyway, you can't do without them, so you've got to run a few risks. That's how I feel about it. You can criticize me if you like; I'm only being truthful. It's no fun being left out in the cold."

"There's something to what you say," Bébert remarked. "I should be more like you. You always know what you're up to. I can't help admiring you for that."

Leon, who had eaten everything in sight, swallowed the rest of the wine and patted his lips with the napkin.

"It's foolish to get excited about things," Bébert continued. "I should have learned by now that if you let well enough alone, why sooner or later the matter will straighten itself out, chances are. But women in particular don't realize this. If you simply let nature take its course, though, there's no reason to get upset. What do you think?"

Leon belched. "I don't know," he admitted. "It seems as though every time I eat too much I have trouble concentrating. My head feels strange."

"It could be your pancreas. They say that if you develop a bad pancreas you have any number of symptoms."

"Maybe," Leon said doubtfully. "I think, though, that I just ate too much."

"Well, you ate quickly too. I noticed that. It's bad for you. I have a cousin who eats as if the world was coming to an end, and there's always something wrong with him. Backaches, hangnail, pinkeye, warts—if it isn't one thing it's another! He's always running off to the doctor. I've told him what the trouble is, but he doesn't listen. 'Mind your own business,' he says. So I don't even speak to him anymore. It's not my affair if he wants to kill himself by gobbling. Furthermore, it shows. He's terribly overweight. He used to be thin as a rail. That's what happens when you're too proud to accept advice."

"How many people can you name who do take advice? They all think they know what they're doing."

"Right!" said Bébert. "I've observed the same thing, and it never ceases to amaze me."

"You take this case we've been discussing. What about that?"

"Andrea?"

"Yes."

"I'm afraid I don't follow you."

"Simply this: What sort of advice could you give her?"

Bébert sank back in his chair. "That's quite a question. You asked a hard one that time."

"Let's assume she's right here at the table and it's as plain as the nose on your face what she's up to. She's on the point of doing something drastic. Now then, how are you going to approach this hypothetical problem?"

"To tell the truth," Bébert replied after some moments of thought, "I wouldn't know how to begin."

"So you'd leave it all up to her, is that right? You'd simply let nature takes its course?"

"I see what you're getting at. What would you do? How would you handle it?"

"Oh," Leon said, "I'm not trying to give the impression that there's an easy way out. If one thing didn't work, you'd have to try something else. In a sense, you'd find yourself caught between two fires. You might do the wrong thing very easily. It would be touchy, to say the least."

"Judging from what little I've seen of her," Bébert remarked, "I'd say she's very strong-willed, and in a situation such as you were describing she might even grow dangerous. She's capable of anything. In fact, although I don't know whether you agree with this or not, it might not be a bad idea to leave her utterly alone, because she might not want to be disturbed. The more I think of it, in fact, the more I think that's the proper course to follow. People frequently wish to be left alone, especially if they don't happen to be feeling up to par. My cousin used to complain about his intestines, but then he'd get furious when I tried to help. It makes you wonder. You want to help people, but the first thing they do is turn right around and virtually bite your head off for trying to be of some assistance. It's happened to me more than once. On the whole, if a person isn't quite up to snuff, the best thing for them is to be left alone. No telephone calls or visitors. I sometimes lie down with a damp cloth over my forehead and rest for several hours without thinking about anything in the world. It restores your confidence."

"Well, anyhow," said Leon absently, "I don't think we ought to go up there. Besides, she's probably had enough excitement for one day."

"I agree one hundred percent! After all, we wouldn't want to be held responsible for complicating matters."

"That's rather a droll thought," Leon said, and began picking his teeth with a match.

"I see nothing droll about it," said Bébert crisply. "My father once told me about some man who met an old friend unexpectedly while he was out swimming, and suffered a heart attack then and there. He drowned right in the water! It goes to show, you can't tell how people are going to react."

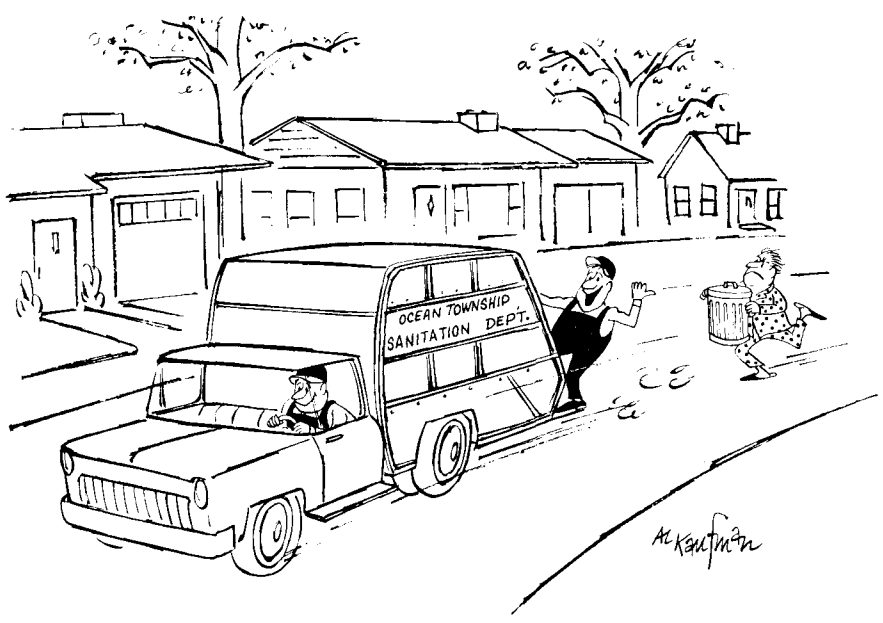
Leon had been examining the check while Bébert was talking. He opened his wallet and said, "As soon as I pay this, I think perhaps we ought to go back to the club and find out if there's any news. I can't get over a feeling that this whole business ought to be looked into."

"I agree with that wholeheartedly," said Bébert. "We'll gather some firsthand reports and see what's up. Incidentally, I notice it's stopped raining."

"I noticed," said Leon, unwrapping a cigar. "Well, then. So the matter's settled."

"Yes," Bébert said, "and to put it mildly, I feel relieved. I couldn't begin to tell you how much. Let's rush back to the club and find out what's what."

"That strikes me as a good idea," said Leon. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Speed it up, Joe—he's gaining on us."

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The author K. E. Sackett grew up in a region which he calls "the geometric center of nowhere"—remote north-central Wyoming. Yet, he is quick to add, he would not willingly live anywhere else. On both sides his family is pioneer stock; he can claim as relatives most of the old Wyoming families. He is a junior at the University of Wyoming, majoring in English. "A Full Day's Wages" is his first published story.

There's no finer thing than to do
a day's work and get paid for it—unless you
loathe yourself for doing it, of course.

A FULL DAY'S WAGES

By K. E. SACKETT

Young Bruce Pittman had shot a cop over in Allenville, and they had forty or fifty of us out in the hills looking for him. We were special deputies: a dollar an hour and bring your own gun. Ray Shipley and I were along.

The cops had set up sort of a command post way out in the hills at the intersection of 87 and 201, and they hauled us there in schoolbuses. There were state policemen all over the place when we got there, running around in their cowboy hats and Nazi boots, and about two generations of local cops. The local cops wear imitation Seventh Cavalry outfits; it makes them picturesque. One of the state troopers lined us up in rows and gave us a lecture, marching up and down with a little .30 carbine. Most state cops are all right, but this one had been seeing too many movies. He stuck out his chest and showed his teeth like a TV actor.

"All right, you men, now listen carefully. We're after a dangerous killer here, and you men aren't to take chances." All of us were standing there in our work clothes and denim jackets. We didn't look very daring. "You'll have to patrol singly, and you'll have to cover a wide area. Remember, men, you're temporarily officers of the law, and you're to conduct yourselves accordingly. I know you men have no special training in this work, but you're to use your common sense and your knowledge of the country. Remember"—he stopped marching and gave us that grim look—"you're not out poaching deer now. This kid is dangerous. He's already killed a police officer, and he may kill again. He'll stop at nothing. Nothing. All right." He took the magazine out of his carbine to see if it was loaded. Then he put it back in. Except that he didn't just push it in; he shoved it partway and then hit it with the heel of his hand, just like a Hollywood actor. He was worth paying money to see. "You're to be back at this checkpoint by dusk if you want a ride home. Cover your assigned areas thoroughly and conscientiously. Do a good job, that is. Any questions?"

"What do we do if we catch him?" somebody asked.

"Well, don't you worry about that," said the cop. He didn't seem to think it was very likely. "You just let us know where you've located him, and we'll take care of the rest."

"Well, what're we supposed to do? I mean, what if he shoots at us or something? Can we shoot back?"

"No," said the cop. "You men are to shoot only if you're told to. We don't think he's armed, anyway."

"Well, hell," said Ray. "If he hasn't got a gun I guess he ain't very dangerous."

"Don't you worry about that, mister," said the cop, like a sergeant in a war movie. "You just follow orders, and we'll handle the hard part. We're professionals. Any other questions? All right, go over to those vehicles and climb in." He pointed to a bunch of pickups and trucks that they'd hired. "Five men to a vehicle. They'll move out in two detachments along the highways. One of you will be dropped off every half mile. Five men to a vehicle. Move out."

We moved out, and Ray and I and three farmers climbed into the back of Milo Garrett's pickup. With Ray along there was hardly room enough for everybody; he's about six feet tall and God knows how much he weighs. He can lift the rear of a Model A with one hand in his pocket, the way you or I would pick up one end of a table. He had his Springfield and I had my brother's Krag.

"Now Ray," I said, "don't you take any chances. This kid is dangerous. He's killed a policeman, you know."

"I think he killed the wrong one," said Ray.

Milo Garrett came up, all smiles. "One, two, three, four, five. Just about a load, with you in there, young Shipley. H'm?" He looked at Ray, and Ray nodded and said that that was about right, Milo. Everybody was afraid of Milo Garrett. He ran the drugstore in our town. He was one of those fat guys with his belt yanked in so that his gut stuck out above and below. He walked along about ten miles an hour, and he had a big, long, wide, pink face with his hair slicked back, and he was always smiling all over. He had a good education, and he talked like an old-time radio announcer. And he'd hit you in the face as quick as look at you twice.

"Well, I guess we'll just have to drop you off first, young Shipley, and not overload the springs too long. And then you won't have so far to walk back tonight, h'm?"

"That's real thoughty of you, Milo," said Ray.

"Yes it is, yes it is. Well, is everybody ready? Guess you'll just have to be, because we're off." He climbed in the cab, and Ray and I and the three farmers got braced for the takeoff. Milo didn't drive like your maiden aunt.

"Old Milo sure gets a kick out of a posse," said one of the farmers.

"Why, hell, he closes down his store and takes off every time there's a murder anywhere in the state. Didn't you know that? Why, I thought everybody knew that, shoot."

"So he's a real fire-eater, is he?" I said.

"Yes sir," said the farmer. "Old Milo just loves these little huntin' parties."

"I wonder why."

"Oh, I dunno." The farmer gave it a minute's thought. "Maybe it's 'cause he's just bloodthirsty. Do you reckon?"

We were part of the column that took off down 87, and they dropped first Ray and then me. There's nothing in that country but hills and little valleys. The hills are bare, with here and there rimrock cropping out, and sagebrush and greasewood growing where the ground isn't too dry. In the valleys you generally run into pretty thick brush and trees, but now and then they widen out and sprout some grass, and make just about the nicest little parks you'd care to see. You can stand on top of a hill out in that country and look fifty miles in every direction without seeing anything man-made. Of course, you have to pick your hill.

The way it looked to me, if young Pittman wanted to hide out, there wasn't just a great deal we could do about it. But it wasn't my concern; let the cops worry about it, and no doubt they were. You can shoot poets and preachers and that's all right, but just let the air through a cop and all the cops in Christendom will be after your heart and liver.

I started walking, with my gun slung. It was a nice, warm, cloudy, dry day with no wind, and I had my good walking shoes on, and was getting paid for it to boot. I thought that after a while I'd drop off a couple of ridges and catch up with old Ray, and he and I'd strike off north looking for deer. This was in October, and we both had our licenses, and besides I had an idea Ray might have a pint in his coat pocket. Altogether, I didn't care if they never found Bruce Pittman.

So, naturally, I found him. I was climbing a big ridge, angling up toward the top to get a look around at the country, and moving along a big pockmarked sandstone outcrop looking for a way over it, when I passed the mouth of a fair-sized cave and somebody inside called, "Hey. Hey, Willy."

I jumped and almost reached for my gun, but didn't quite. It was just as well for me that I didn't. I looked in the cave and there was Bruce

Illustration by David Passalacqua

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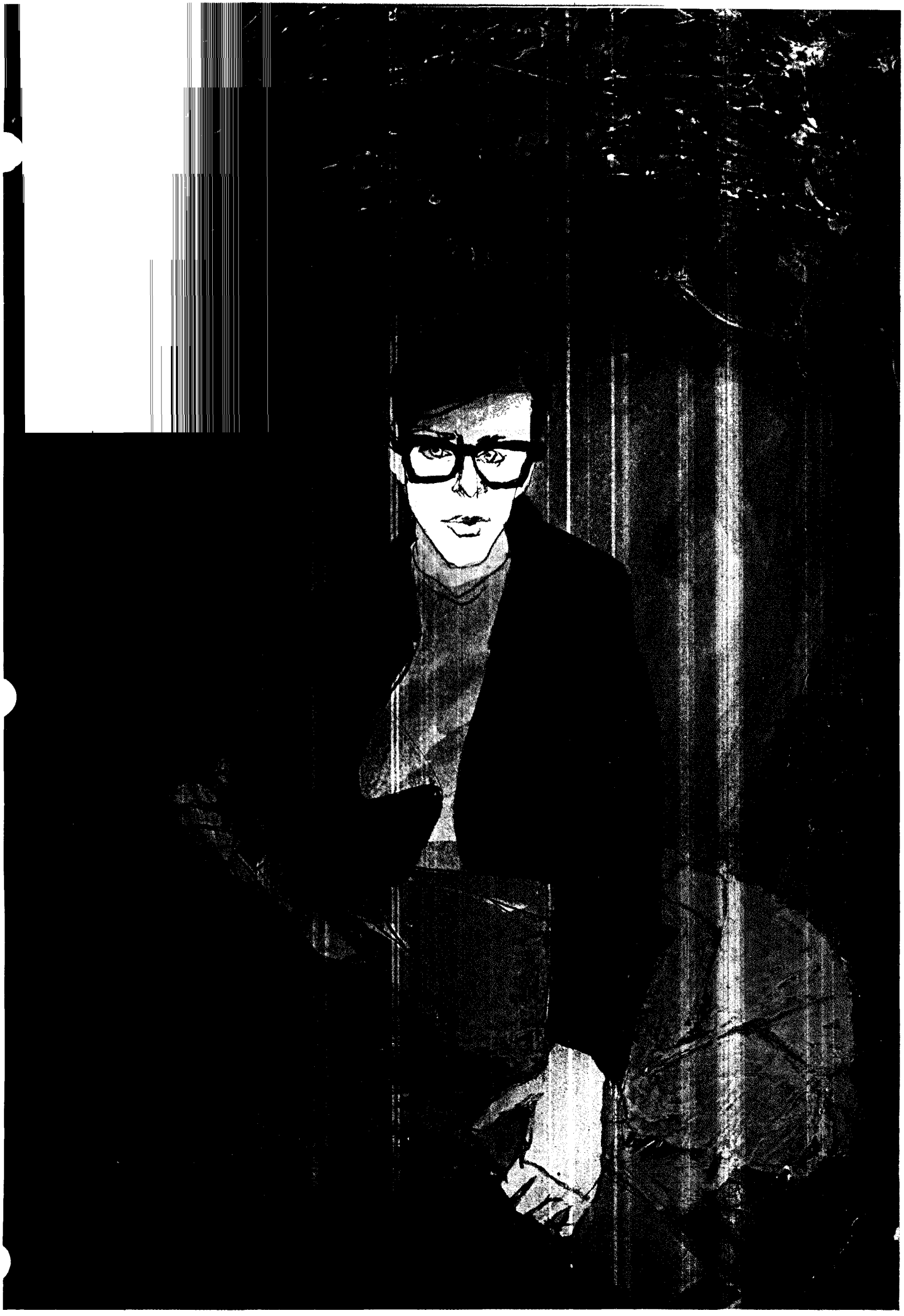

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A Full Day's Wages

Pittman sitting against the back wall with a .22 pump gun in his lap, looking scared.

He was only about eighteen years old, and short and skinny for his age. He had big glasses and a big nose and he was kind of washed-out-looking, and he was nobody you'd take very seriously. I didn't know him too well, but we'd gone to high school together, when he was a sophomore and I was a senior. He must have been glad to see somebody familiar.

"Hey, Willy," he said. "Where you goin'?"

"Hey, Bruce, hey, man, what the hell you doin'?" I said, coming into the cave. He didn't offer to cover me with his gun, and I didn't offer to put up my hands.

He said, "Boy, you sure give me a scare. I didn't know who the hell you were. Whatcha doin'? Are you huntin' or something?"

"Hell no, man, I'm lookin' for you."

"Huh? No kiddin'? Whatcha mean?" He sat up a bit and I squatted down in front of him. He had a coat over his legs and another one over his shoulders, but he still didn't look very warm. It was damp in that cave. "How is it that you're lookin' for me?"

"Why," I said, "a whole posse of us are. They stuck up a poster in the post office; it said they needed deputies to hunt for a fugitive from justice, and just about everybody grabbed a gun and started out. They pay us, so what the hell? It's easy work."

"Well, I'll be damned." The fugitive from justice sat up a bit more. He was just a kid; cops and robbers really got to him. "Did they give you a badge or anything?"

"No, they just had us sign this waiver, that if we got hurt the state wouldn't be responsible, and stuff like that. I just made sure it wouldn't cost me anything and signed it. I didn't read it."

"Well, I will be damned. How could you get hurt?"

"I guess they were afraid you'd shoot us."

"How many guys they got?"

"Oh, I guess about forty or forty-five."

"How many cops?"

"The cops aren't out in the hills. They drive up and down the roads in patrol cars, or else go for nice helicopter rides. Just us peasants out walkin'."

"Yeah. The s.o.b.'s."

"Hey," I said. "Did you really shoot that cop?"

"Sure I did. I didn't mean to or anything, I mean I'm sorry about it, but dammit I was mad. The s.o.b., what he did was, he saw me in the alley behind the nightclub, and I was tryin' to get in the car, and, and . . ." His voice was sounding a little unsteady, and he was waving his hands around. He must have wanted to tell somebody about it pretty bad; he'd probably been telling himself over and over since it happened.

"Take it easy," I said. "Whose car was this?"

"Rudy Banks'," he said. "Him and me were over there to the dance at the Decker Club, and we took his car. Anyhow, I was after my cigarettes, and the door was locked, but you can get that right-hand door open if you rattle it a little, and this damn cop came over and asked me if I was tryin' to break in, and I said no, and he said I was too, and I told him he was crazy. I'd of explained it to him, if he'd just give me a chance, but he just pulled out his gun and started to hit me with it and I grabbed it when he swung and then I don't know, I guess I just shot him. Boy, I was mad."

His throat cut up on him a couple of times, and then he was all right. I mean, he was completely all right. He was a tough one, Jack, don't think he wasn't. I could believe the part about grabbing the cop's gun too. Once when we were in high school the biology teacher took us on a field trip, and a bunch of us found a little rattlesnake. We all grabbed sticks and were holding it down and trying to get each other to reach down and pick it up. Bruce was there, and so was Ray Shipley; Ray was a little wild in those days. He got his stick under the snake's belly and heaved up with it, and our sticks went flying, and the snake went flying, and we went flying, trying to get out of the way, except for Bruce. He stepped in and picked the snake out of the air with one hand behind its head and another on its tail, and that's the way he carried it all the way back to the car, with the rest of us trotting along beside him, congratulating him and one another and the biology teacher and everybody else within hail. That cop just didn't know what he was getting into.

"Sure," I said. "There wasn't anything else you could do. It was self-defense. Hell, I bet if you went back ——"

"Oh no," he said. "Nothin' doin'. Boy, I'm not goin' back now. Never would have. If you kill a cop, that's it. They figure you'd never kill a cop unless you were up to something, and boy, they throw the book at you. I wouldn't have a chance. No sir." He looked pretty firm about it; he sure didn't look scared, anyhow.

"Well, yeah, but hey, man," I said. "I'm not tryin' to talk you into anything, but maybe if you went back they'd listen to you. If they have to catch you it'll look even worse."

"If they catch me, they can do what they like. Because I'm sure not goin' back."

"What're you gonna do?"

"Try to make it to Mexico."

"Fine, that's about a thousand miles, unless you can cut off a little of Texas."

"OK, I'll try for Canada."

"Great. That's only two hundred, except if you do make it you'll have the Mounties on your tail. These state cops are pretty simple-minded, but those Mounties ——"

"Might as well forget it, Willy," he said. "I'm not goin' back."

"Yeah, but ——"

"I'm not goin' back," he said. So I left it there.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Since the night it happened. What's today?"

"Friday."

"Well, I guess that's two days. I'm a little dizzy, I didn't eat any supper Wednesday night, and boy I'm hungry. You got anything to eat?"

"No. You got any water?"

"Yeah. I got my canteen from home. I walked home after it happened and got my gun and the canteen. I thought the cops'd be at the house by then, but they weren't. And then I walked out here and holed up. I bet I walked thirty miles that night." He heaved a sigh. "If that damn cop just hadn't swung on me, I'd of been all right. I didn't mean to kill him. Did he have a wife and kids?"

"I don't know. The paper didn't say he did, so I guess not. They usually tell you all about that kind of stuff."

"Yeah. They generally do." We didn't say anything else for a minute.

"When're you gonna make your break?" I asked.

"Tonight;" he said right away. He perked right up, and didn't seem to mind telling me about it. "When it gets good and dark, I'll drop down into the draw and follow it down to the river. I figure I'll follow the river down as far as Miles City, and then see if I can't hop a freight back south. If they trace me as far north as Miles, they sure won't look for me to head back again. They'll think I'm headed for Canada. I figure I'll take my time about it, too, down on the river. I can fish and shoot rabbits, and sort of work my way along. It won't be hard. I can siwash pretty good. There's plenty of trees along the river. That's a pretty good old river, you know. I always wished I could take a trip through that country. Looks like a pretty good chance now."

I didn't say anything. There he was, with the whole county turned out to hunt for him, and cops all over the place ready to shoot him, and him hungry for two days and nights, and Mexico a thousand miles away, and he sounded glad. Dear God.

"Well," I said finally, "I guess I better get to work lookin' for you. You think you'll be all right?"

"Sure," he said. "Hey, listen, you won't tell 'em where I'm at, will you?"

"No. Hell no, let 'em find you on their own hook."

"That'll take a lot of hookin', if I got anything to say."

"I'll see you around. Write me from Mexico."

"Hey, I'll do that. See you around."

"So long," I said, and went out the cave mouth and started down the hill.

About halfway to the draw at the bottom, I began to get itchy in the middle of the back. I was wondering if maybe Bruce wouldn't change his mind and drill me. As you might expect, he was a pretty good shot. He was getting to be too good a shot by the time I reached the bottom of the hill and dropped into the brush; but he must have trusted me.

Then I did a stupid thing. Instead of going on across country, I started back toward the highway. I guess I was thinking about Bruce up there in that wet cave by himself, and about getting a bullet in the back, and didn't keep my mind on what I was doing.

I topped the rise above the highway, and naturally there was Milo Garrett coming back with his pickup empty, watching the scenery as he drove. He saw me and stopped.

"What do you think you're doing?" he shouted up. "You wouldn't be just taking a little walk, now, would you?" He was smiling and looking pleasant. I just stood there.

"Suppose you come down here, young Ballard," he said after a minute. He got out of the pickup and I slid down the bank to the road.

"All right. All right, now just what are you up to, h'm?" he asked, sticking his face up next to mine.

"I lost my pocketknife on the road and I came back to look for it," I said.

"Why, of course you did. Of course you did. And now that you've found it, you'd better get started doing your duty. Now hadn't you?" He smiled and looked around as if he thought somebody might be watching. I think he was about to hit me, but then his mind started working and he gave me a suspicious look.

"What were you really after, boy? Eh?"

"Nothing."

"What did you find up there? Did you find that Pittman boy? Maybe that's what you found."

"No."

"Let's hike up there and see what you found. Shall we?" He moved up close again and smiled some more. He was a real little ray of sunshine. "Come on, young Ballard. Let's climb up the hill and look around." I started up, and he got his gun out of the pickup and followed me.

He stopped me at the top of the rise and stood there looking around. It was a couple of hundred yards to the ridge with the cave in it, but I knew that old Bruce could see us from there. I didn't like it.

"H'm," said Milo. "All right. Now just what made you turn around before you'd even started?"

"I told you, I lost ——"

"Yes, you told me all right. Now tell me the truth."

"I already have."

"You found him, didn't you? You found him and he ran you off, didn't he? Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, we have!"

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"Because it didn't happen."

"Didn't it now?" he said, still looking around. The outcrop with the caves in it caught his eye and he looked at it awhile; I could see the idea coming to him.

"So that's where he is," he said to himself. He took hold of my collar. "That's where he is, isn't he? H'm? He's in one of those caves, isn't he? And you're protecting him."

"No, dammit, I told you ——"

"What made you turn back toward the road?"

"Get your hands off me, Milo."

"In any case, you're in real trouble, my boy. Do you know that? H'm?"

My gun was slung and his wasn't. I didn't want to tackle him in any case. I hoped Bruce would see us and know enough to get out of there.

"All right, then," said Milo all of a sudden, and he turned around and started sliding down the incline to his pickup. I gawked a second, and then I started down behind him. What else could I do? Shoot him?

He stowed his gun in the cab and looked at me, with one hand on the door. I waited and he waited.

"Well," he said, "get in. Put your gun in the back."

I put my gun in the back of the pickup and got in, and he drove back up the road to where all the police cars were parked, and the cops milling around with walkie-talkies and sawed-off shotguns. There were a couple of helicopters taking off, and I saw a TV camera.

Milo pulled up beside one of the state cops. "Officer, I think I've found him."

The cop didn't look excited. "You *think* you've found him? Where?"

"In some caves down the road and back from it a few hundred yards. I feel sure he's in one of them ——"

"Just a minute." The cop said something you couldn't understand into his walkie-talkie, and it squawked back at him. He looked at his watch and gabbled something else, and turned back to Milo. "All right, now, where is this?"

"Down the road, about a mile. It's out of sight of the highway, some caves in a rocky hill. And I think that this boy here . . ."

The cop wasn't impressed with Milo. "Aren't you in the search party?" he asked me. "One of the deputies?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Do you think you've found him?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Think I should take a look?"

"Oh, well, I don't know, maybe you ——"

"Maybe, huh? Well, all right, we'll have a look. Hey, Irv!" he hollered over to one of the other cops. "These guys think they've found him. I'm going with 'em."

The other cop turned around, and it was the actor. "What's that? You've found him? You say you've found him?" He trotted up with his little carbine.

"These guys think they've spotted him in some caves down the road. I'm going down and take a look," said the other cop.

"Well, hadn't you better alert the patrol cars? We can't take any chances." The actor was getting excited. "And you'd better take some men along. That kid's dangerous, let me tell you."

"It's up to you, Irv," said the first cop. "I don't think it's necessary yet, but you're in charge."

"I'm sending a chopper," said the actor. "Wallace! Vector a helicopter down 87. Berry! Hrdlicka! Stevens! Get in your cars. You too, Wallace. You're all coming with me. We may have found him!" He was getting more and more important all the time.

He turned to Milo. "Are you the one that found him?"

"That's right," said Milo. "But listen ——"

"There's no time now," said the cop, like Superman. "Get in the back," he told the first one. "Give me the walkie-talkie. Move over, mister," he said to me. "Get going. The cars will follow you. The helicopter can't begin scouting till we're there to direct it. Wallace! Get on the net and alert all units to stand by. I'll relay the word to you if we locate him. Be ready to pull those deputies in, the ones that haven't scattered too far. Move out!" Those were his favorite words. Milo spun the pickup around and started off. Ahead of us I could see the helicopter flapping along. Bruce couldn't make a break for it now, unless they mistook him for a deputy.

The actor was giving orders over the walkie-talkie, and Milo couldn't break in, so I had that much more luck. We pulled up like Gangbusters at the spot where Milo'd caught me, and everybody piled out. I got my gun out of the pickup.

"All right, mister, lead off," said the actor to Milo. The helicopter was making a lot of noise overhead.

"Up this way," said Milo, and started up the incline. The other cops and I came along behind. We reached the top and the actor stood there with his feet wide apart,

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trying to give a hundred square miles of territory the eagle eye all at once.

"Over there, officer," said Milo, pointing over at the sandstone ridge. "He's in one of those caves, I feel sure of it."

"That's a lot of caves to look through," said one of the other cops.

"Well, we'll smoke him out anyway," said the actor. "Stevens ——"

"If he's in there."

"Don't interrupt! Stevens, you and Hrdlicka get your car up one of those little swales. Get it as close to the bottom of that hill as you can. Then get out and start up toward those caves. Keep your guns handy. If he's in there he's apt to shoot. I'll keep the chopper overhead to give you support. The rest of you spread out along this ridge. Don't take any chances. This kid is ——"

"Oh come on, Irv," said the cop we'd talked to in the first place. "We don't know if he's got a gun."

"Don't you worry, he has one, all right," said the actor. "Wallace! Get down to the other car and be ready to relay any signals." He turned back to the first cop. "Take these two off to one side, and find them some sagebrush to hide behind. They have rifles and they can cover those men down there. I'll stay here and coordinate movements. Move out!"

The first cop took Milo and me off to the left and had us lie down behind a rock. "Officer," said Milo, "I've been trying to tell you something."

"What is it?" asked the cop, watching the caves.

"God damn you, Milo," I started.

"This young fellow here was trying to protect that Pittman boy."

"Was he? Well, I don't blame him," said the cop. And the helicopter went by with a whap-whap-whap, right over our heads.

Down below, the two cops had got their car up to the foot of the ridge and stopped. We could see them getting out and moving up the slope. They weren't headed straight for the cave Bruce was in, but they were close enough. They moved along slowly with their guns out, walking maybe twenty feet apart. Bruce let them come.

"Mister, are you sure he's in there?" asked the cop.

"Yes, I'm sure," said Milo.

"How about that, buddy?" the cop asked me.

"No, he's not in there," I said. "I'm sure he isn't."

"You haven't heard the last of this," said Milo with a little smile.

The two cops were getting damn close. The actor had shut up a minute to watch them. The helicopter was hanging over their heads about a hundred feet off the ground.

Bruce's .22 went off from inside the cave, and the dust spurted up beside one of the cops. They both stopped and stared, and I thought I heard Bruce shouting something at them, but the helicopter was making too much noise. He fired again and dusted the other cop's shoes. They turned around and ran for their car, jumping ten or twelve feet at a time down the slope. As they reached the car, Bruce shot out the red light on top. They roared out of there a lot faster than they'd come.

"I told you he had a gun," yelled the actor. "Wallace! Alert the net! We've got him!" He started sliding down toward the road.

"Where'd he fire from?" asked the first cop. "Did either of you see the flash?"

"No, I didn't," said Milo. "But I think this boy can tell you right where he is."

"I didn't see anything," I said.

"Doesn't matter," said the cop. "We've got him now anyway."

And they did. The helicopter stayed overhead, probably with somebody in it with a tommy gun. The actor and old Wally-boy got on the radio and started calling squad cars. The other helicopter was buzzing around the hills, dipping down here and there, and rising again, herding the deputies back. One of the school buses showed up pretty soon, loaded with about half the posse, including Ray Shipley. He walked over to where I was standing with my teeth in my mouth.

"Hey, Willy, somebody said they got him."

"They haven't got him yet," I said.

"Where is he?"

"In a cave in the second ridge over."

"That big rocky ridge?"

"Yeah."

"Oh?" He kicked at a pebble. "I crossed that ridge about an hour ago. I was looking for you."

"Did you poke around any of the caves?"

"Yeah, I did," he said, and we gave each other a look and let it go at that.

Squad cars were piling up along the highway. The cops and the deputies were all over the place. They started sending men out along the swales and through the brush in the draw at the bottom of the ridge, and the helicopters stayed overhead. They sent two cars crawling back up the swale where the first one had gone, and Bruce didn't shoot. The whole operation was drawing in, getting tighter around the foot of the ridge. Nobody tried to go up the slope.

The county sheriff was there with a loud-hailer, and he grabbed a bunch of us loose deputies and trotted us around to where the two cars had stopped, about halfway up the swale. We had to crawl the last stretch, going along through the bushes and sagebrush, for fear Bruce would shoot at us. The actor was already there, and Milo Garrett, too, working overtime.

"Sheriff," said the actor, "have your men spread out behind the cars and be ready to shoot. I'm going to try to draw his fire."

"Wait a minute," said the sheriff. "Let's see if we can talk him down here."

"It's no use, sheriff," said the actor stoutly. "He won't be captured. He's already fired wildly at my men. There's only one way."

"Let's try it anyhow," said the sheriff.

"Very well, sheriff," said the actor. "Go ahead and try. But I don't think it'll do any good." To show how little good it would do, he took the magazine out of his carbine and put it back in again.

The sheriff stuck his head over the top of one of the cars and pointed the loud-hailer uphill. He was just an old dumb dry farmer before he got elected, and I don't think he knew quite what he was doing, but he put his face up to the mouthpiece and bellowed.

"Bruce, are you in there?" It sounded like the voice of God.

It was a safe bet Bruce was in there, but he didn't make a peep.

"I say, Bruce, Bruce Pittman, are you in there?" Not a sound.

"You see, sheriff?" said the actor. "He won't ——"

"Now you just wait a minute," said the sheriff, with his mouth at the loud-hailer, so that everybody within a mile heard him. "Bruce Pittman. If you're in there, come on out now." He waited a minute. "There's nothin' you can do. We've got cars and people and helicopters all around the hill. You're surrounded, so just come on ——" Bruce put a bullet through the spotlight of the car.

Everybody fell flat, even the actor. Then he got up on one knee to look more dignified, and said, "It's no good, sheriff. We can't reach him now." Yes, may I fry in hell if he didn't with his open mouth say, "It's no good, sheriff. We can't reach him now."

"Naw," said the sheriff, a little shakily. "He's just scared. He ——"

"That's just it, he's too frightened to think straight. He's even shooting blindly."

"Well Jesus," said the sheriff. "I sure hope he don't open his eyes."

"Officer," put in Milo Garrett, "I think I saw which hole he fired from. Shall I try to shoot into it?"

"You better stay down, Milo," said the sheriff.

"Wait a minute," said the actor. "Do you think you can hit that cave from here, mister?"

"I believe so," said Milo. "It's about five feet high."

"All right then. Try to kick up dirt near the mouth, to mark the location."

"Oh, I'll do better than that," said Milo.

"I'd be careful if I was you, Milo," said the sheriff. "Let me give him another toot with this megaphone."

"No, sheriff," said the actor. "The time for that's past. Go ahead, mister, try to smoke him out. By the way, what's your name?"

"My name's Milo Garrett," said Milo, smiling.

"Well, you're a good man, Garrett. All right, do your stuff."

Milo moved past where Ray and I were crouching down, trying to hide behind the same sagebrush. He didn't bother to glance at us. He slipped around to the front of one of the police cars, and took a peek over the hood. Nothing happened.

"If you can't get off a good shot, Milo, why don't even try," said the sheriff. "There's no need to ——"

"Don't worry," said Milo. "I intend to shoot at him all right." He laid his gun across the hood of the car to get a steady shot, and straightened up slowly to aim. Then he popped down again, quick like a bunny, but Bruce didn't shoot. He straightened up again and put his cheek to the stock, and ping! Bruce drilled him through the head. He fell over against the fender of the car and rolled onto the ground. His gun fell on top of him.

"All right," said the actor. "That's it. Get him."

Men started trotting out from the cover of the cars and the brush. Across the way we could see them stepping out of the brush in the draw. Ray and I stood up.

There were too many for Bruce to shoot at, so he didn't shoot at any. He came out of the cave mouth jumping over the rocks, and started to run for the crest of the ridge. He had to cut a long way around the sandstone outcrop, with about seventy men shooting at him; but he was out and running.

The sheriff swung the loud-hailer around in a circle, yelling, "Come on! Shoot! Get him!" The actor was trying to put down his walkie-talkie and unsling his carbine at the same time. All along the line now rifles were coming up and going off, and from the draw they were shooting too. Bullets were raising dust all over the hill, and Bruce was still running for the crest, going over the rocks and the brush. Everybody was shooting, whammo, whammo, whammo, and I remember seeing a cop step out between two cars with a Tommy gun to his shoulder, but with the bolt forward so that it couldn't fire, and him pulling and pulling on the trigger. I moved around in front of the squad cars to get a clear view. I brought the Krag up and found Bruce running along inside the rear sight. I got the front sight on him and then ahead of him, and then let go; you couldn't tell where your bullets were landing now, and I worked the bolt and led him again and fired, and worked the bolt on that old Krag, and fired again. Now the bullets were boiling the dust all around him, and he was shooting back at us across his chest as he ran, and he couldn't aim now, and I could see him pumping the slide on that little .22, and Ray was standing there, whanging away with his Springfield.

We got him just below the crest of the ridge. He fell over in the dust from the bullets and lay there with his gun under him. Everybody stopped shooting.

"Somebody get up there," said the actor, and three state cops started trotting up the hill with their guns out. There didn't seem to be a doctor around, but it didn't matter anyway.

I didn't feel too good. I put the Krag down on the ground and started looking around for my empties, but I couldn't seem to squat very well, so I sat down. Ray Shipley came up, red in the face and mad.

"God damn you," he yelled. "Why'd you shoot at him?"

"Why did *I*?" I said. "Why did *you*?"

"Goddammit, he wasn't *my* friend."

"He wasn't mine either."

"Oh hell no, he wasn't anybody's friend."

"Maybe he wasn't."

"OK, maybe he wasn't. Oh, I don't know what the hell ——" He walked away again.

They were covering up Milo with a sheet, and a bunch of cops were clustered around Bruce, up the hill. I didn't care.

The sheriff got busy with his loud-hailer and started getting everybody down to the highway. Both the school buses were there now, and a great raft of parked cars. A lot of people had showed up all of a sudden, and there was the TV camera. And finally an ambulance.

"Deputies over here," the sheriff was calling. "Deputies over here by the buses. These buses will take you home again. Deputies over here." It was getting crowded and noisy like a carnival. People were hurrying around doing things, and cars kept coming and going. Ray and I and the other deputies dragged over to the buses and stood around leaning on our guns as if we were ashamed. But what had we done?

"Don't worry," the sheriff told us. "You'll be paid for a full eight hours. Everything's gonna be all right. Come on, deputies over here. You'll be paid for eight hours. If the state doesn't pay you, I'll see to it the county does. Don't worry. You'll get your full day's wages. Deputies over here."

He kept telling us, over and over, about how we'd be paid for a full eight hours. But it didn't seem to do much good.

THE END

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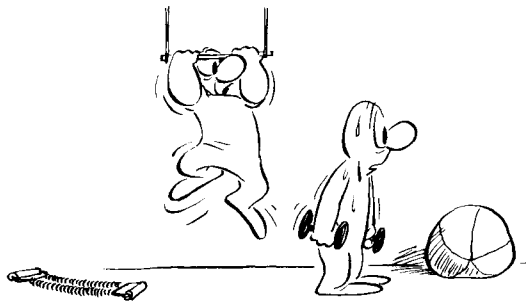

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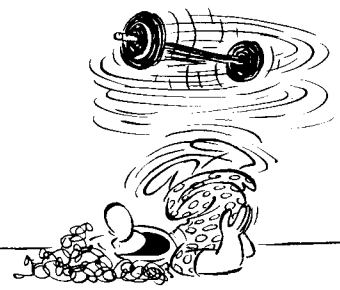

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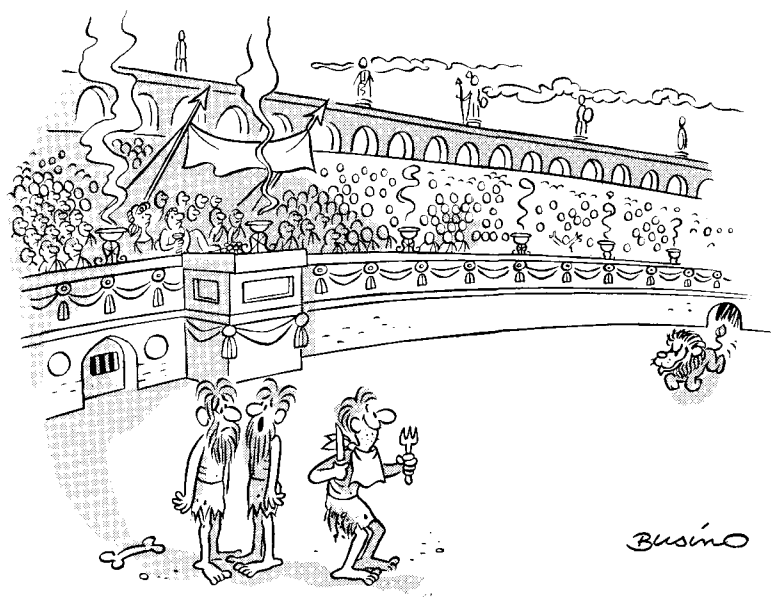
"He's never actually blown it, but the suspense is nerve-racking."



"Talk about confidence!"

"If you feel rotten, think how Tom Martin must feel—you took out his appendix last night."

"If it runs on gasoline, you get a ticket. If it runs on flashlight batteries, I phone your mommy."

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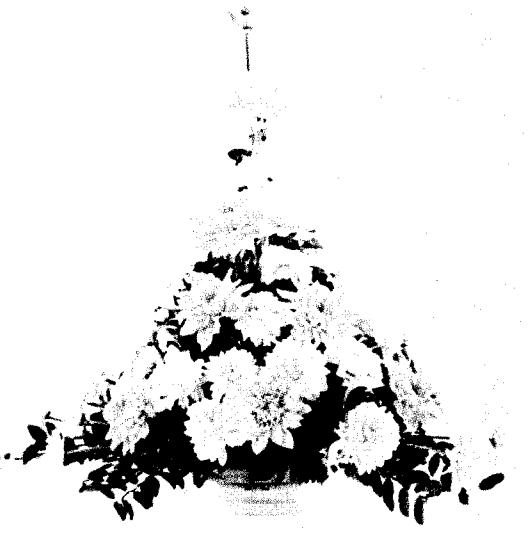
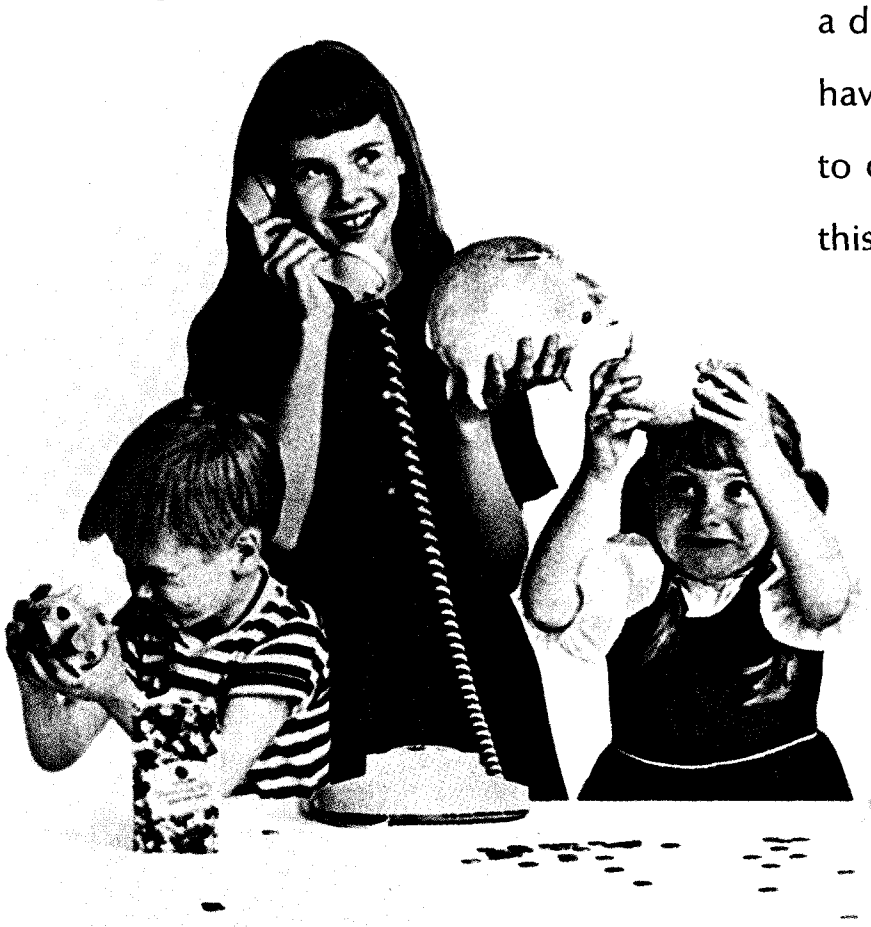
"...one C-5 bouquet for Mother's Day. $7.50? Do you take pennies?"

"...C-2 to my brother in New York. Write 'Happy Birthday, Li'... He's studying to be a doctor and won't have much time to celebrate this year."



"...LIKE, H-14."



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To pass time, Catherine sometimes strums guitar, sings folk tunes.

THE STARDOM AND BOREDOM OF CATHERINE SPAAK

Europe's big new film star has led a turbulent life both on- and offstage.

By Pete Hamill

One sweltering afternoon in a movie studio near Rome the comeliest member of one of the first families of Europe lay naked under a blanket in a room filled with men. Her maize-colored hair spilled across the silk pillows of a baroque bed, and she stared with dark brown mutinous eyes at the ornate ceiling above. Her name was Catherine Spaak, and she seemed bored.

Surrounding her was a group of studio technicians, her costars Bette Davis and Horst Buchholz, and a burly Italian director named Damiano Damiani. All were involved in filming Albert Moravia's novel of boredom, *The Empty Canvas.* Buchholz played a bored Roman painter, Miss Davis his bored mother, and Miss Spaak a bored model. Eventually, Damiani motioned to an assistant, the blanket was removed, and Miss Spaak's ivory-pale body was displayed on the scarlet brocade bedspread. Damiani and Buchholz began covering her with a thousand dollars' worth of 10,000-lire notes for a big scene with Buchholz. A still-photographer's flashbulbs blinked, and a lighting man poked an exposure meter near her face, but Miss Spaak continued staring blankly at the ceiling. "It was the most important scene of her career," said Damiani later, "in her first English-language picture, one that would either make or break her as an international star. And she was cold as ice."

Although she is only 19, Miss Spaak remains unmoved by the fabled pressures of moviemaking. A five-foot-eight, 110-pound package of precocious sophistication, she conducts herself with frosty self-assurance, even during scenes that call for the removal of her clothes. After all, she explains dryly, she *has* been disrobing for the cameras since she was 15, and after all, she continues, each of the lire notes *did* measure five inches by ten.

"That scene was part of the truth of the film," she says in her precise English. "If the film says I am to play a drunk, then I am a drunk. If I am to be without clothes, it is the same thing."

The daughter of top French screenwriter Charles Spaak (*Grand Illusion, Carnival in Flanders*) and the niece of Belgium's illustrious foreign minister, Paul-Henri Spaak, young Catherine has been pursuing her vision of celluloid truth for five years and 13 films. The vision, if somewhat limited, is at least consistent. In all but two of her films to date she has played a bored, fast-driving, free-loving, girl-woman who tumbles in and out of an assortment of movie beds. Her price per picture has escalated from nothing in a 1959 semidocumentary called *Winter* to about $250,000. Her leading men have progressed from the unknown runny-nosed teen-agers of her first films to Marcello Mastroianni. The critics have even begun to notice her, and thought she did a commendable job in the recently released *The Easy Life* with Vittorio Gassman. And to prove that she is a girl of at least two parts, she also sings—in a small, bored voice—and her phonograph records have sold over a million copies in France and Italy.

"She will be the biggest new star of the 1960's," says producer Joe Levine, with the hopeful assurance of a man who has gambled on her potential in *The Empty Canvas.* "This girl will be the Bardot of her generation. Ten years from now there will be girls billing themselves as the new Catherine Spaak."

Miss Spaak does have some things in common with Miss Bardot, in addition to uncombed flowing hair and an ingenious way with a bath towel (in *The Empty Canvas* Miss Spaak's entire wardrobe consists of two cotton dresses, two towels and the lire notes). Like Miss Bardot in the 1950's, she has been elected a Spokesman For Her Generation, a tabloid title that has resulted in a glut of publicity, which she does not resent, and a lack of privacy, which she does. It is a measure of her present celebrity that visitors to her apartment overlooking the Piazza del Popolo in Rome must step over the polished shoes of camera-toting *paparazzi,* the eternally vigilant photographers of the Eternal City, who have placed her under 24-hour surveillance. "There are days," she says somewhat glumly, "when I feel like a prisoner."

In self-defense, she has given up answering her unlisted telephone, sold her car, begun cooking her own food and sworn off attending premieres of her own or anyone else's films. When not working, she prefers to lounge about her five-room, high-ceilinged $250-a-month apartment reading Camus, Sartre and Salinger. Her principal interests are her year-old daughter Sabrina (who was named after a movie character played by Miss Spaak's favorite actress, Audrey Hepburn), and a brooding 29-year-old cameraman named Sante Achilli, whom she met during the filming of *The Empty Canvas.*

The price of stardom

"Right now the public is something I would rather not have to face," Miss Spaak says. "It is something a star cannot control, but then, without the public there is no such thing as a star. If one is to be a star, I suppose one must pay the price of being a star."

Among those who know her there is little doubt that Catherine Spaak is prepared to pay the price. Her sister, Agnes, a year older, and just breaking into films, said recently that "about her career, Catherine is as cold-blooded as a murderess. To help her career, she sometimes does and says thing that are very foolish." Catherine's reply to this is characteristic, indicating that she doesn't restrict her well-groomed fingernails to opening fan mail. "My sister," she said icily, "cannot act."

Catherine herself has no illusions about her own dramatic abilities. "I do what the director tells me to do," she says. "I'm best when that is spontaneous, natural. I doubt if I will ever be a great classical actress. But a star and a fine actress are not always the same. I have no desire to play Lady Macbeth. And who cares?"

Her estranged husband, 23-year-old Fabrizio Capucci, apparently does. Capucci is a small, frail young man with a heart-shaped face and the kind of features that teen-agers call "cute." His older brother and sister run a Rome-Paris high-fashion emporium called House of Capucci, and to get out of their shadow, he decided to become an actor. His main distinction on movie sets was that he occasionally was seen carrying a book, a fact that impressed Catherine when they met during the filming of *La Voglia Matta* in 1961. "He was also the only one in the cast who was not after her," said Luciano Salce, director of the film. "Just like a woman, and especially like Catherine Spaak, she went after him. Needless to say, she succeeded."

As recently as last December, when their 10-month marriage was evaporating, Capucci was insisting to the press that Catherine, with the proper scripts, could become a great actress. "Right now her head is filled with nonsense," he said. "She reads about Sophia and Brigitte and about becoming a star. When we met, she talked seriously about the future. Now she has changed."

According to Catherine, she hasn't changed at all. She has wanted to be a performer since she was a child in Paris, where she was born April 4, 1945. "At first I wanted to be a ballerina," she remembers. "I studied until I was ten years old, and then I grew too tall. After that I went to a boarding school outside of Paris, and it was kind of a . . . well, a Salinger kind of existence. I didn't run away from school or anything like that. But I was lonely."

About that summer Miss Spaak remembers two things, one of which had a profound effect on her future. She met

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Miss Spaak, niece of Belgian foreign minister, *bares her back for the film "Sweet Deceptions." She has been disrobing for cameras since she was 15.*

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"For the first time, I'm looking inside myself."

Catherine Spaak

her statesman-uncle, Paul-Henri Spaak for the first and last time. "I was in the bathtub, and my mother and father pushed him into the bathroom to put him on the scale, because he was a big fat man. They were all laughing." At the invitation of her father, she also made her first visit to a movie set where she saw Gina Lollobrigida. "I remember how regal Gina looked," Catherine says. "I didn't think much about the other actresses I had met at home. But when I saw Gina that day, I decided to be an actress. Just like that. I told my girl friends, and they made fun of me: They would ask for my autograph and laugh. But I would say to myself, 'Someday that autograph will be worth money.'"

When Catherine Spaak finally stepped before a camera for the first time, in the summer of 1959, she brought with her a combination of poise and iron ambition that she has not lost to this day. She auditioned for a bit part in Jacques Gauthier's *Winter*, got it, and followed up with another bit in a film called *The Hole*, in which she played the girl friend of a prisoner. Her scene lasted only 30 seconds, but it caught the eye of a Paris TV reporter, who arranged an interview.

Sophia Loren saw the TV interview, was impressed by the girl's youthful sensuality, and telephoned her husband, Carlo Ponti, in Rome. Producer Ponti was looking for just such a girl for a role in Alberto Lattuada's *The Adolescents*. "But when Sophia told me the girl's name, I was astonished," Ponti remembers. "I had known Charlie Spaak for many years, but did not know that his little Cathy was an actress.

After that she was on her way. She studied acting for a few months in Paris, appeared in her first nude scene in a since-forgotten film, and watched her growing career cause bitter arguments between her parents, whose 20-year marriage was crumbling.

"Her father felt that he knew the film business," says one friend of the Spaaks. "He felt that he knew it could destroy her if she moved into it too soon, too young. He wanted her to finish school. Her mother did too, but she was too concerned with being a modern mother, with being Catherine's 'chum,' to stop her."

In 1960 Catherine's parents told her they were being divorced. "At the end of summer I just said good-bye," she remembers. "I didn't want to stay any longer in Paris. I wanted to be in the movies, so I packed and left for Rome alone. And then, with an untypical show of emotion, she adds, "I was fifteen. Fifteen. I didn't know the language, and for the first few months I never talked to anyone. It was lonely, yes. But I was used to that by then."

Her first picture after moving to Rome was *La Voglia Matta*, in which she played, as she would again, a fast-driving playgirl. It caused an unexpected sensation when it appeared in 1961, and when Miss Spaak found herself a sudden celebrity, she played the off-screen role to the hilt. She asked permission to marry Capucci, but her father refused. Then, toward the end of 1962, she announced she would marry Capucci, and finally received her father's reluctant consent. In February, 1963, the young lovers were married, and the only member of Catherine's family to attend the ceremony was her sister Agnes. Two months later Sabrina was born, and eight after that, the marriage was over.

"It had to happen," said one acquaintance. "They were two spoiled children who got married the way some people order Cognac."

The breakup last December was as well-chronicled as their courtship. After months of bickering, Catherine left their home in Rome, took her daughter with her, and boarded the first train for Paris. Capucci called the *carabinieri*, accused his wife of kidnapping their daughter, and had her stopped at the Swiss border. She returned in a blizzard of headlines, flanked by two somewhat amused detectives. After a noisy court fight, Catherine was awarded custody of Sabrina until the child is two, when the case will be reviewed. Catherine speaks of the brief marriage today as if she were discussing a scenario. "When I met him, he was a young boy, somebody to play games with. But I thought he would grow up after we were married. He didn't and I did, and I stopped loving him." Capucci has apparently taken it harder. He has announced his imminent debut as a director, hoping that work will help him forget, and he has begun writing poems. One of them begins, "You have destroyed my love, two dreams, two lives. . . ." The Rome *Daily American* reported in March that someone was setting it to music.

Whatever the turbulence of Catherine's personal life, her career is running in high gear. She would like to follow in Sophia Loren's path, building herself as a personality and then jumping to more serious dramatic roles as Miss Loren did in *Two Women*. "If I concentrate," she says earnestly, "I think I can do that."

Discussing her off-screen life, Catherine talks with the same airy confidence. "I don't think I will be married for a long, long time," she said. "I prefer my freedom. And anyway, there is no divorce in Italy. I could be divorced in France, of course, but then I could not return to Italy, because they would charge me with bigamy. The only problem," she adds with a dry laugh, "is that I would like to have many babies—all kinds.

"But I have learned many things in this past year. About life. About love. About myself. For the first time in my life, I'm looking inside myself.

"Maybe this is what they mean when they say the word 'maturity.'" She took a drag from her cigarette and looked bored. "But I know now that all this—life—is not a simple thing." THE END

In "The Empty Canvas" Buchholz, encouraged by studio crew, covers Catherine's body with money. "I have no desire to play Lady Macbeth," she says.

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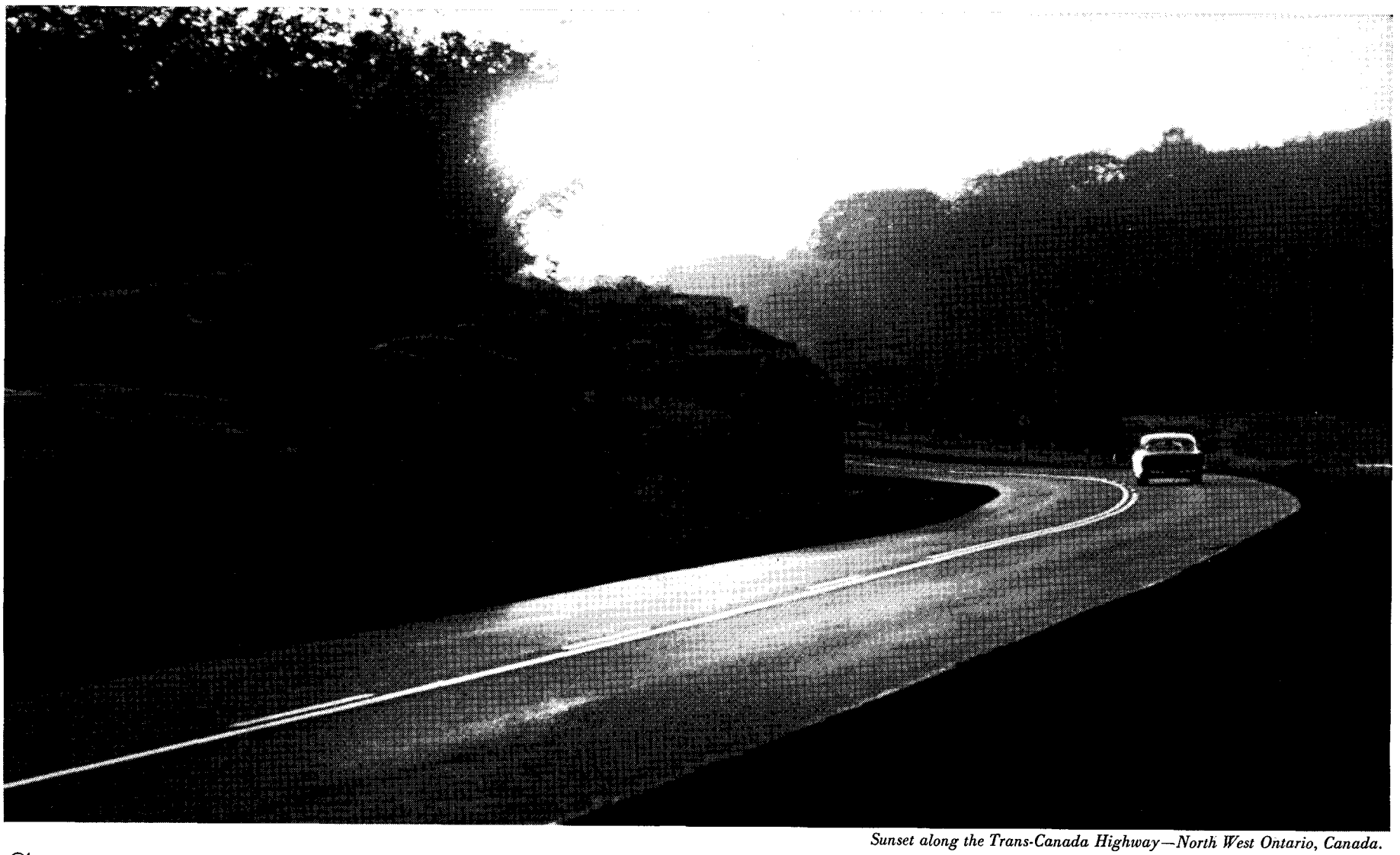

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A Communist at the White House

Assigned to the U. S. by an Iron Curtain newspaper, this Polish reporter finds himself defending the Washington Government to its own citizens.

By ZYGMUNT BRONIAREK

What is it like to be a Communist reporter covering the White House? My almost four years in the nation's capital give this answer: It is exciting, challenging and puzzling.

Exciting, because this is, I think, the only country in the world where you can eat barbecued spareribs with the President at his ranch—and have Texas beer too. Challenging, because you are permanently in the midst of international political drama. Puzzling, because you find yourself not so much in the role of a passive recorder of events as in that of a recent arrival from a different planet. You cannot avoid questions about what "your" side thinks of Berlin, how Mr. Khrushchev will react to a U.S. move in South Vietnam, and why lightning struck the "hot line" in Finland.

In Washington my only limitations in getting news or getting at news have been the physical stamina of my legs and the energy, the driving spirit and the sky-high ambitions of the Metropolitan Police to give me a parking ticket at any price—usually a price of five dollars. My only trouble was what I regard as a deliberate attempt on the part of the Administration and the Congress to bury me under an avalanche of information—all neatly printed, packaged and delivered.

My story began in November, 1960, in the headquarters of the Secret Service, where I was fingerprinted and photographed (with an East German camera!)—a preliminary step to issuing my White House news pass as correspondent of the Warsaw newspaper, *Trybuna Ludu*. From the day I was sitting there in the old Executive Office Building on Pennsylvania Avenue, I remember an experience that haunts me unmercifully: the sight of the photograph of Leon Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley. I wondered then why, of all men, a compatriot of mine should have killed such a nondescript American President; I have always taken special pride in being a national of a country with more sophisticated tastes in political assassinations. How tragic those words sound now! Three years later I was standing on the lawn of the Arlington Cemetery rubbing the tears from my eyes and mourning a man who meant so much to all thinking and feeling people all over the world.

My White House news-pass number, 7361, with a fancy color photograph, has always been to me the symbol of fairness and equality with which the White House treats its reporters—whatever papers they represent and whatever country they come from. When I was assigned to Paris, I had a special press card different from the one French reporters had, and it was renewed every three months by a man who remembered all the names of all the reporters since Napoleon's return from Russia. Here in Washington my pass is of the same size and color as that of a Chalmers Roberts of the Washington *Post* or a Dick Reston of the Los Angeles *Times*. I travel on the same press plane (for the same money), drink the same Scotch and soda (fixed by the same bartender) and live in the same Driskill Hotel (in the same Austin, Tex.). Sometimes I even get special treatment. When in 1961 I accompanied Chancellor Konrad Adenauer on his trip to the LBJ ranch, I was the only one to get free passage in the airplane of the then Vice President of the United States.

This equality of treatment I found all over the country. The only thing a foreign correspondent has to have to be treated equally well (or equally badly) as an American reporter is a good American accent or a reasonable imitation thereof.

But sometimes the White House news pass can involve a Communist reporter in amusing circumstances. In February, 1962, a debate was raging in the United Nations on the Katanga issue, and most of the delegates, including Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, were denouncing the separation of this province from the Congo, assuring the world that they recognized only the government seated in Léopoldville. But word had it that a Katanga Information Service with semi-consular functions was operating at a Fifth Avenue office in New York.

When I entered the premises I was struck by two elements: Congolese black wood carvings of great beauty and a Filipino receptionist with the same characteristics. She turned out to be a perfect

◀ *Through White House grounds, Zygmunt Broniarek covers his appointed beat.*

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Jotting notes at ***right elbow*** *of George Reedy, President Johnson's* ***press secretary****, Broniarek is, for the moment* ***at least****, the man closest to the official White House news source.*

hostess and, seeing my White House pass, she readily told me that many businessmen were coming to the office for guidance on new business starts in Katanga.

"Where do they get visas?" I asked.

"Why, here, of course."

"Who is the boss?"

"Mr. Michel Struelens."

"Is he a Belgian?"

"Sure."

"Why don't you use a Katangese?"

"They are not ready yet."

"How do you have this office if the United States doesn't recognize Katanga?"

"Sir [*pleadingly*], is it not better to recognize Katanga than let it slip into Communist hands?"

And: "Mr. Struelens would like very much to see the President and Bobby Kennedy. Since you are with the White House, do you think you could help?"

At this, I could not force myself to tell the poor thing who I was; she would be horrified to have asked a Communist to be an intermediary between her boss and the President of the United States.

But once in a while I felt as if I *did* represent the White House.

Traveling over the country, I found out that many people, in small towns and in the South particularly, treated me as "belonging among those people in Washington." Whatever my protestations that I was a foreigner, I would be burdened with all the "sins" of the Administration. Mr. Kennedy would be "my" Kennedy; Mr. Rusk (if they knew his name) would be "my" Rusk; Mr. Stevenson (they would know *his* name all right) would be "mine." When I tried to convince Stevenson's critics that *we* criticize him for reasons opposite to theirs—for being too hard, too rigid, too much of a representative of the American imperialism—they would not understand. A man I talked to in Kosciuszko, Miss., became very irritated at what he thought was the "usual" Communist arrogance. "Is it not enough for you?" he asked. "He is practically your man!" And, believe me or not, I once came across a gentleman who thought my criticism of Mr. Stevenson was a ruse—"in order to sell him to the American people." I did not tell him I wished we had that much influence.

But influence I once had.

How to save a voter

I met a banker in Whitesburg, Ky., who generously helped me out when I smashed my car on the snow-covered and precipitous state Route 15. He asked me with genuine concern whether what Allen Drury described in his *Advise and Consent*—the "scandalous" and "sexy" side of the official Washington—was indeed true. When I reassured him that the book was fiction, he seemed relieved and told me, "If it were true I would never cast my ballot again for those people—Republicans or Democrats alike." I hope it will be noted that I have saved at least one vote of an American citizen.

In Washington, the most interesting moments for me have been the presidential press conferences, but they have also been the most frustrating. To pierce through the barrage of questions almost exclusively dominated by the solons of the Washington press corps, I have had to half sit, half stand—for otherwise it was impossible to jump up quickly enough. My legs ached from constant leaning, my right arm ached from reaching up. I came to a conclusion that a foreign reporter—in order to get through—must possess two groups of opposing qualities: aggressiveness and even impudence *before* he gets recognized, and tact and moderation afterward; for, obviously, he cannot ask the President—as American reporters do—why the Secretary of the Navy could use his official yacht for business purposes or what was the relationship between high Democratic officials and Billie Sol Estes.

President Kennedy was so fair to his questioners that one of his answers to me caused a minor earthquake. In response to my query about the Rapacki plan—a Polish proposal to create a nuclear-free zone in Central Europe—Mr. Kennedy said that the matter should be studied both in Washington and in Geneva. This was, in a way, contrary to the official American position, which amounted to a flat rejection. Three weeks later, a State Department spokesman came out with a declaration that the plan had *already* been considered and the judgment was that there was very little to it.

The brilliance and the wit of Mr. Kennedy, his quick answers and self-ironical quips, his occasional references to the constant source of American humor—the TV commercials—made press conferences a pleasure as well as a tense ordeal. To say that he had a sense of humor would be an understatement; his humor was both spontaneous and professional, and he had that wonderful quality of coming to a point while divulging only those elements that were absolutely necessary to build up a feeling of suspense.

The sense of humor is an overall characteristic of this Administration. When Sarah McClendon of the Texas newspapers asks Secretary McNamara how it is to work with President Johnson, he answers, "It is exhausting." When another reporter asks Housing Administrator Robert Weaver why he shaved off his moustache he says, "That is part of President Johnson's program to get rid of nonessentials." And when I want to remind Mr. Stevenson that long, long ago, as a freshman reporter, I asked him a question and he gave me the answer, he snaps dryly, "I usually do."

But the life of a Communist reporter assigned to the United States is not all roses. The shadowy and sometimes very painful side of it is a degree of anti-Communism which I find excessive by any standards; what is more surprising is the latent fear of so many people—so long after McCarthy's era—to be identified with anything that remotely smacks of Communism. Such is on the whole *not* the situation in Washington, where political horizons are wider and open-mindedness often prevails. But the farther away from the metropolis I have gone, the more of this fear—and hate—I encountered. A man in Alabama—he was drunk, to be sure—threw it in my face that he would be happy to see me and everybody like me in the grave. A man in Sag Harbor, Long Island, where I tried, unsuccessfully, to interview John Steinbeck, practically showed me the door, exclaiming he did not want to have anything to do with a Communist, "particularly on Sunday." Even in Washington, at the Capitol, a senator told me summarily not to frequent his office, because any article of mine about him might ruin his pet plan.

The people it is easiest to deal with are those who have confidence in the American system and in their own intelligence; they do not fear to be "taken in" every time they talk to a Communist. There are those also like the young and charming lady who, when hearing who I was, said with genuine compassion, "A Communist? Oh, how unfortunate!" THE END

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A MEDICAL DETECTIVE STORY BEGINS EVERY TIME A PATIENT ASKS:

"DOCTOR, WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?"

BY EVAN HILL

The pain pushed relentlessly through Walter Stanley's restless sleep. He gasped softly in the dark, then slid out of bed and padded barefoot to the bathroom, quietly, so he would not wake his wife. He swallowed some aspirin and sat on the edge of the tub. His heart pounded; he breathed heavily. He was frightened.

Now the aspirin seemed to work, and he relaxed a little. He went back to bed. Then the pain returned. He propped his pillow against the headboard and lay there, almost sitting up. The pain ebbed, and soon he fell asleep.

The next day Walter Stanley, a middle-aged Vermont farmer, went to the nearby Mary Hitchcock Hospital clinic in Hanover, N.H., one of northern New England's finest diagnostic centers. Stanley—that's not his real name—was seen by Dr. F. Corbin Moister, an internist. In the beginning all Doctor Moister had to go on was Stanley's appearance—"pale, gasping, perspiring"—and his two words of complaint: chest pain.

To a physician, chest pain can mean many things: muscle strain, fracture, stomach ulcer, emotional distress, heart attack. Gently Doctor Moister questioned Stanley. The pain, the farmer said, was in the front of his chest. It came when he hefted the milk cans or climbed to the barn loft. It was then that he felt pressure in his chest, and he sweated, and Molly, his wife, said he looked kind of pale. She said he should get a checkup and—well, here he was. He looked at Doctor Moister, waiting.

As Walter Stanley answered questions about weight loss, fatigue, constipation, headaches, Doctor Moister tentatively eliminated gout, neuritis, gallstones. So far, the facts suggested angina pectoris, a heart disease caused by lack of oxygen in the heart muscle.

Doctor Moister next focused questions on the night pains. What relieved them? Well, Stanley said, take last night. He'd swallowed some aspirin and sat up for a while. It helped some, and he finally went to sleep propped up.

This *could* be angina, but had Stanley washed the aspirin down with water? Sure, Stanley said; he remembered the water was warm. Did the water and the aspirin help? Well, something had. When had the pain returned? Right after he lay down. The doctor's thoughts swung away from angina. By now he was examining the farmer's hard-muscled body. Stanley's heart was normal. "Tomorrow we'll make some tests to be sure," he told his patient. "But I think I've found your trouble." Next day X rays and an electrocardiogram confirmed the accuracy of Doctor Moister's deduction. Walter Stanley's trouble was a small rip in the diaphragm. Exertion or lying down caused a small bit of his stomach to work through this hole and press against his esophagus. This produced chest pain and other symptoms indicative of heart trouble. When Stanley relaxed or drank warm water or sat down, the pinched part of his stomach would withdraw from the hole and end the pain. Stanley had a diaphragmatic, or hiatus, hernia. Doctor Moister could not see or feel it or hear it with his stethoscope. But he sensed it was there from the clues Stanley had given him. And he was able to repair it by opening the abdomen and taking a few stitches in the diaphragm.

To men like Walter Stanley, and to most of us, diagnosis such as this seems magical. The doctor asks seemingly unrelated questions, thumps the patient, probes him, feels him, listens to him, and then gives a name to what ails him. But magic has no part in this process. It is compounded of first-class training, experience, long hours with the medical texts and journals, a good memory, and the kind of observing skills that can shift instantly from a wide-angle peripheral vision to a microscopic close-up on the significant detail. Finding out what is wrong with the patient is fundamental to medicine. It is a kind of detective work, and it is often a life-and-death matter. It is also far more complicated than many people realize.

All of the nation's 270,000 practicing physicians are involved in diagnosis. But most of it is done by about 70,000 general practitioners on the front line of medicine, by 30,000 internists, the specialists in internal medicine, and by the pediatricians. All receive help from time to time from pathologists and radiologists, and they solve thousands of medical mysteries every day.

As in the search for Walter Stanley's chest pain, the diagnostic process has three steps: interview, examination, laboratory tests. Perhaps as much as 80 percent of the diagnosis is done in the interview. Dr. Joseph W. Gardella, associate dean at Harvard Medical School, says, "If I don't have some idea of what's wrong with the patient before I begin the physical examination, I haven't done a good job of interviewing." Dr. Hibbard Williams, chief medical resident at the world-famous Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, points out, "You rule out most diseases in the interview; fewer in the physical and even less with laboratory tests."

All of this makes diagnosis sound simple. It is not; it's incredibly complex. Dr. John Knowles, general director of Massachusetts General, discussed a typical problem. "A middle-aged man complains of not feeling well. He has lost weight and he's tired, he breaks into sweats, his heart pounds, he belches, he has headaches. The clues to his illness point in a multitude of directions. His fatigue and weight loss might be caused by Addison's disease. His heart pounding added to these symptoms might indicate hyperthyroidism; the weight loss and his belching may stem from stomach cancer or a peptic ulcer. On the other hand, sweating combined with weight loss could be symptoms of occult (hidden) infection; or if the headache has bothered him for some time, he might have a brain tumor."

How does the doctor's mind work as he sorts out so many clues? Doctor Williams compares the diagnosing mind to the flashing lights of an electronic computer.

"As you gather information, lights blink on and off in your brain. Perhaps fifteen lights flash on when a man mentions back pain, and each light indicates a possible cause. As he tells me precisely where it is, how long he's had it and when it started, some lights go off; others come on. Soon there are perhaps only five lights glowing, and one is burning more brightly than the others."

A "sea gull murmur"

Say you have a cough. This can mean a weakened blood vessel, bronchitis, diphtheria, pulmonary tuberculosis, laryngitis, pleurisy, pneumonia, whooping cough, irritation of the middle ear, or simply a common cold.

When a doctor listens to your chest through his stethoscope, he might hear shrill, high-pitched musical sounds—a "sea gull murmur"—and suspect tiny bits of calcium interfering with a heart valve. The rumbling-roaring sound called a "humming-top murmur" makes him consider congenital heart deformity. A pulse that rebounds—the so-called "steel-hammer pulse"—can indicate rheumatic heart disease. The water-hammer pulse, sometimes visible in your neck arteries, could be caused by failing heart valves.

With so many possibilities, it seems surprising that accurate diagnosis ever is made. Yet physicians are remarkably adept at pinpointing human illness. Almost universally they say the secret is diligence. They take for granted the immense amount of scientific knowledge that must be crammed into their brains. They point out that the day of the magical master diagnostician is gone, eclipsed by scientific teamwork. At the Mary Hitchcock clinic Dr. Sven Gundersen, himself one of the nation's best diagnosticians, declares simply, "Good diagnosis takes time, some natural talent, much experience and lots of sweat."

This is not to denigrate modern apparatus. No doctor would make a final diagnosis of heart disease without taking an electrocardiogram, or diagnose a case of epilepsy without an electroencephalogram. And only a biopsy can produce a definite proof of cancer. Indeed, more and more patients are now demanding more and more laboratory tests, apparently feeling that the machine is superior to the human brain.

However, there is danger in this. "Doctors have to fight the trend to depend on machines," says Dr. James B. Dealy Jr., radiologist-in-chief at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. "The X ray is the single most useful and commonly used diagnostic tool in medicine, but it is merely an extension of the physical examination. It is only as good as the man who looks at the film." Dr. Samuel Levine, Brigham's world-famous heart specialist, warns that "we cannot get along without the laboratory and machine, but we need not sacrifice the history-taking and the physical exam."

Coming up with the right diagnosis can also depend on both a superb memory for details and genuine imagination. Once the Hanover physician, Doctor Moister, received a telephone call from a family doctor in a nearby New Hampshire town. The G.P. had a woman patient with severe and recurrent intestinal blockage. Several times she had been hospitalized and prepared for exploratory surgery, but each time the blockage cleared before surgery, and she had been sent home. Now she had the trouble again. Would Doctor Moister see them?

"Them?" Doctor Moister asked. "Who's them?"

The woman and her husband, the G.P. answered. Her husband had exactly the same problem. To Doctor Moister this was medically intriguing. What was the common factor that gave them identical problems? How and where did they live, where did they work? Doctor Moister pumped the baffled family doctor. His patients were mild, placid country people, living in a 150-year-old farmhouse, a commonplace in those parts. But a diagnostic bulb began to flicker in Doctor Moister's brain.

"Have you seen their house?" Doctor Moister asked. The family doctor had.

"Do they have a well?"

"Of course," the family doctor said. "They live outside the village."

"Running water in the house?"

"Naturally," the family doctor said, now somewhat impatient.

"Do you know when it was put in?"

The family doctor snorted, but then he said slowly, "Ohhhh. I'll find out and I'll call you back."

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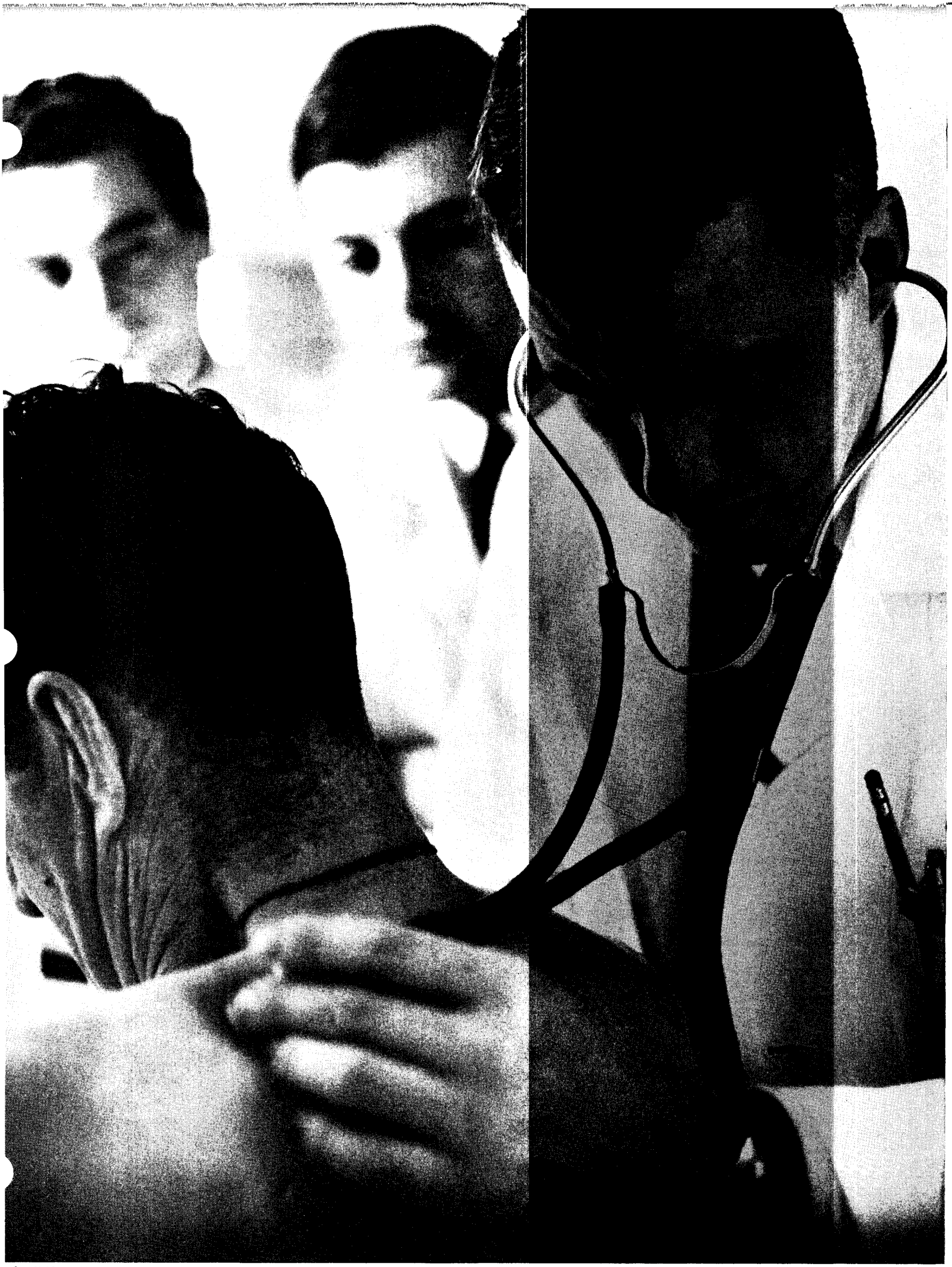

Dr. Hibbard Williams examines longshoreman at Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital. "As ***you gather information," the doctor says, "lights blink on*** *and off in your brain."*

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Half an hour later the G.P. was back on the telephone. "You're right," he said. "They had lead pipe from the well to the house, and a lead-lined storage tank. They were always going to have it changed, but didn't think it made much difference."

Doctor Moister had remembered that many 19th-century Yankees used lead waterpipe underground because it never rusted. He had thus found the cause of the intestinal blockages—chronic lead poisoning. It was cured with medication.

The clues to disease are like stray dogs and cats, likely to appear almost anywhere and in the strangest conditions. Once a stately, Cape Cod dowager appealed for help to Dr. Earle M. Chapman, a Boston internist. She had always been healthy and active, gardening, bird watching, walking the beaches. But for the past week she'd felt exhausted. She had fever and chills, severe headaches and muscular pain. He checked her thoroughly and found no significant clues. He wrote F.U.O. (fever of undetermined origin) on her chart and hospitalized her.

He suspected virus pneumonia, infectious hepatitis, enteric fever, pyelonephritis, subacute endocarditis or a rickettsial disease. It was none of these. Back he went through her history, but she led such a routine life that nothing was much different from last year or the year before, when she had been healthy. She didn't even exercise differently, she said. Walking, some mild spading, no heavy lifting, and occasionally climbing a ladder to brush out the bird feeder.

"*Brush* out?" Doctor Chapman asked.

"Yes, with a whisk broom," she said. She was especially delighted with a family of purple finches that regularly dined at her feeder. Yet she had found one dead that summer, and a dead catbird and a robin too.

"Did you touch any of the birds?" Doctor Chapman asked. She had not. But Doctor Chapman ordered laboratory tests of her sputum. They revealed psittacosis, or parrot fever, and confirmed Doctor Chapman's suspicions that she had become infected when she had brushed bird droppings toward herself with her whisk broom.

Occasionally the diagnosis can be too easy—and wrong. A 50-year-old woman came to her doctor complaining that she tired easily. She was what some doctors call a "tea-and-toast female," who in her fight with middle-aged spread simply didn't eat enough. After a quick history-taking and an even more rapid physical examination—tongue, blood pressure, heart, temperature—the doctor confirmed his suspicions with a simple hemoglobin test of her blood, done in his office.

"You are anemic," he told his patient, following this pronouncement with a lecture on balanced diet and a prescription for a blood-building compound to be taken by mouth. The patient's recovery was swift, remarkable and dramatic. She was delighted with her doctor's wizardry.

But two years later she was suffering from the "wizard's" too-rapid diagnosis. She was staggering from loss of equilibrium. Her legs were numb and tingling. She visited a neurologist, who immediately recognized the symptoms of improperly treated pernicious anemia. Her first doctor had found anemia but had not been curious about the type. There are dozens of kinds of anemia, and pernicious anemia is one of the most serious. Caused by specific deficiencies in the blood-forming system, it was fatal until the discovery of liver extract as a treatment. Had the first doctor ordered a more thorough blood test, he would have discovered pernicious anemia before it crippled the patient for life. He would have prescribed intramuscular injections of liver extract or Vitamin B-12 instead of oral doses. (B-12 by mouth does not prevent the nerve damage in pernicious anemia.) Today the patient is condemned to a wheelchair and crutches because her doctor was too rushed and too careless to explore all the possible types of anemia.

Diagnosing physical disease is challenge enough to a doctor, but he always must be aware of the complicating fact that many of his patients suffer from emotional distress which produces physical symptoms. Psychosomatic illness masquerading as organic disease can often lead the doctor far astray. Sometimes such illness can be traced to the death of a close relative, an unwanted pregnancy, the guilt of infidelity or a bitter argument with an in-law. But emotional disturbance is still just another clue—just a possibility. For, as a Boston doctor once warned, "Such people also can have cancer."

"New bread man."

The cause of emotional distress, and thus the secret of diagnosis, may be extremely elusive. One of Dr. John Knowles's wartime patients, a young seaman, was afflicted with fatigue and weight loss. He had been checked for thyroid deficiency, chronic infectious disease, malignancy. All tests had been negative. Doctor Knowles discovered that the seaman, a sculptor in civilian life, felt he was marking time in the Navy. He had nothing in common with his mates; he called them "dull jerks." This was a clue that there were emotional reasons for his illness, but it was not enough.

One day the seaman began to talk of his beautiful young wife. About six months before the onset of his illness, she had been horribly burned while rescuing a neighbor's child. Now her fire-scarred body, once aesthetically perfect to the sculptor, revolted him. He did not want to touch her. He was disgusted by her burns; and he hated himself for this reaction. After all, he told himself, these were the scars of heroism. He should be proud of her.

"I assured him that his feelings were normal," says Doctor Knowles. "The scars were bound to have affected him. Here was a man devoted to beauty and sculpture living with ugliness, and hating himself for being repulsed by it. I suggested that he talk this problem out with his wife."

The sailor followed the doctor's prescription. It was not easy for him to make such a shameful confession. His wife was shocked and depressed. There were tearful, sleepless nights. At times he thought she would leave him. But eventually they found each other again. He regained his health and his wife.

A patient's own emphasis on certain aspects of his history can at times disguise the truth. Once Doctor Chapman was sent off on a tangent by a patient's story, slowly elicited, about her husband's infidelity. The patient was a middle-aged mother who complained of blurring in her left eye, headaches, pounding of the heart and a numbness in one leg.

During her first visit to his office Doctor Chapman examined her thoroughly, found nothing abnormal, recommended X rays of the skull and a brain-wave test, but sensed she was withholding information.

"On the first visit you get only some of the facts," says Doctor Chapman, "for the patient is seeing if he likes you. On a later visit, when he leans forward and glances to see if the door is shut, then you'll get the truth."

That is what happened. On her second visit the patient was more candid. In great detail she told Doctor Chapman that her husband was having an affair with their baby-sitter, a girl who lived next door. "This was enough to explain the headaches," Doctor Chapman said, "but while we were getting the tests, she had several fainting attacks. They didn't last long, and she recovered quickly when she lay down. However, they worried me. I called in consultants, and we all agreed her symptoms pointed to hysteria caused by her husband's romance."

Nevertheless, the patient was hospitalized, and that evening at home Doctor Chapman fretted over her case. He pored over the medical journals. "There I suddenly discovered my patient's exact symptoms, not connected with hysteria at all. A journal described a ball-valve tumor in the back of the head. When the patient was erect, the tumor fell over the tiny hole that drains spinal fluid from the brain. This caused back pressure, headaches and fainting. But when the patient lay down—or fell down from fainting—the tumor would move aside, releasing the pressure and allowing him to regain consciousness."

Surgery confirmed the diagnosis; the tumor was removed, and the patient recovered completely. Without Doctor Chapman's diagnostic diligence, she might have died.

Although the ball-valve tumor was diagnosed by studying the literature, it is the odd fact in the patient's history which often gives the clue in the toughest medical mysteries. Dr. William A. Tisdale, associate professor of medicine at Dartmouth Medical School, remembers the case of a middle-aged butcher who had jaundice and abdominal pain, "an allergic skin rash, and his liver felt enlarged. Lab tests found some calcification in his liver. We diagnosed gallstones and scheduled him for surgery."

But on ward rounds Doctor Tisdale, a liver specialist, chatted with the butcher "primarily to relax him before surgery." The patient began to reminisce about his farm childhood in Greece. "You were born in Greece?" Doctor Tisdale asked. No, the butcher was American-born, but as an infant had gone to Greece with his parents. This had not been in the patient's history, because he had assumed it was not important. But to Doctor Tisdale it was enormously significant.

"I remembered the skin rash. Connected with jaundice, a calcified liver mass and rural life in Greece, this made me suspect hydatid disease, a rare tapeworm infestation which is acquired by people who work with sheep in the Mediterranean and which often is quiescent for years."

Doctor Tisdale's suspicions were a life-and-death matter to his patient, for the surgical techniques to remove his gallstones might have spilled hydatid cysts with fatal results. Instead, the forewarned surgeon was prepared. Very carefully he approached the liver, behind which the gallbladder hides. He found that Doctor Tisdale's suspicions were correct and cautiously drained and sterilized several massive hydatid cysts. The butcher is healthy today.

What lighted the bulb of hydatid disease in Doctor Tisdale's brain? He can't really explain it himself. He says simply that he remembered. Like a police detective, the medical diagnostician remembers; he remembers murmuring heart sounds and water-poisoning pipes and the myriad cases of fever of unexplained origin. He remembers exotic ailments such as parrot fever and hydatid disease. He has spent from five to nine years of formal education after college in learning what to remember; thus, when he discards and fits together his clues, finally solving his medical mystery, it hardly seems mysterious at all. No solved mystery does. THE END

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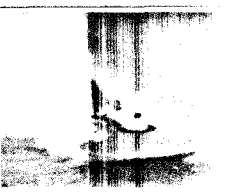

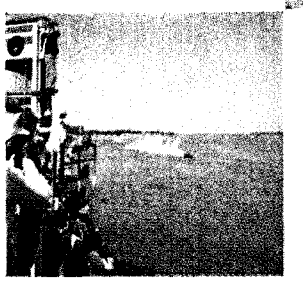

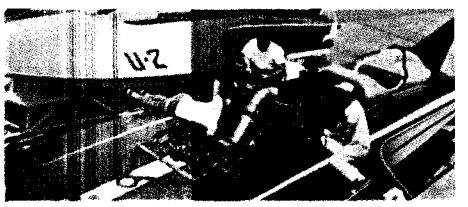

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IF CALIFORNIANS VOTE FOR PAT WEAVER, THE NEW AGE OF TELEVISION MAY BE HERE—COMPLETE WITH MONTHLY BILLS.

BIG PLAY FOR PAY TV'S $1.50 SPLENDORS

By Martin Mayer

One fine morning last February, a tall man with gray hair and the casual grace of a six-figure income, but also with the jug ears, freckles and glorious optimism of eternal American youth, went ringing doorbells in a hilly section of western Los Angeles. He was Pat Weaver, known to his bank and to the newspapers as Sylvester L. Weaver Jr., president of NBC Television in the days when the network was experimenting with the first spectaculars, *Today*, *Tonight* and other such originals, now president of a new company called Subscription Television, Inc. His mission was to sell housewives the dream of new, adventurous, more intelligent and imaginative television.

They were ready to buy it—and if they wanted it, they would have to buy it, because Weaver's television would not come for free. It would come on wires rather than through the public air; people would have to pay first for the right to receive it, and then pay for each show they chose to watch. STV would install "program selectors" on customers' sets which would give them a choice of three new pay channels in addition to the existing free channels. Each of the pay channels would carry something different—ideally, in Weaver's dream, a ball game ($1.50) on one, a first-run movie ($1.50) on the second, a play or a ballet or a concert ($1–$3.50) on the third. And though some of it might be a dream, some of it was unquestionably real. Starting July 1, Weaver's box-office television will be in business in Los Angeles and San Francisco, with programs going over the wires to about 10,000 homes in each city. One of these programs, on most evenings through September, will be the Dodger—or the Giant—game. Through STV, for the first time on the West Coast, baseball will be regularly available in the little picture box. In color too.

Taking a dig at the opposition, STV's Pat Weaver tunes in all eight Los Angeles channels, discovers commercials on seven.

The women Weaver saw were happy about the ball games, for their husbands' sake. But, like Weaver himself, they wanted something much bigger, which STV's first full-page newspaper ad had promised: "a unique form of communication to enlighten, to entertain, to engage the mind." All of them watched a great deal of television, and they weren't happy about what they saw. "You know that program *Outer Limits*?" one of them said. "It starts with this statement that 'we have complete control of your television set.' Well, that's just what I feel, that somebody controls my set."

Some of the women were bitter about programs they liked which had gone off the air. "If they want their private Nielsen," one young housewife said, "I'm it. If I like it, it goes off."

"The better shows," Weaver answered rather grandly, "get the smaller audience, so they're thrown off the network. We'll keep them, because we've got three channels. We don't need a big audience on every one of them."

Another housewife asked about "those cultural things from the East."

"We'll have *coverage*," Weaver replied. "Concerts, opera, ballet—from here and from Europe too. I've been in and out of Europe every few weeks. We have Sol Hurok working for us. We're trying to set up arrangements for Broadway plays. And you'll have the first-run movies—the whole family can watch for the price of a single ticket." (The last reference did not go over so well: "I don't know," said the housewife. "Only the movies get my husband out of the house now.")

Another was eager for self-improvement, and wanted televised college courses for the middle of the day, "not at some hour of the morning so you can't sleep."

"We'll have blocks of instructional programming," Weaver said, "and we'll probably repeat a lot, so you can catch up if you missed something. Once we've spent all the money to wire your home, it doesn't cost us anything much to send you a program."

Nearly all the housewives were resentful of the daytime TV fare, and especially of what their children watched: "It seems Felix the Cat is on *five hours a day*. You know how it is, you start talking to a Southerner, pretty soon you pick up a

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Worker wires assembly for STV's "interrogator" computer. Equipment will monitor home sets and compute subscribers' bills.

Pay Television

Southern accent. You have Felix the Cat all day, you find yourself —— Well, I'm not going to turn into a blob."

"We'll have special, interesting children's programs," said Weaver, who was once responsible for *Ding Dong School*. "We're going to start with what we'll call *Cable Kindergarten*. And there'll be no commercials."

"The anti-pay-TV people," said the housewife rather apologetically, "tell us that eventually there *will* be commercials—and all the good things will go off free TV."

"Those people are talking for the theater owners," Weaver said grimly. "They have a box-office monopoly now—they get twenty dollars at the drive-in for the fights. Anyway, we don't want the network programs. They can keep their Beverly Hillbillies."

One lady who ardently wished for pay TV was concerned that it wasn't real. "I understand," she said, "that back East it wasn't successful."

"That was an experiment," Weaver said. "There were only twenty-five hundred homes, and just one channel. *This* is a business."

And, though Weaver didn't say so, it is already a sizable business, even if it has yet to install its first program selector in a subscriber's home. Among STV's promoters are the Reuben H. Donnelley Corp., a Dun & Bradstreet subsidiary that manages the Yellow Pages for the telephone company; Lear Siegler, Inc., one of the nation's 10 largest electronics combines; William R. Staats & Co., the West Coast's biggest brokerage house; California's two National League baseball clubs; and a number of well-fixed individuals, among them N. B. Hunt, son of Texas oil millionaire H. L. Hunt. These insiders have put up seven million dollars, and another $16 million has been paid in by the public to buy an STV stock issue. Nothing on this scale has been attempted before in pay TV.

By the time the first 20,000 homes are wired, STV will have spent $11 million, most of it to Donnelley (for running the sales operation and setting up the computerized system that will calculate what subscribers owe every month), to Lear Siegler (for designing the technical end of the system), to RCA (for color-TV studios and transmitting equipment) and to Pacific Telephone & Telegraph (for running the wires from the studios to subscribers' homes). This investment runs to $550 per household for the first batch, and thereafter new installations will cost STV something like $150 a household. Every home has to be wired separately, except perhaps in a few places where there are good community-antenna systems; apartment-house master antennas will not be usable. But at Weaver's insistence, the installation charge will be only five dollars a set, at least through the end of this year. For the time being, Weaver needs an audience for his programs more than STV needs money.

"We studied this thing for seven years," says Hamilton Mitchell, the young president of Reuben Donnelley, "and we're sure you can't *test* it. If you try to test, you find that you can't get good programs, because you can't have enough circulation, and you can't build circulation because you don't have the programs. This breaks the chain."

Even before programs start going out, Donnelley salesmen will have moved on from the two-mile-square areas where they are now working into other parts of Los Angeles and San Francisco. By the end of 1964, STV expects to have about 60,000 subscribers in the two cities. By the end of the decade, according to STV's contracts with the Giants and the Dodgers, there will be at least half a million subscribers in San Francisco, and at least 700,000 in and around Los Angeles. In the privacy of his office, Weaver is already talking about expanding to the great megalopolis that stretches from Boston to Washington, and the rich crescent that runs from Pittsburgh through Cleveland and Detroit to Chicago.

Talk of this sort has been heard before in the land. In 1947 Commander Eugene McDonald, founder of Zenith Radio, announced that his company's Phonevision system would be in operation all across the country within a year—and all that came of it was a 90-day test, with 300 subscribers, in one neighborhood of Chicago. Zenith's system sent part of the program over the air, and needed FCC approval, which held up even this first test until 1951. A wired "closed circuit," however, needs no clearance from FCC, and in 1953, with much less noise, International Telemeter, a Paramount Pictures subsidiary, started a wired service to about 150 homes in Palm Springs, Calif.; this one endured for three winters. In 1957, another wired system, offering only movies, ran for eight months in Bartlesville, Okla., to a subscriber list that never got over 800.

Zenith and Telemeter came back again. Zenith joined up with RKO General for an on-the-air system in Hartford, Conn., which started operations in June, 1962, and is still in business. This service was launched with about 300 subscribers, and it has built to about 3,000, programming mostly movies that have already run through the neighborhood houses, with some sporting events (85 percent of the then-950 subscribers paid three dollars

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"YOU CAN'T GET PEOPLE TO OOH AND AAH BY OFFERING THINGS THEY COULD SEE JUST BY GOING OUT," SAYS WEAVER.

to watch the first Patterson-Liston fight) and a few more or less cultural features (the Kingston Trio, guitarist Carlos Montoya, etc.). Telemeter's second try was, like STV, a three-channel wired system (collecting from subscribers via a coin box, rather than through a monthly bill). This went into a suburb of Toronto in 1960 and has been running continuously since, with 5,000 to 6,000 subscribers. Paramount has lost about six million dollars on it, drop by drop. Like the others, this Telemeter test relied essentially on movies, though there were hockey games (the Toronto equivalent of Dodger baseball), one Broadway show telecast live, a production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Consul* and occasional entertainment specials. "Not enough," Weaver says, explaining Telemeter's failure to expand its markets. "You can't get people to ooh and aah and drool if what you're offering them most of the time is things they could see just by going out."

Although STV was not incorporated until 1963, its roots go back beyond any of the experiments. Among those who will receive royalties on STV program charges is Arthur Levey, a tall, nervous salesman and promoter who started work on his Skiatron pay-TV system while he was handling American movies in Britain before World War II; STV's technical system is built up, to a degree, from the Skiatron patents. Among the directors of STV—and the chairman of Programs, Inc., the key STV subsidiary—is Matthew Fox, formerly of Universal Pictures, whose Skiatron of America filed with the FCC in 1951 the first application for a permanent on-the-air pay-TV channel. The FCC never gave Fox a license, and he never got started with the wired system Levey's Skiatron designed for him.

During his years of trying, Fox ran himself some six million dollars in debt, but he sold the idea of pay TV to three key people: Sol Hurok, Horace Stoneham of the then-New York Giants, and Walter O'Malley of the then-Brooklyn Dodgers. "Stoneham and O'Malley moved the ball clubs out here," Weaver says flatly, "because they were going broke from all the TV exposure in New York." The ball clubs came to the West Coast partly because they wanted a territory where they could extend their box office through pay TV, and the only regular-season games they ever sold to television were the away games they played against each other.

Make room for Matty

"I get a kick out of seeing something I've worked on for fourteen years come to fruition," says O'Malley, waving a long cigar in a holder at the magnificence of his Chavez Ravine stadium, visible through the glass wall in his luxurious office within the ball park. "After we came out here, I formed a syndicate to do it. We were going to take a new subdivision, pay for wiring it, go up to people who purchased homes and say, 'Look, here's a little box, put this alongside your set. We'll send you some programs, come back at the end of the month, and if you like it, you're going to pay for it.' We were prepared to put up five million dollars to start it. Then out of the grave of past events came Matty Fox with his Skiatron patents and contracts. We held a meeting, and the question was whether Matty should be treated as a leper and kept out of the house. We decided to invite him in, make a compromise with his creditors, which was a tremendous job."

Like other movie men who have worked in pay TV, Fox sees the proposition in straight dollars-and-cents (or millions and thousands) terms—as an enormous new box office. The Weaver approach is foreign to his temperament, and he squirms when he hears Weaver talking about presenting last night's premiere at the Kabuki theater in Tokyo, or taking people inside museums or programming "audio-visual best sellers," adaptations of books. "We are not holding ourselves out as creators of a new art form," Fox says, stomping about behind his desk at STV's New York offices (which are decorated in a style best described as Chinese Wedgwood). "We are simply a communications system to bring to the home the things for which you would have to go outside and pay an admission price. If you don't like the baseball game, write to Mr. O'Malley. If you don't like the movie, write to Mr. Goldwyn—not to us."

If the experiments in Canada and in Hartford have proved anything, however, it is that pay TV is unlikely to prosper as a mere transmission belt. There is too much of an aura about it. "This thing is magic," says Charles Osgood Wood, now a commentator for ABC Radio, who was the 29-year-old manager of the Hartford pay station. "But it's like asking people whether they'd like to go to Paris in two years—oh, that's marvelous. If they've got to decide about it next week, it's a little different. I would give talks to Rotary Clubs around the state, and the farther away from Hartford I got, the more enthusiastic everybody was. But it's funny, sometimes you get the opposite reaction. People at a party would ask me what I did, and I'd tell them I was running a pay-TV station, and they'd look at me as though I'd said I was secretary-general of the Communist Party."

Public-opinion polls differ on the question. When the FCC first announced that it was considering applications for on-the-air pay systems, it received 25,000 letters in opposition. Most of them, however, were form letters distributed by the owners of movie theaters. Relying on studies done by Mervyn Field Research, and on polling by its own survey division, the Donnelley company is convinced that most Americans favor pay TV, at least as a supplement to free TV.

The mile-square Los Angeles area where Donnelley started selling STV is a good testing ground for this proposition. Frank Matan, a brisk young man moved out by Donnelley from its New York office to handle Los Angeles sales, estimates the average income in these 14,000 homes at $7,800, with 41 percent of the families over $10,000 and only 20 percent under $5,000. A majority could swing without hardship the $15 or so a month that STV hopes to generate from each household, but the neighborhood is not so wealthy that people would

Lear Siegler's David Gerstein checks out the computer console. "I'm confident about our end," he says. "The only question I can see is whether Weaver can supply the programs."

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VIEWERS MAY HAVE SIX MINUTES FREE TO SAMPLE MOST PROGRAMS, A HALF HOUR TO DECIDE ON "CULTURAL" EVENTS.

Selector attachment has three pay-TV channels, works through unused channel on set.

Pay Television

throw away $180 a year on nothing. If pay TV goes here, the odds are good that it will go all over the country. And Matan believes that at Weaver's five-dollar installation price his salesmen can put STV boxes into 75 percent of these homes.

California's movie-theater owners, however, think they can lick pay TV by a straight majority vote. Among the ways law can be made in California is the "initiative," a proposition put on the ballot by signed petitions—this year, 468,259 valid signatures are required—which becomes law automatically if the yes column pulls more votes than the no column on election day. Movie exhibitors have sponsored an organization called Citizens' Committee for Free TV, which will unquestionably gather the signatures necessary to place on the ballot next November an initiative flatly prohibiting any charge for television programs. Theater owners, commercial TV stations and perhaps the restaurant industry are expected to chip in about a million dollars to promote the initiative, which has been endorsed by both the San Francisco and the Los Angeles city councils. Weaver has sued the theater owners for $117 million charging a conspiracy to violate antitrust laws by preventing the introduction of a box-office rival.

Basically the Citizens' Committee argues that pay TV would lure away everything that is now worth watching on free TV, and might drive the networks themselves into the box-office business. (That's what the networks say.) Poor people, unable to afford pay TV, would be especially deprived. "These men," says Mrs. Fred Teasley, president of the California Federation of Women's Clubs and cochairman of the Citizens' Committee, speaking with bitterness of the organizers of STV, "want to take something that has been for all the people of America, and reserve it for the rich ten percent."

Weaver's answer is basically a flat denial. He thinks commercial television will, if anything, improve to compete with pay channels. He feels, too, that pay TV will be a boon for less-wealthy Americans, allowing them to "attend," for relatively little money, events like opera and ballet that are now really reserved for the rich and geographically well situated. And the new movies on pay TV will be cheaper than a night on the town—part of Donnelley's selling pitch is a rundown on the average costs of an evening out, comparing the $12.50 the family spent last Saturday (baby-sitter, tickets for two, parking, snack) against the $1.50 cost for the same movie on pay TV. This, of course, is what scares theater owners, who are saturating their patrons with anti-pay-TV literature and filmed warnings. "I've got news for you," says Matty Fox. "If I were an exhibitor, I'd be frightened too."

What evidence there is favors Weaver on the income argument, and the Citizens' Committee on the flight of programs from free TV. In Hartford the median family income of pay-TV subscribers is close to the median for the whole area (a little less than $7,000). There is no doubt, however, that if pay TV succeeds, big attractions like the Moiseyev Ballet, which Sol Hurok used to sell to Ed Sullivan, will be reserved for the box-office medium; and the big-name entertainers will run for Weaver's greener pastures.

The average television evening, however, does not present a Moiseyev Ballet. Mrs. Teasley and her cochairman, Don Belding, a retired advertising executive, do not wish to say that they are happy with existing television programs: "We don't want to get tarred with the networks' brush," Belding says. "Our worst handicap is that people may think we believe the network shows are fine as they are." They just don't believe that Weaver will do any better—and meanwhile, what is available for free TV might get worse. The effectiveness of their argument to the voters must depend, then, on the quality of the service STV seems to be offering, come November.

Technically, STV's service will be superb: Subscribers will receive better pictures from the wires than they ever have received through the air. ("I've got to warn you," Weaver tells housewives, "that this will be expensive—once you've seen our color, you'll insist on buying color television sets.")

Nothing at all has to be done inside the television set to install STV. The little selector box sits beside the set or on top, with one cable running to it from a wall plaque, and another cable running from it to the antenna terminals on the set. The box is tuned to feed into a channel not used in the area, and when the dial on the television set is turned to that channel the set will receive STV programs. The knob on the selector box itself can be turned to five positions—Channel A, B, or C, INFO or OFF. The first three are television programs, for which a price must be paid, as advertised in a weekly program booklet; info will be sound only, probably presenting news and music, and perhaps announcements of the available pay programs, and it comes free—except that once the first year's sales are made, STV plans to charge subscribers one dollar a week ($4.33 a month) as a rental for the equipment.

The studio will send five signals—the three programs, the info service, and an "interrogator" signal which, 10 times an hour, activates an oscillator inside the box. The oscillator will send back a coded reply describing what the box is doing; in the studio a computer will note the reply on magnetic tape. The box in the home will respond to the interrogator even when everything is off. "If a selector doesn't answer," says Vice President David Gerstein of Lear Siegler's Data and Controls Division, "it's sick. We'll know we have to send somebody to repair it." Each reel of tape on the computer will carry an hour's information on what 700,000 subscribers were up to.

Two hits make a bill

Reuben Donnelley will then take the precious reel—which could have half a million dollars of revenue on it—and run it through another computer. *This* computer will match the interrogator information with the subscriber code, calculate how much each subscriber owes, send out bills and credit slips, and keep the books. The Donnelley computer will give subscribers at least six minutes to sample a program free—two consecutive "hits" on the interrogator tape will be required before the bills grind out. For cultural attractions, Weaver would like to give the first half hour as a sample, to help improve public taste.

Everybody who has seen the STV system finds it an impressively sophisticated piece of engineering. "I'm absolutely confident about our end of it," says Lear Siegler's Gerstein. "The only question I can see is whether Weaver can supply the programs."

But this is a big question, and nobody knows the answer. Television programs are expensive. Although the Giants and Dodgers will take their first year's payments in STV stock, Weaver will have to pay for everything else he shows. About one quarter of what subscribers pay will be available to pay a show's producer, and at $15 a household the original 20,000 subscribers will generate in a month about as much program money as a network spends for a single hour.

What gives Weaver a chance is the fantastic potential of pay TV as a source of income for entertainers. On a nationwide basis, at STV prices, a pay-TV program about as popular as one of today's moderately successful network shows would gross four million dollars for its producer. A number of people may be willing to make programs for Weaver, or supply him with new movies, as an investment in this future. Each program Weaver takes at low return now, moreover, could keep earning money for a long time. Hurok—who is signed up as a consultant at $10,000 a month for five years—points out that "during the first years you'll be able to repeat a great deal as the number of subscribers rises. You might play twenty-five times the same program. This is going to be a great advantage to the artist, like an annuity."

Not everyone is so eager as Hurok. Weaver has already discovered that the theatrical unions must have jam today as well as jam tomorrow—the lowest figure he can find for the cost of taping a Broadway play is about $250,000 cash. The networks are bidding up the prices of sports attractions and feature movies, partly to keep them away from Weaver. To date, Weaver's most receptive listeners have been the foreign producers, who have some material that might be fascinating on the American screen.

But Weaver really wants to roll his own. He has been in broadcasting since he got out of Dartmouth in the early 1930's, and he believes passionately in television. When he tells a luncheon audience that pay TV will make us "Athenians all," he is speaking for himself even more than for his company. Describing what STV should do, he chatters of movies and sports and "culture," theater from Broadway to Grand Guignol (even though Grand Guignol no longer exists), events from county fairs to European fiestas, how-to lessons (for beginners, intermediate and advanced), hobbies, self-improvement, "know about" subjects, a "monthly blockbuster," and on and on. "It's all of life," Weaver declares.

The first program actually in the can for STV in late February was a show of Mexican art with commentary by Vincent Price. "So it doesn't sell much," Weaver says. "It's like the bookstore—every good bookstore has a poetry corner." While the networks compete for the same audience, Weaver argues, he can go after three audiences and over a period of time meet each individual's special interests.

Behind everything is Weaver's assumption that, if he can add several billion dollars a year to what Americans have been spending on art and entertainment, he will unearth whole schools of new talent now neglected by the unimaginative businessmen who run our cultural enterprises. He has a right to the argument; he did something of this sort during his years at NBC, though with much bigger backing and on a much smaller scale. Looking over the roster of only 11 full-time and part-time people now engaged in trying to scare up programs for STV, a visitor commented with awe and a little fear, "You'll be in business in a few months, with three channels to fill, day and night—and it never stops, the rest of your life."

"Yes," said Pat Weaver. "Isn't it *great?*"

THE END

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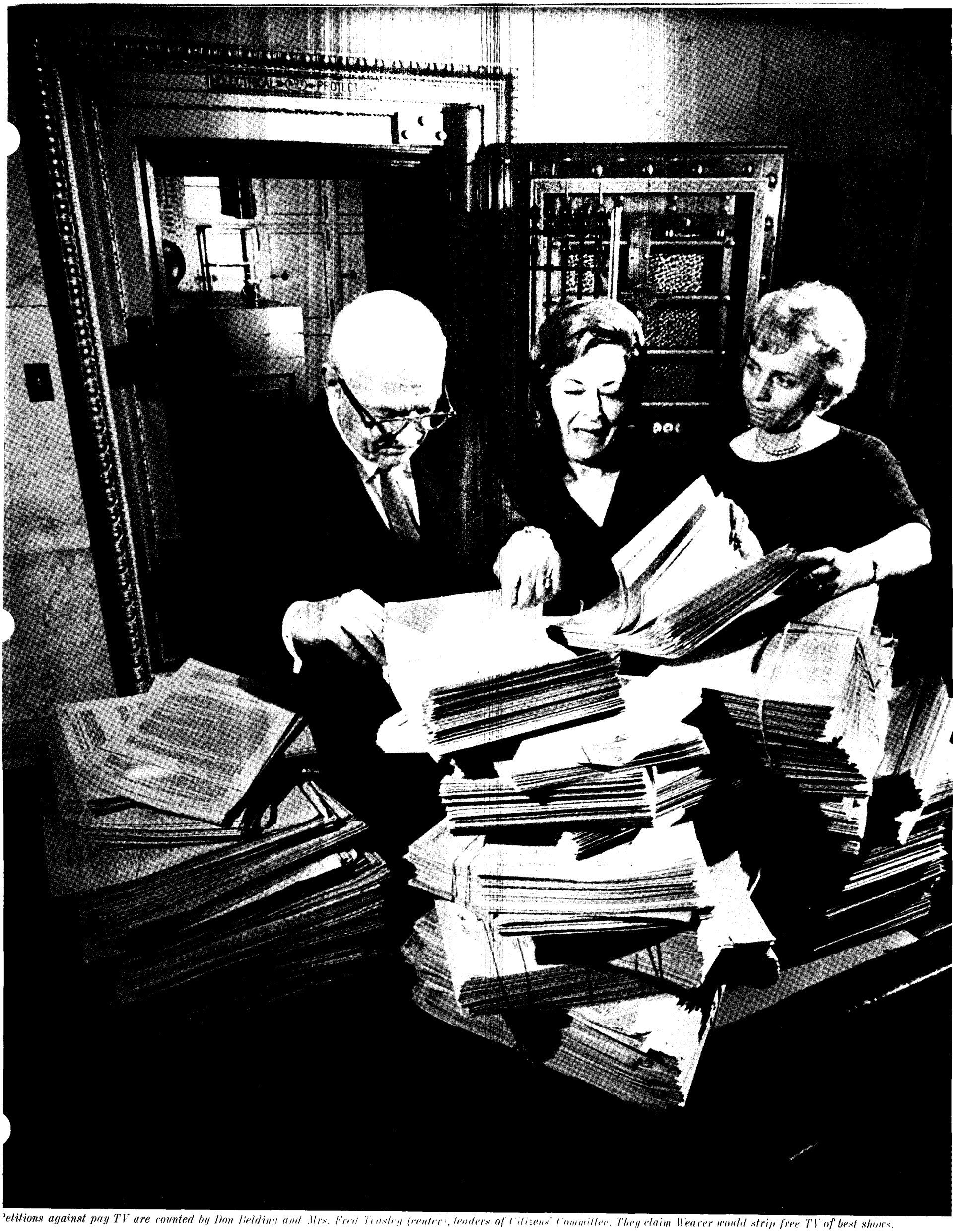

Petitions against pay TV are counted by Don Belding and Mrs. Fred Teasley (center), leaders of Citizens' Committee. They claim Weaver would strip free TV of best shows.

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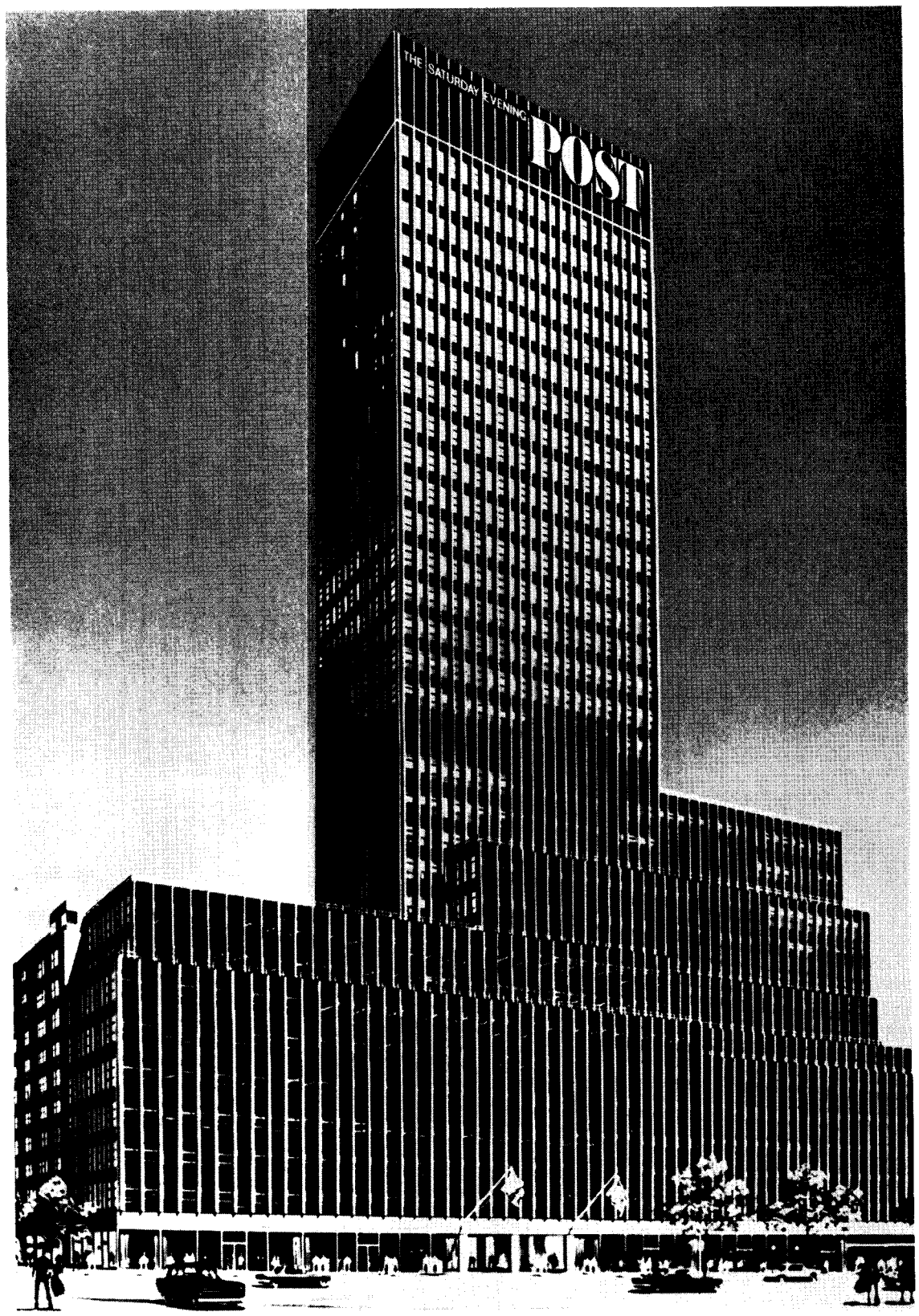

A new home for The Post

The 32-story skyscraper on Manhattan's East Side, shown in the artist's conception above, is the new Saturday Evening Post Building. The executive, editorial and advertising offices of our publication, which has been a Philadelphia institution since 1728, will move into the new building in September. We believe it is entirely fitting that *The Post*, the nation's leading text magazine, should have its headquarters in the cultural and communications hub of America. Our new location at the corner of Lexington Avenue and East 54th Street places us right there. By the time we occupy our new quarters, The Saturday Evening Post Building will already be an established landmark on the ever-changing skyline of New York. The illuminated sign on top of the building, adapted from the logotype on our cover, will be a familiar beacon to millions who will see it from miles around. Its light shining through the night will be a token of the energy with which we dedicate ourselves to the job ahead. The lights that burn in the offices below will be evidence of this dedication. Some of these lights will come from the offices of our sister publications, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *Holiday*, *The American Home* and *Jack and Jill*, which will also occupy space in our new building.

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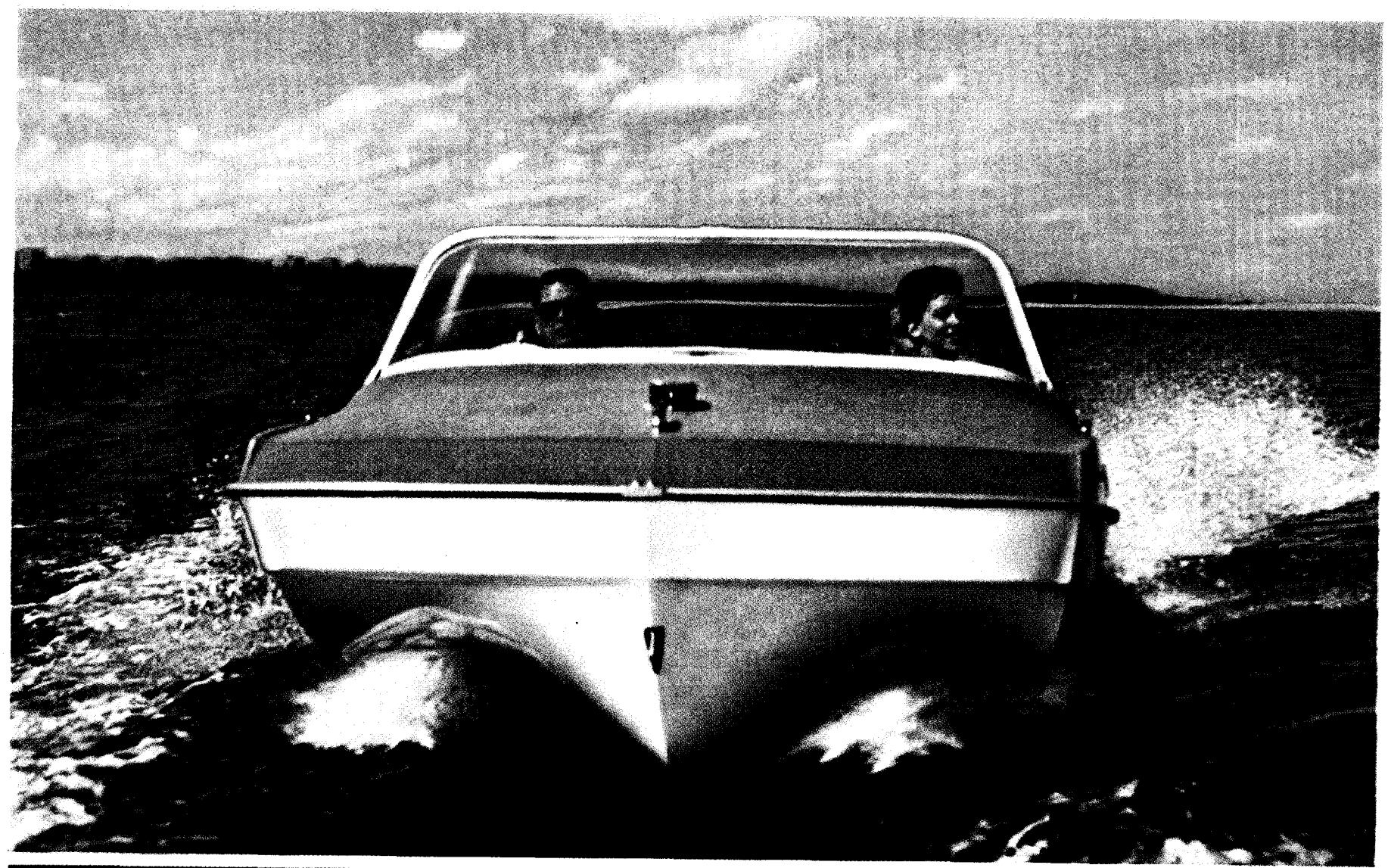

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